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## THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS OF PERIL.



IMAGINARY COMPANIONS.

I HAVE read with great satisfaction the excellent descriptive articles on the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone, in the May and June numbers of your magazine. Having myself been one of the party who participated in many of the pleasures, and suffered all the perils of that expedition, I can not only bear testimony to the fidelity of the narrative, but probably add some facts of experience which will not detract from the general interest it has excited.

A desire to visit this remarkable region, of which, during several years' residence in Montana, I had often heard the most marvelous accounts, led me to unite in the expedition of August last. The general character of the stupendous scenery of the Rocky Mountains prepared my mind for giving credit to all the strange stories told of the Yellowstone, and I felt quite as certain of the existence of the physical phenomena of that country, on

the morning that our company started from Helena, as when I afterwards beheld it. I engaged in the enterprise with enthusiasm, feeling that all the hardships and exposures of a month's horseback travel through an unexplored region would be more than compensated by the grandeur and novelty of the natural objects with which it was crowded. Of course, the idea of being lost in it, without any of the ordinary means of subsistence, and of wandering for days and weeks, in a famishing condition, alone, in an unfrequented wilderness, formed no part of my contemplation. I had dwelt too long amid the mountains not to know that such a thought, had it occurred, would have been instantly rejected as improbable; nevertheless, "man proposes and God disposes," a truism which found a new and ample illustration in my wanderings through the Upper Yellowstone region.

My friend Langford has so well described

the scenery and physical eccentricities of the country, that I should feel that any attempt to amplify it would be to

"Gild refined gold and paint the lily."

My narrative must, therefore, be strictly personal.

On the day that I found myself separated from the company, and for several days previous, our course had been impeded by the dense growth of the pine forest, and occasional large tracts of fallen timber, frequently rendering our progress almost impossible. Whenever we came to one of these immense windfalls, each man engaged in the pursuit of a passage through it, and it was while thus employed, and with the idea that I had found one, that I strayed out of sight and hearing of my comrades. We had a toilsome day. It was quite late in the afternoon. As separations like this had frequently occurred, it gave me no alarm, and I rode on, fully confident of soon rejoining the company, or of finding their camp. I came up with the pack-horse, which Mr. Langford afterwards recovered, and tried to drive him along, but failing to do so, and my eyesight being defective, I spurred forward, intending to return with assistance from the party. This incident tended to accelerate my speed. I rode on in the direction which I supposed had been taken, until darkness overtook me in the dense forest. This was disagreeable enough, but caused me no alarm. I had no doubt of being with the party at breakfast the next morning. I selected a spot for comfortable repose, picketed my horse, built a fire, and went to sleep.



"THE LAST I EVER SAW OF HIM."

The next morning I rose at early dawn, saddled and mounted my horse, and took my course in the supposed direction of the camp. Our ride of the previous day had been up a peninsula jutting into the lake, for the shore of which I started, with the expectation of finding my friends camped on the beach. The forest was quite dark, and the trees so thick, that it was only by a slow process I could get through them at all. In searching for the trail I became somewhat confused. The falling foliage of the pines had obliterated every trace of travel. I was obliged frequently to dismount, and examine the ground for the faintest indications. Coming to an opening, from which I could see several vistas, I dismounted for the purpose of selecting one leading in the direction I had chosen, and leaving my horse unhitched, as had always been my custom, walked a few rods into the forest. While surveying the ground my horse took fright, and I turned around in time to see him disappearing at full speed among the trees. That was the last I ever saw of him. It was yet quite dark. My blankets, gun, pistols, fishing tackle, matches—everything, except the clothing on my person, a couple of knives, and a small opera-glass were attached to the saddle.

I did not yet realize the possibility of a permanent separation from the company. Instead of following up the pursuit of their camp, I engaged in an effort to recover my horse. Half a day's search convinced me of its impracticability. I wrote and posted in an open space several notices, which, if my friends should chance to see, would inform them of my condition and the route I had taken, and then struck out into the forest in the supposed direction of their camp. As the day wore on without any discovery, alarm took the place of anxiety at the prospect of another night alone in the wilderness, and this time without food or fire. But even this dismal foreboding was cheered by the hope that I should soon rejoin my companions, who would laugh at my adventure, and incorporate it as a thrilling episode into the journal of our trip. The bright side of a misfortune, as I found by experience, even under the worst possible circumstances, always presents some features of encouragement. When I began to realize that my condition was one of actual peril, I banished from my mind all fear of an unfavorable result. Seating myself on a log, I recalled every foot of the way I had traveled since the separation from my friends, and the most probable opinion I could form of their whereabouts was, that

they had, by a course but little different from mine, passed by the spot where I had posted the notices, learned of my disaster, and were waiting for me to rejoin them there, or searching for me in that vicinity. A night must be spent amid the prostrate trunks before my return could be accomplished. At no time during my period of exile did I experience so much mental suffering from the cravings of hunger as when, exhausted with this long day of fruitless search, I resigned myself to a couch of pine foliage in the pitchy darkness of a thicket of small trees. Naturally timid in the night, I fully realized the exposure of my condition. I peered upward through the darkness, but all was blackness and gloom. The wind sighed mournfully through the pines. The forest seemed alive with the screeching of night birds, the angry barking of coyotes, and the prolonged, dismal howl of the gray wolf. These sounds, familiar by their constant occurrence throughout the journey, were now full of terror, and drove slumber from my eye-lids. Above all this, however, was the hope that I should be restored to my comrades the next day.

Early the next morning I rose unrefreshed, and pursued my weary way over the prostrate trunks. It was noon when I reached the spot where my notices were posted. No one had been there. My disappointment was almost overwhelming. For the first time, I realized that I was lost. Then came a crushing sense of destitution. No food, no fire; no means to procure either; alone in an unexplored wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest human abode, surrounded by wild beasts, and famishing with hunger. It was no time for despondency. A moment afterwards I felt how calamity can elevate the mind, in the formation of the resolution "not to perish in that wilderness."

The hope of finding the party still controlled my plans. I thought, by traversing the peninsula centrally, I would be enabled to strike the shore of the lake in advance of their camp, and near the point of departure for the Madison. Acting upon this impression, I rose from a sleepless couch, and pursued my way through the timber-entangled forest. A feeling of weakness took the place of hunger. Conscious of the need of food, I felt no cravings. Occasionally, while scrambling over logs and through thickets, a sense of faintness and exhaustion would come over me, but I would suppress it with the audible expression, "This won't do; I *must* find my company." Despondency would sometimes

strive with resolution for the mastery of my thoughts. I would think of home—of my daughter—and of the possible chance of starvation, or death in some more terrible form; but as often as these gloomy forebodings came, I would strive to banish them with reflections better adapted to my immediate necessities. I recollect at this time discussing the question, whether there was not implanted by Providence in every man a principle of self-preservation equal to any emergency which did not destroy his reason. I decided this question affirmatively a thousand times afterwards in my wanderings, and I record this experience here, that any person who reads it, should he ever find himself in like circumstances, may not despair. There is life in the thought. It will revive hope, allay hunger, renew energy, encourage perseverance, and, as I have proved in my own case, bring a man out of difficulty, when nothing else can avail.

It was mid-day when I emerged from the forest into an open space at the foot of the peninsula. A broad lake of beautiful curvature, with magnificent surroundings, lay before me, glittering in the sunbeams. It was full twelve miles in circumference. A wide belt of sand formed the margin which I was approaching, directly opposite to which, rising seemingly from the very depths of the water, towered the loftiest peak of a range of mountains apparently interminable. The ascending vapor from innumerable hot springs, and the sparkling jet of a single geyser, added the feature of novelty to one of the grandest landscapes I ever beheld. Nor was the life of the scene less noticeable than its other attractions. Large flocks of swans and other water-fowl were sporting on the quiet surface of the lake; otters in great numbers performed the most amusing aquatic evolutions; mink and beaver swam around unscared, in most grotesque confusion. Deer, elk, and mountain sheep stared at me, manifesting more surprise than fear at my presence among them. The adjacent forest was vocal with the songs of birds, chief of which were the chattering notes of a species of mockingbird, whose imitative efforts afforded abundant merriment. Seen under favorable circumstances, this assemblage of grandeur, beauty, and novelty would have been transporting; but, jaded with travel, famishing with hunger, and distressed with anxiety, I was in no humor for ecstasy. My tastes were subdued and chastened by the perils which environed me. I longed for food, friends, and protection. Associated with my thoughts,

however, was the wish that some of my friends of peculiar tastes could enjoy this display of secluded magnificence, now, probably, for the first time beheld by mortal eyes.

The lake was at least one thousand feet lower than the highest point of the peninsula, and several hundred feet below the level of Yellowstone Lake. I recognized the mountain which overshadowed it as the landmark which, a few days before, had received from Gen. Washburn the name of Mount Everts; and as it is associated with some of the most agreeable and terrible incidents of my exile, I feel that I have more than a mere discoverer's right to the perpetuity of that christening. The lake is fed by innumerable small streams from the mountains, and the countless hot springs surrounding it. A large river flows from it, through a cañon a thousand feet in height, in a southeasterly direction; to a distant range of mountains, which I conjectured to be Snake River; and with the belief that I had discovered the source of the great southern tributary of the Columbia, I gave it the name of Bessie Lake, after the

"Sole daughter of my house and heart."

During the first two days, the fear of meeting with Indians gave me considerable anxiety; but, when conscious of being lost, there was nothing I so much desired as to fall in with a lodge of Bannacks or Crows. Having nothing to tempt their cupidity, they would do me no personal harm, and, with the promise of reward, would probably minister to my wants and aid my deliverance. Imagine my delight, while gazing upon the animated expanse of water, at seeing sail out from a distant point a large canoe containing a single oarsman. It was rapidly approaching the shore where I was seated. With hurried steps I paced the beach to meet it, all my energies stimulated by the assurance it gave of food, safety, and restoration to friends. As I drew near to it it turned towards the shore, and oh! bitter disappointment, the object which my eager fancy had transformed into an angel of relief stalked from the water, an enormous pelican, flapped its dragon-wings as if in mockery of my sorrow, and flew to a solitary point farther up the lake. This little incident quite unmanned me. The transition from joy to grief brought with it a terrible consciousness of the horrors of my condition. But night was fast approaching, and darkness would come with it. While looking for a spot where I might repose in safety, my attention was attracted to a small green plant of so lively a hue as to form a striking contrast with the deep

pine foliage. For closer examination I pulled it up by the root, which was long and tapering, not unlike a radish. It was a thistle. I tasted it; it was palatable and nutritious. My appetite craved it, and the first meal in four days was made on thistle-roots. Eureka! I had found food. No optical illusion deceived me this time; I could subsist until I rejoined my companions. Glorious counterpoise to the wretchedness of the preceding half-hour!

Overjoyed at this discovery, with hunger allayed, I stretched myself under a tree, upon the foliage which had partially filled a space between contiguous trunks, and fell asleep. How long I slept I know not; but suddenly I was roused by a loud, shrill scream, like that of a human being in distress, poured, seemingly, into the very portals of my ear. There was no mistaking that fearful voice. I had been deceived by and answered it a dozen times while threading the forest, with the belief that it was a friendly signal. It was the screech of a mountain lion, so alarmingly near as to cause every nerve to thrill with terror. To yell in return, seize with convulsive grasp the limbs of the friendly tree, and swing myself into it, was the work of a moment. Scrambling hurriedly from limb to limb, I was soon as near the top as safety would permit. The savage beast was snuffing and growling below, apparently on the very spot I had just abandoned. I answered every growl with a responsive scream. Terrified at the delay and pawing of the beast, I increased my voice to its utmost volume, broke branches from the limbs, and, in the impotency of fright, madly hurled them at the spot whence the continued howlings proceeded.

Failing to alarm the animal, which now began to make the circuit of the tree, as if to select a spot for springing into it, I shook, with a strength increased by terror, the slender trunk until every limb rustled with the motion. All in vain. The terrible creature pursued his walk around the tree, lashing the ground with his tail, and prolonging his howlings almost to a roar. It was too dark to see, but the movements of the lion kept me apprised of its position. Whenever I heard it on one side of the tree I speedily changed to the opposite—an exercise which, in my weakened state, I could only have performed under the impulse of terror. I would alternately sweat and thrill with horror at the thought of being torn to pieces and devoured by this formidable monster. All my attempts to frighten it seemed unavailing. Disheartened at its persistency, and expecting every moment it would take the deadly leap, I tried to



collect my thoughts, and prepare for the fatal encounter which I knew must result. Just at this moment it occurred to me that I would try silence. Claspings the trunk of the tree with both arms, I sat perfectly still. The lion, at this time ranging round, occasionally snuffing and pausing, and all the while filling the forest with the echo of his howlings, suddenly imitated my example. This silence was more terrible, if possible, than the clatter and crash of his movements through the brushwood, for now I did not know from what direction to expect his attack. Moments passed with me like hours. After a lapse of time which I cannot estimate, the beast gave a spring into the thicket and ran screaming into the forest. My deliverance was effected.

Had strength permitted, I should have retained my perch till daylight, but with the consciousness of escape from the jaws of the ferocious brute came a sense of overpowering weakness which almost palsied me, and made my descent from the tree both difficult and dangerous. Incredible as it may seem, I lay down in my old bed, and was soon lost in a slumber so profound that I did not awake until after daylight. The experience of the night seemed like a terrible dream; but the broken limbs which in the agony of consternation I had thrown from the tree, and the rifts made in the fallen foliage by my visitant in his circumambulations, were too convincing evidences of its reality. I could not dwell upon my exposure and escape without shuddering, and reflecting that probably like perils would often occur under less fortunate circumstances, and with a more fatal issue. I wondered what fate was in reserve for me—whether I would ultimately sink from exhaustion and perish of starvation, or become the prey of some of the ferocious animals that roamed these vast fastnesses. My thoughts then turned to the loved ones at home. They could never know my fate, and would indulge a thousand conjectures concerning it, not the least distressing of which would be that I had been captured by a band of hostile Sioux, and tortured to death at the stake.

I was roused from this train of reflections



THE MOUNTAIN LION.

by a marked change in the atmosphere. One of those dreary storms of mingled snow and rain, common to these high latitudes, set in. My clothing, which had been much torn, exposed my person to its "pitiless peltings." An easterly wind, rising to a gale, admonished me that it would be furious and of long duration. None of the discouragements I had met with dissipated the hope of rejoining my friends; but foreseeing the delay, now unavoidable, I knew that my escape from the wilderness must be accomplished, if at all, by my own unaided exertions. This thought was terribly afflicting, and brought before me, in vivid array, all the dreadful realities of my condition. I could see no ray of hope. In this condition of mind I could find no better shelter than the spreading branches of a spruce tree, under which, covered with earth and boughs, I lay during the two succeeding days; the storm, meanwhile, raging with unabated violence. While thus exposed, and suffering from cold and hunger, a little benumbed bird, not larger than a snow-bird, hopped within my reach. I instantly seized and killed it, and, plucking its feathers, ate it raw. It was a delicious meal for a half-starved man.

Taking advantage of a lull in the elements, on the morning of the third day I rose early and started in the direction of a large group of hot springs which were steaming under the shadow of Mount Everts. The distance I traveled could not have been less than ten miles. Long before I reached the wonderful cluster of natural caldrons, the storm had recommenced. Chilled through, with my clothing thoroughly saturated, I lay down under a tree upon the heated incrustation until completely warmed. My heels and the sides of my feet were frozen. As soon as warmth had permeated my system, and I had quieted my appetite with a few thistle-roots, I took a survey of my surroundings, and selected a spot between two springs sufficiently asunder to afford heat at my head and feet. On this spot I built a bower of pine branches, spread its incrustated surface with fallen foliage and small boughs, and stowed myself away to await the close of the storm. Thistles were abundant, and I had fed upon them long enough to realize that they would, for a while at least, sustain life. In convenient proximity to my abode was a small, round, boiling spring, which I called my dinner-pot, and in which, from time to time, I cooked my roots.

This establishment, the best I could improvise with the means at hand, I occupied seven days—the first three of which were darkened by one of the most furious storms I ever saw. The vapor which supplied me with warmth saturated my clothing with its condensations. I was enveloped in a perpetual steam-bath. At first this was barely preferable to the storm, but I soon became accustomed to it, and before I left, though thoroughly parboiled, actually enjoyed it.

I had little else to do during my imprisonment but cook, think, and sleep. Of the variety and strangeness of my reflections it is impossible to give the faintest conception. Much of my time was given to devising means for escape. I recollected to have read, at the time of their publication, the narratives of Lieutenant Strain and Doctor Kane, and derived courage and hope from the reflection that they struggled with and survived perils not unlike those which environed me. The chilling thought would then occur, that they were not alone. They had companions in suffering and sympathy. Each could bear his share of the burden of misery which it fell to my lot to bear alone, and make it lighter from the encouragement of mutual counsel and aid in a cause of common suffering. Selfish as the thought may seem, there was nothing I so much desired

as a companion in misfortune. How greatly it would alleviate my distress! What a relief it would be to compare my wretchedness with that of a brother sufferer, and with him devise expedients for every exigency as it occurred! I confess to the weakness, if it be one, of having squandered much pity upon myself during the time I had little else to do.

Nothing gave me more concern than the want of fire. I recalled everything I had ever read or heard of the means by which fire could be produced; but none of them were within my reach. An escape without it was simply impossible. It was indispensable as a protection against night attacks from wild beasts. Exposure to another storm like the one just over would destroy my life, as this one would have done, but for the warmth derived from the springs. As I lay in my bower anxiously awaiting the disappearance of the snow, which had fallen to the depth of a foot or more, and impressed with the belief that for want of fire I should be obliged to remain among the springs, it occurred to me that I would erect some sort of monument, which might, at some future day, inform a casual visitor of the circumstances under which I had perished. A gleam of sunshine lit up the bosom of the lake, and with it the thought flashed upon my mind that I could, with a lens from my opera-glasses, get fire from Heaven. Oh, happy, life-renewing thought! Instantly subjecting it to the test of experiment, when I saw the smoke curl from the bit of dry wood in my fingers, I felt, if the whole world were offered me for it, I would cast it all aside before parting with that little spark. I was now the happy possessor of food and fire. These would carry me through. All thoughts of failure were instantly abandoned. Though the food was barely adequate to my necessities—a fact too painfully attested by my attenuated body—I had forgotten the cravings of hunger, and had the means of producing fire. I said to myself, "I will not despair."

My stay at the springs was prolonged several days by an accident that befell me on the third night after my arrival there. An unlucky movement while asleep broke the crust on which I reposed, and the hot steam, pouring upon my hip, scalded it severely before I could escape. This new affliction, added to my frost-bitten feet, already festering, was the cause of frequent delay and unceasing pain through all my wanderings. After obtaining fire, I set to work making preparations for as early departure as my condition would permit. I had lost both knives since parting



THE FIRST FIRE.

from the company, but I now made a convenient substitute by sharpening the tongue of a buckle which I cut from my vest. With this I cut the legs and counters from my boots, making of them a passable pair of slippers, which I fastened to my feet as firmly as I could with strips of bark. With the ravelings of a linen handkerchief, aided by the magic buckle-tongue, I mended my clothing. Of the same material I made a fish-line, which, on finding a piece of red tape in one of my pockets better suited to the purpose, I abandoned as a "bad job." I made of a pin that I found in my coat a fish-hook, and, by sewing up the bottoms of my boot-legs, constructed a very good pair of pouches to carry my food in, fastening them to my belt by the straps.

Thus accoutered, on the morning of the eighth day after my arrival at the springs I bade them a final farewell, and started on my course directly across that portion of the neck of the peninsula between me and the south-east arm of Yellowstone Lake. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone bright and warm, and there was a freshness in the atmosphere truly exhilarating. As I wandered musingly along, the consciousness of being alone, and of having surrendered all hope of finding my friends, returned upon me with crushing power. I felt, too, that those friends, by the necessities of their condition, had been compelled to abandon all efforts for my recovery. The thought was full of bitterness and sorrow. I tried to realize what their

conjectures were concerning my disappearance; but could derive no consolation from the long and dismal train of circumstances they suggested. Weakened by a long fast, and the unsatisfying nature of the only food I could procure, I know that from this time onward to the day of my rescue, my mind, though unimpaired in those perceptions needful to self-preservation, was in a condition to receive impressions akin to insanity. I was constantly traveling in dream-land, and indulging in strange reveries such as I had never before known. I seemed to possess a sort of duality of being, which, while constantly reminding me of the necessities of my condition, fed my imagination with vagaries of the most extravagant character. Nevertheless, I was perfectly conscious of the tendency of these morbid influences, and often tried to shake them off, but they would ever return with increased force, and I finally reasoned myself into the belief that their indulgence, as it afforded me pleasure, could work no harm while it did not interfere with my plans for deliverance. Thus I lived in a world of ideal happiness, and in a world of positive suffering at the same time.

A change in the wind and an overcast sky, accompanied by cold, brought with them a need of warmth. I drew out my lens and touchwood, but alas! there was no sun. I sat down on a log to await his friendly appearance. Hours passed; he did not come. Night, cold, freezing night, set in, and found me exposed to all its terrors. A bleak hillside sparsely covered with pines afforded poor accommodations for a half-clad, famishing man. I could only keep from freezing by the most active exertion in walking, rubbing, and striking my benumbed feet and hands against the logs. It seemed the longest, most terrible night of my life, and glad was I when the approaching dawn enabled me to commence retracing my steps to Bessie Lake. I arrived there at noon, built my first fire on the beach, and remained by it, recuperating, for the succeeding two days.

The faint hope that my friends might be delayed by their search for me until I could rejoin them now forsook me altogether. I made my arrangements independent of it. Either of three directions I might take would effect my escape, if life and strength held out. I drew upon the sand of the beach a map of these several courses with reference to my starting-point from the lake, and considered well the difficulties each would present. All were sufficiently defined to avoid mistake. One was to follow Snake River a distance of



A NIGHT OF TERROR.

one hundred miles or more to Eagle Rock bridge; another, to cross the country between the southern shore of Yellowstone Lake and the Madison Mountains, by scaling which I could easily reach the settlements in the Madison Valley; and the other, to retrace my journey over the long and discouraging route by which I had entered the country. Of these routes the last-mentioned seemed the least inviting, probably because I had so recently traversed it, and was familiar with its difficulties. I had heard and read so much concerning the desolation and elemental upheavals and violent waters of the upper valley of the Snake, that I dared not attempt to return in that direction. The route by the Madison Range, encumbered by the single obstruction of the mountain barrier, was much the shortest, and so, most unwisely as will hereafter appear, I adopted it.

Filling my pouches with thistle-roots, I took a parting survey of the little solitude that had afforded me food and fire the preceding ten days, and with something of that melancholy feeling experienced by one who leaves his home to grapple with untried adventures, started for the nearest point on Yellowstone Lake. All that day I traveled over timber-heaps, amid tree-tops, and through thickets. At noon I took the precaution to obtain fire. With a brand which I kept alive by frequent blowing, and constant waving to and fro, at a late hour in the afternoon, faint and exhausted, I kindled a fire for the night on the only vacant spot I could find amid a dense

wilderness of pines. The deep gloom of the forest, in the spectral light which revealed on all sides of me a compact and unending growth of trunks, and an impervious canopy of somber foliage; the shrieking of night-birds; the supernaturally human scream of the mountain lion; the prolonged howl of the wolf, made me insensible to all other forms of suffering.

The burn on my hip was so inflamed that I could only sleep in a sitting posture. Seated with my back against a tree, the smoke from the fire almost enveloping me in its suffocating folds, I vainly tried, amid the din and uproar of this horrible serenade, to woo the drowsy god. My imagination was instinct with terror. At one moment it seemed as if, in the density of a thicket, I could see the blazing eyes of a formidable forest monster fixed upon me, preparatory to a deadly leap; at another I fancied that I heard the swift approach of a pack of yelping wolves through the distant brushwood, which in a few moments would tear me limb from limb. Whenever, by fatigue and weakness, my terrors yielded to drowsiness, the least noise roused me to a sense of the hideousness of my condition. Once, in a fitful slumber, I fell forward into the fire, and inflicted a wretched burn on my hand. Oh! with what agony I longed for day!

A bright and glorious morning succeeded the dismal night, and brought with it the conviction that I had been the victim of uncontrollable nervous excitement. I resolved



henceforth to banish it altogether; and, in much better spirits than I anticipated, resumed my journey towards the lake. Another day of unceasing toil among the tree-tops and thickets overtook me, near sunset, standing upon a lofty headland jutting into the lake, and commanding a magnificent prospect of the mountains and valley over an immense area. In front of me, at a distance of fifty miles away, in the clear blue of the horizon, rose the arrowy peaks of the three Teton. On the right, and apparently in close proximity to the eminence I occupied, rolled the picturesque range of the Madison, scarred with clefts, ravines, gorges, and cañons, each of which glittered in the sunlight or deepened in shadow as the fitful rays of the descending luminary glanced along their varied rocky irregularities. Above where I stood were the lofty domes of Mounts Langford and Doane, marking the limits of that wonderful barrier which had so long defied human power in its efforts to subdue it. Rising seemingly from the promontory which favored my vision was the familiar summit of Mount Everts, at the base of which I had dwelt so long, and which still seemed to hold me within its friendly shadow. All the vast country within this grand enclosure of mountains and lake, scarred and seamed with the grotesque ridges, rocky escarpments, undulating hillocks, and miniature lakes, and steaming with hot springs, produced by the volcanic forces of a former era, lay spread out before me like a vast panorama.

I doubt if distress and suffering can ever entirely obliterate all sense of natural grandeur and magnificence. Lost in the wonder and admiration inspired by this vast world of beauties, I nearly forgot to improve the few moments of remaining sunshine to obtain fire. With a lighted brand in my hand, I effected a most difficult and arduous descent of the abrupt and stony headland to the beach of the lake. The sand was soft and yielding. I kindled a fire, and removing the stiffened slippers from my feet, attached them to my belt, and wandered barefoot along the sandy shore to gather wood for the night. The dry, warm sand was most grateful to my lacerated and festering feet, and for a long time after my wood-pile was supplied, I sat with them uncovered. At length, conscious of the need of every possible protection from the freezing night atmosphere, I sought my belt for the slippers, and one was missing. In gathering the wood it had become detached, and was lost. Darkness was closing over the landscape, when, sorely disheartened with the thought of passing the night with one foot exposed to a freezing temperature, I commenced a search for the missing slipper. I knew I could not travel a day without it. Fearful that it had dropped into the lake, and been carried by some recurrent wave beyond recovery, my search for an hour among fallen trees and bushes, up the hill-side and along the beach, in darkness and with flaming brands, at one moment crawling on hands and feet into a brush-heap, another



THE BURNING FOREST.

peering among logs and bushes and stones, was filled with anxiety and dismay. Success at length rewarded my perseverance, and no language can describe the joy with which I drew the cause of so much distress from beneath the limb that, as I passed, had torn it from my belt. With a feeling of great relief, I now sat down in the sand, my back to a log, and listened to the dash and roar of the waves. It was a wild lullaby, but had no terrors for a worn-out man. I never passed a night of more refreshing sleep. When I awoke my fire was extinguished save a few embers, which I soon fanned into a cheerful flame. I ate breakfast with some relish, and started along the beach in pursuit of a camp, believing that if successful I should find directions what to do, and food to sustain me. The search which I was making lay in the direction of my pre-arranged route to the Madison Mountains, which I intended to approach at their lowest point of altitude.

Buoyed by the hope of finding food and counsel, and another night of undisturbed repose in the sand, I resumed my journey along the shore, and at noon found the camp last occupied by my friends on the lake. I struck their trail in the sand some time before I came to it. A thorough search for food in the ground and trees revealed nothing, and no notice to apprise me of their movements could be seen. A dinner-fork, which afterwards proved to be of infinite service in digging roots, and a yeast-powder can, which would hold half a pint, and which I converted into a drinking-cup and dinner-pot, were the only evidences that the spot had ever been visited by civilized man. "Oh!" thought I, "why did they forget to leave me food!" it never occurring to me that they might have cached it, as I have since learned they did, in several spots nearer the place of my separation from them. I left the camp in deep dejection, with the purpose of following the trail of the party to the Madison. Carefully inspecting the faint traces left of their course of travel, I became satisfied that from some cause they had made a retrograde movement from this camp, and departed from the lake at a point farther down stream. Taking this as an indication that there were obstructions above, I commenced retracing my steps along the beach. An hour of sunshine in the afternoon enabled me to procure fire, which, in the usual manner, I carried to my camping-place. There I built a fire, and to protect myself from the wind, which was blowing violently, lashing the lake into foam, I made a bower of pine

boughs, crept under it, and very soon fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by the snapping and cracking of the burning foliage, to find my shelter and the adjacent forest in a broad sheet of flame. My left hand was badly burned, and my hair singed closer than a barber would have trimmed it, while making my escape from the semicircle of burning trees. Among the disasters of this fire, there was none I felt more seriously than the loss of my buckle-tongue knife, my pin fish-hook, and tape fish-line.

The grandeur of the burning forest surpasses description. An immense sheet of flame, following to their tops the lofty trees of an almost impenetrable pine forest, leaping madly from top to top, and sending thousands of forked tongues a hundred feet or more athwart the midnight darkness, lighting up with lurid gloom and glare the surrounding scenery of lake and mountains, fills the beholder with mingled feelings of awe and astonishment. I never before saw anything so terribly beautiful. It was marvelous to witness the flash-like rapidity with which the flames would mount the loftiest trees. The roaring, cracking, crashing, and snapping of falling limbs and burning foliage was deafening. On, on, on traveled the destructive element, until it seemed as if the whole forest was enveloped in flame. Afar up the wood-crowned hill, the overtopping trees shot forth pinnacles and walls and streamers of arrowy fire. The entire hill-side was an ocean of glowing and surging fiery billows. Favored by the gale, the conflagration spread with lightning swiftness over an illimitable extent of country, filling the atmosphere with driving clouds of suffocating fume, and leaving a broad and blackened trail of spectral trunks shorn of limbs and foliage, smoking and burning, to mark the immense sweep of its devastation.

Resolved to search for a trail no longer, when daylight came I selected for a landmark the lowest notch in the Madison Range. Carefully surveying the jagged and broken surface over which I must travel to reach it, I left the lake and pushed into the midst of its intricacies. All the day, until nearly sunset, I struggled over rugged hills, through windfalls, thickets, and matted forests, with the rock-ribbed beacon constantly in view. As I advanced it receded, as if in mockery of my toil. Night overtook me with my journey half accomplished. The precaution of obtaining fire gave me warmth and sleep, and long before daylight I was on my way. The hope of finding an easy pass into the

valley of the Madison inspired me with fresh courage and determination; but long before I arrived at the base of the range, I scanned hopelessly its insurmountable difficulties. It presented to my eager vision an endless succession of inaccessible peaks and precipices, rising thousands of feet sheer and bare above the plain. No friendly gorge or gully or cañon invited such an effort as I could make to scale this rocky barrier. Oh for the faith that could remove mountains! How soon should this colossal fabric open at my approach! What a feeling of helpless despair came over me with the conviction that the journey of the last two days had been in vain! I seated myself on a rock, upon the summit of a commanding hill, and cast my eyes along the only route which now seemed tenable—down the Yellowstone. How many dreary miles of forest and mountain filled the terrible panorama! I thought that before accepting this discouraging alternative I would spend a day in search for a pass. Twenty miles at most would take me into the Madison Valley, and thirty more restore me to friends who had abundance. Supposing that I should find plenty of thistles, I had left the lake with a small supply, and that was entirely spent. I looked in vain for them where I then was.

While I was thus considering whether to remain and search for a passage or return to the Yellowstone, I experienced one of those strange hallucinations which many of my friends have misnamed insanity, but which to me was Providence. An old clerical friend, for whose character and counsel I had always cherished peculiar regard, in some unaccountable manner seemed to be standing before me, charged with advice which would relieve my perplexity. I seemed to hear him say, as if in a voice and with the manner of authority:—

"Go back immediately, as rapidly as your strength will permit. There is no food here, and the idea of scaling these rocks is madness."

"Doctor," I rejoined, "the distance is too great. I cannot live to travel it."

"Say not so. Your life depends upon the effort. Return at once. Start now, lest your resolution falter. Travel as fast and as far as possible—it is your only chance."

"Doctor, I am rejoiced to meet you in this hour of distress, but doubt the wisdom of your counsel. I am within seventy miles of Virginia. Just over these rocks, a few miles away, I shall find friends. My shoes are nearly worn out, my clothes are in tatters, and my strength is almost overcome. As a last trial, it seems



THE GHOSTLY COUNSELLOR.

to me I can but attempt to scale this mountain or perish in the effort, if God so wills."

"Don't think of it. Your power of endurance will carry you through. I will accompany you. Put your trust in Heaven. Help yourself and God will help you."

Overcome by these and other persuasions, and delighted with the idea of having a traveling companion, I plodded my way over the route I had come, intending at a certain point to change it so as to strike the river at the foot of the lake. Stopping after a few miles of travel, I had no difficulty in procuring fire, and passed a comfortable night. When I resumed my journey the next day the sun was just rising. Whenever I was disposed, as was often the case, to question the wisdom of the change of routes, my old friend appeared to be near with words of encouragement, but his reticence on other subjects both surprised and annoyed me. I was impressed at times, during the entire journey, with the belief that my return was a fatal error, and if my deliverance had failed should have perished with that conviction. Early this day I deflected from my old route and took my course for the foot of the lake, with the hope, by constant travel, to reach it the next day. The distance was greater than I anticipated. Nothing

is more deceptive than distance in these high latitudes. At the close of each of the two succeeding days, my point of destination was seemingly as far from me as at the moment I took leave of the Madison Range, and when, cold and hungry, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I gathered the first food I had eaten in nearly five days, and lay down by my fire near the debouchure of the river, I had nearly abandoned all hope of escape.

At day-break I was on the trail down the river. The thought I had adopted from the first, "I will not perish in this wilderness," often revived my sinking spirits, when, from faintness and exhaustion, I felt but little desire for life. Once, while struggling through a field of tangled trunks which seemed interminable, at one of the pauses I found myself seriously considering whether it was not preferable to die there than renew the effort to proceed. I felt that all attempt to escape was but a bitter prolongation of the agony of dissolution. A seeming whisper in the air, "While there is life there is hope; take courage," broke the delusion, and I clambered on. I did not forget to improve the mid-day sun to procure fire. Sparks from the lighted brands had burned my hands and crisped the nails of my fingers, and the smoke from them had tanned my face to the complexion of an Indian. While passing through an opening in the forest I found the tip of a gull's wing; it was fresh. I made a fire upon the spot, mashed the bones with a stone, and consigning them to my camp kettle, the yeast-powder box, made half a pint of delicious broth. The remainder of that day and the night ensuing were given to sleep.

I lost all sense of time. Days and nights came and went, and were numbered only by the growing consciousness that I was gradually starving. I felt no hunger, did not eat to appease appetite, but to renew strength. I experienced but little pain. The gaping sores on my feet, the severe burn on my hip, the festering crevices at the joints of my fingers, all terrible in appearance, had ceased to give me the least concern. The roots which supplied my food had suspended the digestive power of the stomach, and their fibres were packed in it in a matted, compact mass.

Not so with my hours of slumber. They were visited by the most luxurious dreams. I would apparently visit the most gorgeously decorated restaurants of New York and Washington; sit down to immense tables spread with the most appetizing viands; partake of the richest oyster stews and plumpest pies; engage myself in the labor and preparation of

curious dishes, and with them fill range upon range of elegantly furnished tables until they fairly groaned beneath the accumulated dainties prepared by my own hands. Frequently the entire night would seem to have been spent in getting up a sumptuous dinner. I would realize the fatigue of roasting, boiling, baking, and fabricating the choicest dishes known to the modern *cuisine*, and in my disturbed slumbers would enjoy with epicurean relish the food thus furnished even to repletion. Alas! there was more luxury than life in these somnolent vagaries.

It was a cold, gloomy day when I arrived in the vicinity of the falls. The sky was overcast and the snow-capped peaks rose chilly and bleak through the biting atmosphere. The moaning of the wind through the pines, mingling with the sullen roar of the falls, was strangely in unison with my own saddened feelings. I had no heart to gaze upon a scene which a few weeks before had inspired me with rapture and awe. One moment of sunshine was of more value to me than all the marvels amid which I was famishing. But the sun had hid his face and denied me all hope of obtaining fire. The only alternative was to seek shelter in a thicket. I penetrated the forest a long distance before finding one that suited me. Breaking and crowding my way into its very midst, I cleared a spot large enough to recline upon, interlaced the surrounding brushwood, gathered the fallen foliage into a bed, and lay down with a prayer for sleep and forgetfulness. Alas! neither came. The coldness increased through the night. Constant friction with my hands and unceasing beating with my legs and feet saved me from freezing. It was the most terrible night of my journey, and when, with the early dawn, I pulled myself into a standing posture, it was to realize that my right arm was partially paralyzed, and my limbs so stiffened with cold as to be almost immovable. Fearing lest paralysis should suddenly seize upon the entire system, I literally dragged myself through the forest to the river. Seated near the verge of the great cañon below the falls, I anxiously awaited the appearance of the sun. That great luminary never looked so beautiful as when, a few moments afterwards, he emerged from the clouds and exposed his glowing beams to the concentrated powers of my lens. I kindled a mighty flame, fed it with every dry stick and broken tree-top I could find, and without motion, and almost without sense, remained beside it several hours. The great falls of the Yellowstone were roaring within three hundred yards, and the awful cañon



yawned almost at my feet; but they had lost all charm for me. In fact, I regarded them as enemies which had lured me to destruction, and felt a sullen satisfaction in morbid indifference.

My old friend and adviser, whose presence I had felt more than seen the last few days, now forsook me altogether. But I was not alone. By some process which I was too weak to solve, my arms, legs, and stomach were transformed into so many traveling companions. Often for hours I would plod along conversing with these imaginary friends. Each had his peculiar wants which he expected me to supply. The stomach was importunate in his demand for a change of diet—complained incessantly of the roots I fed him, their present effect and more remote consequences. I would try to silence him with promises, beg of him to wait a few days, and when this failed of the quiet I desired, I would seek to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, our inability to reach home alive. All to no purpose—he tormented me with his fretful humors through the entire journey. The others would generally concur with him in these fancied altercations. The legs implored me for rest, and the arms complained that I gave them too much to do. Troublesome as they were, it was a pleasure to realize their presence. I worked for them, too, with right good will, doing many things for their seeming comfort which, had I felt myself alone, would have remained undone. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves; would do nothing for me or for each other. I often wondered, while they ate and slept so much, that they did not aid in gathering wood and kindling fires. As a counterpoise to their own inertia, whenever they discovered languor in me on necessary occasions, they were not wanting in words of encouragement and cheer. I recall as I write an instance where, by prompt and timely interposition, the representative of the stomach saved me from a death of dreadful agony. One day I came to a small stream issuing from a spring of mild temperature on the hillside, swarming with minnows. I caught some with my hands and ate them raw. To my taste they were delicious. But the stomach refused them, accused me of attempting to poison him, and would not be reconciled until I had emptied my pouch of the few fish I had put there for future use. Those that I ate made me very sick. Poisoned by the mineral in the water, had I glutted my appetite with them as I intended, I should doubtless have died in the wilderness, in excruciating torment.

A gradual mental introversion grew upon me as physical weakness increased. The grand and massive scenery which, on the upward journey, had aroused every enthusiastic impulse of my nature, was now tame and spiritless. My thoughts were turned in upon myself—upon the dreadful fate which apparently lay just before me—and the possible happiness of the existence beyond. All doubt of immortality fled in the light of present realities. So vivid were my conceptions of the future that at times I longed for death, not less as the beginning of happiness than as a release from misery. Led on by these reflections, I would recall the varied incidents of my journey—my escape from the lion, from fire, my return from the Madison Range—and in all of them I saw how much I had been indebted to that mysterious protection which comes only from the throne of the Eternal. And yet, starving, foot-sore, half blind, worn to a skeleton, was it surprising that I lacked the faith needful to buoy me above the dark waters of despair, which I now felt were closing around me?

In less serious moods, as I struggled along, my thoughts would revert to the single being on whom my holiest affections centred—my daughter. What a tie was that to bind me to life! Oh! could I be restored to her for a single hour, long enough for parting counsel and blessing, it would be joy unspeakable! Long hours of painful travel were relieved of physical suffering by this absorbing agony of the mind, which, when from my present stand-point I contrast it with the personal calamities of my exile, swells into mountains.

To return from this digression. At many of the streams on my route I spent hours in endeavoring to catch trout, with a hook fashioned from the rim of my broken spectacles, but in no instance with success. The tackle was defective. The country was full of game in great variety. I saw large herds of deer, elk, antelope, occasionally a bear, and many smaller animals. Numerous flocks of ducks, geese, swans, and pelicans inhabited the lakes and rivers. But with no means of killing them, their presence was a perpetual aggravation. At all the camps of our company I stopped and recalled many pleasant incidents associated with them.

One afternoon, when approaching "Tower Falls," I came upon a large hollow tree, which, from the numerous tracks surrounding it, and the matted foliage in the cavity, I recognized as the den of a bear. It was a most inviting couch. Gathering a needful

supply of wood and brush, I lighted a circle of piles around the tree, crawled into the nest, and passed a night of unbroken slumber. I rose the next morning to find that during the night the fires had communicated with the adjacent forest, and burned a large space in all directions, doubtless intimidating the rightful proprietor of the nest, and saving me from another midnight adventure.

At "Tower Falls" I spent the first half of a day in capturing a grasshopper, and the remainder in a fruitless effort to catch a mess of trout. In the agony of disappointment, I resolved to fish no more. A spirit of rebellion seized me. I determined that thistles should thenceforth be my only sustenance. "Why is it," I asked of myself, "that in the midst of abundance, every hour meeting with objects which would restore strength and vigor and energy, every moment contriving some device to procure the nourishment my wasting frame required, I should meet with these repeated and discouraging failures? Thoughts of the early teaching of a pious mother suppressed these feelings. Oh! how often have the recollections of a loved New England home, and the memories of a happy childhood, cheered my sinking spirits, and dissipated the gathering gloom of despair! There were thoughts and feelings and mental anguish without number, that visited me during my period of trial, that never can be known to any but my God and myself. Bitter as was my experience, it was not unrelieved by some of the most precious moments I have ever known.

Soon after leaving "Tower Falls," I entered the open country. Pine forests and windfalls were changed for sage brush and desolation, with occasional tracts of stunted verdure, barren hillsides, exhibiting here and there an isolated clump of dwarf trees, and ravines filled with the rocky *débris* of adjacent mountains. My first camp on this part of the route, for the convenience of getting wood, was made near the summit of a range of towering foot-hills. Towards morning a storm of wind and snow nearly extinguished my fire. I became very cold; the storm was still raging when I arose, and the ground white with snow. I was perfectly bewildered, and had lost my course of travel. No visible object, seen through the almost blinding storm, reassured me, and there was no alternative but to find the river and take my direction from its current. Fortunately, after a few hours of stumbling and scrambling among rocks and over crests, I came to the precipitous side of the cañon through which it ran,



DESCENDING THE PRECIPICE.

and with much labor, both of hands and feet, descended it to the margin. I drank copiously of its pure waters, and sat beside it for a long time, waiting for the storm to abate, so that I could procure fire. The day wore on, without any prospect of a termination to the storm. Chilled through, my tattered clothing saturated, I saw before me a night of horrors unless I returned to my fire. The scramble up the side of the rocky cañon, in many places nearly perpendicular, was the hardest work of my journey. Often while clinging to the jutting rocks with hands and feet, to reach a shelving projection, my grasp would uncloset and I would slide many feet down the sharp declivity. It was night when, sore from the bruises I had received, I reached my fire; the storm, still raging, had nearly extinguished it. I found a few embers in the ashes, and with much difficulty kindled a flame. Here, on this bleak mountain side, as well as I now remember, I must have passed two nights beside the fire, in the storm. Many times during each night I crawled to the little clump of trees to gather wood, and brush, and the broken limbs of fallen tree-tops. All the sleep I obtained was snatched from the inter-

vals which divided these labors. It was so harassed with frightful dreams as to afford little rest. I remember, before I left this camp, stripping up my sleeves to look at my shrunken arms. Flesh and blood had apparently left them. The skin clung to the bones like wet parchment. A child's hand could have clasped them from wrist to shoulder. "Yet," thought I, "it is death to remain; I cannot perish in this wilderness."

Taking counsel of this early formed resolution, I hobbled on my course through the snow, which was rapidly disappearing before the rays of the warm sun. Well knowing that I should find no thistles in the open country, I had filled my pouches with them before leaving the forest. My supply was running low, and there were yet several days of heavy mountain travel between me and Boteler's ranch. With the most careful economy, it could last but two or three days longer. I saw the necessity of placing myself and imaginary companions upon allowance. The conflict which ensued with the stomach, when I announced this resolution, required great firmness to carry through. I tried wheedling and coaxing and promising; failing in these, I threatened to part company with a comrade so unreasonable, and he made no further complaint.

Two or three days before I was found, while ascending a steep hill, I fell from exhaustion into the sage brush, without the power to rise. Unbuckling my belt, as was my custom, I soon fell asleep. I have no idea of the time I slept, but upon awaking I fastened my belt, scrambled to my feet, and pursued my journey. As night drew on I selected a camping-place, gathered wood into a heap, and felt for my lens to procure fire. It was gone. If the earth had yawned to swallow me I would not have been more terrified. The only chance for life was lost. The last hope had fled. I seemed to feel the grim messenger who had been so long pursuing me knocking at the portals of my heart as I lay down by the side of the wood-pile, and covered myself with limbs and sage brush, with the dreadful conviction that my struggle for life was over, and that I should rise no more. The floodgates of misery seemed now to be opened, and it rushed in living tide upon my soul. With the rapidity of lightning, I ran over every event of my life. Thoughts doubled and trebled upon me, until I saw, as if in vision, the entire past of my existence. It was all before me, as if painted with a sun-beam, and all seemingly faded like the phantoms of a vivid dream.

As calmness returned, reason resumed her empire. Fortunately, the weather was comfortable. I summoned all the powers of my memory, thought over every foot of the day's travel, and concluded that the glass must have become detached from my belt while sleeping. Five long miles over the hills must be retraced to regain it. There was no alternative, and before daylight I had staggered over half the distance. I found the lens on the spot where I had slept. No incident of my journey brought with it more of joy and relief.

Returning to the camp of the previous night, I lighted the pile I had prepared, and lay down for a night of rest. It was very cold, and towards morning commenced snowing. With difficulty I kept the fire alive. Sleep was impossible. When daylight came, I was impressed with the idea that I must go on despite the storm. A flash—momentary but vivid—came over me, that I should be saved. Snatching a lighted brand, I started through the storm. In the afternoon the storm abated and the sun shone at intervals. Coming to a small clump of trees, I set to work to prepare a camp. I laid the brand down which I had preserved with so much care, to pick up a few dry sticks with which to feed it, until I could collect wood for a camp-fire, and in the few minutes thus employed it expired. I sought to revive it, but every spark was gone. Clouds obscured the sun, now near the horizon, and the prospect of another night of exposure without fire became fearfully imminent. I sat down with my lens and the last remaining piece of touchwood I possessed to catch a gleam of sunshine, feeling that my life depended on it. In a few moments the cloud passed, and with trembling hands I presented the little disk to the face of the glowing luminary. Quivering with excitement lest a sudden cloud should interpose, a moment passed before I could hold the lens steadily enough to concentrate a burning focus. At length it came. The little thread of smoke curled gracefully upwards from the Heaven-lighted spark, which, a few moments afterwards, diffused with warmth and comfort my desolate lodgings.

I resumed my journey the next morning, with the belief that I should make no more fires with my lens. I must save a brand, or perish. The day was raw and gusty; an east wind, charged with storm, penetrated my nerves with irritating keenness. After walking a few miles the storm came on, and a coldness unlike any other I had ever felt seized me. It entered all my bones. I at-



THE RESCUE.

tempted to build a fire, but could not make it burn. Seizing a brand, I stumbled blindly on, stopping within the shadow of every rock and clump to renew energy for a final conflict for life. A solemn conviction that death was near, that at each pause I made my limbs would refuse further service, and that I should sink helpless and dying in my path, overwhelmed me with terror. Amid all this tumult of the mind, I felt that I had done all that man could do. I knew that in two or three days more I could effect my deliverance, and I derived no little satisfaction from the thought that, as I was now in the broad trail, my remains would be found, and my friends relieved of doubt as to my fate. Once only the thought flashed across my mind that I should be saved, and I seemed to hear a whispered command to "Struggle on." Groping along the side of a nill, I became suddenly sensible of a sharp reflection, as of burnished steel. Looking up, through half-closed eyes, two rough but kindly faces met my gaze.

"Are you Mr. Everts?"

"Yes. All that is left of him."

"We have come for you."

"Who sent you?"

"Judge Lawrence and other friends."

"God bless him, and them, and you! I am saved!" and with these words, powerless of further effort, I fell forward into the arms of my preservers, in a state of unconsciousness. I was saved. On the very brink of the river which divides the known from the unknown, strong arms snatched me from the final plunge, and kind ministrations wooed me back to life.

Baronet and Prichette, my two preservers, by the usual appliances, soon restored me to consciousness, made a camp upon the spot, and while one went to Fort Ellis, a distance of seventy miles, to return with remedies to restore digestion and an ambulance to convey me to that post, the other sat by my side, and with all the care, sympathy, and solicitude of a brother, ministered to my frequent necessities. In two days I was sufficiently recovered in strength to be moved twenty miles down the trail to the cabin of some miners who were prospecting in that vicinity. From these men I received every possible attention which their humane and generous natures could devise. A good bed was provided, game was killed to make broth, and the best stores of their larder placed at my command. For four days, at a time when every day's labor was invaluable in their pursuit, they abandoned their work to aid in my restoration. Owing to the protracted inaction of the system, and the long period which must transpire before Prichette's return with remedies, my friends had serious doubts of my recovery.

The night after my arrival at the cabin, while suffering the most excruciating agony, and thinking that I had only been saved to die among friends, a loud knock was heard at the cabin door. An old man in mountain costume entered—a hunter, whose life was spent among the mountains. He was on his way to find a brother. He listened to the story of my sufferings, and tears rapidly coursed each other down his rough, weather-beaten face. But when he was told of my present necessity, brightening in a moment, he exclaimed:



"Why, Lord bless you, if that is all, I have the very remedy you need. In two hours' time all shall be well with you."

He left the cabin, returning in a moment with a sack filled with the fat of a bear which he had killed a few hours before. From this he rendered out a pint measure of oil. I drank the whole of it. It proved to be the needed remedy, and the next day, freed from pain, with appetite and digestion re-established, I felt that good food and plenty of it were only necessary for an early recovery.

In a day or two I took leave of my kind friends, with a feeling of regret at parting, and of gratitude for their kindness as enduring as life. Meeting the carriage on my way, I proceeded to Boseman, where I remained among old friends, who gave me every attention until my health was sufficiently restored to allow me to return to my home at Helena.

My heartfelt thanks are due to the members of the Expedition, all of whom devoted seven, and some of them twelve days to the search for me before they left Yellowstone Lake; and to Judge Lawrence, of Helena,

and the friends who co-operated with him in the offer of reward which sent Baronet and Prichette to my rescue.

My narrative is finished. In the course of events the time is not far distant when the wonders of the Yellowstone will be made accessible to all lovers of sublimity, grandeur, and novelty in natural scenery, and its majestic waters become the abode of civilization and refinement; and when that arrives, I hope, in happier mood and under more auspicious circumstances, to revisit scenes fraught for me with such thrilling interest; to ramble along the glowing beach of Bessie Lake; to sit down amid the hot springs under the shadow of Mount Everts; to thread unscared the mazy forests, retrace the dreary journey to the Madison Range, and with enraptured fancy gaze upon the mingled glories and terrors of the great falls and marvelous cañon, and to enjoy, in happy contrast with the trials they recall, their power to delight, elevate, and overwhelm the mind with wondrous and majestic beauty.

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WAITING.

I know it will not be to-day;  
I know it will not be to-morrow;  
Oh, half in joy and half in sorrow,  
I watch the slow swift hours away;  
I bid them haste, then bid them stay,  
I long so for the coming day.

I long so I would rather wait;  
Each hour I see the unseen corner;  
Each hour turns ripe in secret summer  
The joys which I anticipate.  
Oh, precious feet, come slow, come late!  
I long so, it is bliss to wait!

Ah, sweet sad life, so far to-day!  
Ah, sweet sad life, so near to-morrow!  
Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?  
When earth's last sun has rolled away  
In tideless time, and we can say  
No more, "To-morrow," or "To-day?"

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## PRISCILLA.

THE trained novel-readers, those who have made a business of it (if any such should honor this poor little story with their attention), will glance down the opening paragraphs for a description of the heroine's tresses. The opening sentences of Miss Braddon are enough to show how important a thing a head of hair is in the getting up of a heroine for the popular market. But as my heroine is not gotten up for the market, and as I cannot possibly remember even the color of her hair or her eyes as I recall her now, I fear I shall disappoint the "professionals," who never feel that they have a complete heroine till the "long waving tresses of raven darkness, reaching nearly to the ground, enveloping her as with a cloud," have been artistically stuck on by the author. But be it known that I take Priscilla from memory, and not from imagination. And the memory of Priscilla, the best girl in the school, the most gifted, the most modest, the most gentle and true, is a memory too sacred to be trifled with. I would not make one hair light or dark, I would not change the shading of the eye-brows. Priscilla is Priscilla forever, to all who knew her. And as I cannot tell the precise color of her hair and eyes, I shall not invent a shade for them. I remember that she was on the blonde side of the grand division line. But she was not blonde. She was—Priscilla. I mean to say that since you never lived in that dear old-fogy Ohio River village of New Geneva, and since, consequently, you never knew our Priscilla, no words of mine can make you exactly understand her. Was she handsome? No—yes. She was "jimber-jawed," that is, her lower teeth shut a little outside her upper. Her complexion was not faultless. Her face would not bear criticism. And yet there is not one of her old schoolmates that will not vow that she was beautiful. And indeed she was. For she was Priscilla. And I never can make you understand it.

As Priscilla was always willing to oblige any one, it was only natural enough that Mrs. Leston should send for her to help entertain the Marquis. It was a curious chance that threw the young Marquis d'Entremont for a whole summer into the society of our little village. His uncle, who was his guardian, a pious *abbé*, wishing to remove him from Paris to get him out of socialistic influences, had sent him to New Orleans, consigned to the care of the great banking-house of Challeau, Lafort et Compagnie. Not liking to take the chances of yellow-fever in the summer, he

had resolved to journey to the north, and as Challeau, Lafort et Cie. had a correspondent in Henry Leston, the young lawyer, and as French was abundantly spoken in our Swiss village of New Geneva, what more natural than that they should dispatch the Marquis to our pleasant town of vineyards, giving him a letter of introduction to their attorney, who fortunately spoke some book French. He had presented the letter, had been invited to dinner, and Priscilla Haines, who had learned French in childhood, though she was not Swiss, was sent for to help entertain the guest.

I cannot but fancy that d'Entremont was surprised at meeting just such a girl as Priscilla in a rustic village. She was not abashed at finding herself *vis-à-vis* with a nobleman, nor did she seem at all anxious to attract his notice. The vanity of the Marquis must have been a little hurt at finding a lady that did not court his attention. But wounded vanity soon gave place to another surprise. Even Mrs. Leston, who understood not one word of the conversation between her husband, the Marquis, and Priscilla, was watching for this second surprise, and did not fail to read it in d'Entremont's eyes. Here was a young woman who had read. She could admire Corinne, she could oppose Saint Simon. The Marquis d'Entremont had resigned himself to the *ennui* of talking to Swiss farmers about their vineyards, of listening to Swiss grandmothers telling stories of their childhood in Neufchatel and Berne. But to find in this young village school-teacher one who could speak, and listen while he spoke, of his favorite writers, was to him very strange. Not that Priscilla had read many French books, for there were not many within her reach. But she had read some, and she had read Ste. Beuve and Grimm's Correspondence, and he who reads these two has heard the echo of all the great voices in French literature. And while David Haines had lived his daughter had wanted nothing to help her to the highest culture.

But I think what amazed the Marquis most was that Priscilla showed no consciousness of the unusual character of her attainments. She spoke easily and naturally of what she knew, as if it were a matter of course that the teacher of a primary school should have read Corneille, and should be able to combat Saint Simonism. As the dinner drew to a close, Leston lifted his chair round where his wife sat and interpreted the brilliant conversation at the other side of the table.

I suspect that Saint Simon had lost some of his hold upon the Marquis since his arrival in a country where life is more beautiful and the manner of thought more practical. At any rate, he dated the decline of his socialistic opinions from his discussion with Priscilla Haines.

The next Sunday morning he strolled out of the Le Vert House, breathing the sweet air perfumed with the blossoms of a thousand apple-trees. For what yard is there in New Geneva that has not apple-trees and grape-vines? And every family in the village keeps a cow, and every cow wears a bell, and every bell is on a different key; so that the three things that penetrated the senses of the Marquis on this Sunday morning were the high hills that stood sentinels on every hand about the valley in which New Geneva stood, the smell of the apple-blossoms, and the *tinkle* and *tonkle* of hundreds of bells on the cows grazing on the "commons," as the open lots were called. On this almost painfully quiet morning, d'Entremont noticed the people going one way and another to the Sunday-schools in the three churches. Just as he came to the pump that stood in front of the "public square," he met Priscilla. At her heels were ten ragged little ruffians, whom she was accustomed to have come to her house every Sunday morning and walk with her to Sunday-school.

"You are then a Sister of Charity also," he said in French, bowing low with sincere admiration as he passed her. And then to himself the young Marquis reflected: "We Saint Simonists theorize and build castles in Spain for poor people, but we do not take hold of them." He walked clear round the square, and then followed the steps of Priscilla into the little brick Methodist church, which in that day had neither steeple nor bell, which had nothing church-like about it except the two arched front windows. There was not even a fence to enclose it, nor an evergreen nor an ivy about it; only a few black locusts. For the Congregational puritanism of New England was never so hard a puritanism as the Methodist puritanism of a generation ago in the West—a puritanism that forbade jewelry, that stripped the artificial flowers out of the bonnets of country girls, that expelled and even yet expels a country boy for looking with wonder at a man hanging head downward from a trapeze in a circus tent. No other church, not even the Quaker, ever laid its hand more entirely upon the whole life of its members. The dead hand of Wesley has been stronger than the living hand of any pope.

Upon the hard, open-backed, unpainted and unvarnished oak benches, which seemed devised to produce discomfort, sat the Sunday-school classes, and upon one of these, near the door, d'Entremont sat down. He looked at the bare walls, at the white pulpit, at the carpetless floors, at the general ugliness of things, the box stove, which stood in the only aisle, the tin chandeliers with their half-burned candles, the eight-by-ten lights of glass in the windows, and he was favorably impressed. With a quick conscience he had often felt the frivolous emptiness of a worldly life, and had turned toward the religion of his uncle the *abbé* only to turn away again disgusted with the frivolity of the religious pomp that he saw. But here was a religion not only without the attractions of sensuous surrounding, but a religion that maintained its vitality despite a repelling plainness, not to say a repulsive ugliness in its external forms. For could he doubt the force of a religious principle that had divested every woman in the little church of every ornament? Doubtless he felt the narrowness that could read the Scriptural injunction so literally, but none could doubt the strength of a religious principle that submitted to such self-denial. And then there was Priscilla, with all her gifts, sitting in the midst of her boys, gathered from that part of the village known as "Slabtown." Yes, there must be something genuine in this religious life, and its entire contrast to all that the Marquis had known and grown weary of attracted him.

As eleven o'clock drew on, the little church filled with people. The men sat on one side the aisle and the women on the other. The old brethren and sisters, and generally those who prayed in prayer-meeting and spoke in love-feast sat near the front, many of them on the cross-seats near the pulpit, which were thence said by scoffers to be the "Amen corners." Any one other than a leader of the hosts of Israel would as soon have thought of taking a seat in the pulpit as on one of these chief seats in the synagogue. The Marquis sat still and watched the audience gather, while one of the good brethren led the congregation in singing,

"When I can read my title clear,"

which hymn was the usual voluntary at the opening of service. Then the old minister said, "Let us continue the worship of God by singing hymn on page 554." He "lined" the hymn, that is, he read each couplet before it was sung. With the coming in of hymn-books and other new-fangled things

the good old custom of "lining the hymn" has disappeared. But on that Sunday morning the Marquis d'Entremont thought he had never heard anything more delightful than these simple melodies sung thus lustily by earnest voices. The reading of each couplet by the minister before it was sung seemed to him a sort of recitative. He knew enough of English to find that the singing was hopeful and triumphant. Wearing with philosophy and *blasé* with the pomp of the world, he wished that he had been a villager in New Geneva, and that he might have had the faith to sing of the

"—land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign,"

with as much earnestness as his friend Priscilla on the other side of the aisle. In the prayer that followed d'Entremont noticed that all the church-members knelt, and that the hearty *amens* were not intoned, but were as spontaneous as the rest of the service. After reverently reading a chapter the old minister said: "Please sing without lining,

" 'A charge to keep I have,' "

and then the old tune of "Kentucky" was sung with animation, after which came the sermon, of which the Marquis understood but few words, though he understood the pantomime by which the venerable minister represented the return of the prodigal and the welcome he received. When he saw the tears in the eyes of the hearers, and heard the half-repressed "Bless the Lord" of an old brother or sister, and saw them glance joyfully at each other's faces as the sermon went on, he was strangely impressed with the genuineness of the feeling.

But the class-meeting that followed, to which he remained, impressed him still more. The venerable Scotchman who led it had a face that beamed with sweetness and intelligence. It was fortunate that the Marquis saw so good a specimen. In fact, Priscilla trembled lest Mr. Boreas, the stern, hard-featured "exhorter," should have been invited to lead. But as the sweet-faced old leader called upon one and another to speak, and as many spoke with streaming eyes, d'Entremont quivered with sympathy. He was not so blind that he could not see the sham and cant of some of the speeches, but in general there was much earnestness and truth. When Priscilla rose in her turn and spoke, with downcast eyes, he felt the beauty and simplicity of her religious life. And he rightly judged that from the soil of a *culte* so severe there must grow some noble and heroic lives.

Last of all the class-leader reached the Marquis, whom he did not know.

"Will our strange brother tell us how it is with him to-day?" he asked.

Priscilla trembled. What awful thing might happen when a class-leader invited a marquis, who could speak no English, and who was a disciple of Saint Simon, to tell his religious experience, was more than she could divine. If the world had come to an end in consequence of such a concatenation, I think she would not have been surprised. But nothing of the sort occurred. To her astonishment the Marquis rose and said:—

"Is it that any one can speak French?"

A brother who was a member of one of the old Swiss families volunteered his services as interpreter, and d'Entremont proceeded to tell them how much he had been interested in the exercises; that it was the first time he had ever been in such a meeting, and that he wished he had the simple faith which they showed.

Then the old leader said, "Let us engage in prayer for our strange brother."

And the Marquis bowed his knees upon the hard floor.

He could not understand much that was said, but he knew that they were praying for him; that this white-haired class-leader, and the old ladies in the corner, and Priscilla, were interceding with the Father of all for him. He felt more confidence in the efficacy of their prayers than he had ever had in all the intercessions of the saints of which he was told when a boy. For surely God would hear such as Priscilla!

It happened not long after this that d'Entremont was drawn even more nearly to this simple Methodist life, which had already made such an impression on his imagination, by an incident which would make a chapter if this story were intended for the *New York Weekly Dexter*. Indeed, the story of his peril in a storm and freshet on Indian Creek, and of his deliverance by the courage of Henry Stevens, is so well suited to that periodical and others of its class, that I am almost sorry that Mrs. Eden, or Cobb, Jr., or Optic, were not the author of this story. Either of them could make a chapter which would bear the title of "A Thrilling Incident." But with an unconquerable aversion to anything and everything "thrilling," this present writer can only say in plainest prose and without a single startling epithet that this incident made the young Marquis the everlasting friend of his deliverer, Henry Stevens, who happened to be a zealous Methodist, and about his own age.



The effort of the two friends to hold intercourse was a curious spectacle. Not only did they speak different languages, but they lived in different worlds. Not only did d'Entremont speak a very limited English while Stevens spoke no French, but d'Entremont's life and thought had nothing in common with the life of Stevens, except the one thing that made a friendship possible. They were both generous, manly men, and each felt a strong drawing to the other. So it came about that when they tired of the Marquis's English and of the gulf between their ideas, they used to call on Priscilla at her home with her mother in the outskirts of the village. She was an interpreter indeed! For with the keenest sympathy she entered into the world in which the Marquis lived, which had always been a sort of intellectual paradise to her. It seemed strange indeed to meet a living denizen of a world that seemed to her impossible except in books. And as for the sphere in which Stevens moved, it was her own. He and she had been schoolmates from childhood, had looked on the same green hills, known the same people, been moulded of the same strong religious feeling. Nothing was more delightful to d'Entremont than to be able to talk to Stevens, unless it was to have so good an excuse for conversation with Priscilla; and nothing was so pleasant to Henry Stevens as to be able to understand the Marquis, unless it was to talk with Priscilla; while to Priscilla those were golden moments, in which she passed like a quick-winged messenger between her own native world and the world that she knew only in books, between the soul of one friend and that of another. And thus grew up a triple friendship, a friendship afterward sorely tried. For how strange it is that what brings together at one time may be a wall of division at another.

I am not writing an essay on Christian experience. I cannot pretend to explain just how it came about. Doubtless Henry Stevens's influence had something to do with it, though I feel sure Priscilla's had more. Doubtless the Marquis was naturally susceptible to religious influences, and I cannot but feel that after all he was led by the gentle drawings of the Divine Oracle in his own breast. But the erratic opinions, never very deeply rooted, and at most but a reaction from a religion of "postures and impostures," disappeared, and there came a sense of unworthiness and a sense of trust. They came simultaneously, I think; certainly d'Entremont could never give any chronological order to the two experiences. At any rate, he was

drawn to the little class-meeting, which seemed to him so simple a confessional that all his former notions of "liberty, fraternity, and equality" were satisfied by it. I believe he became a "probationer," but his creed was never quite settled enough for him to accept of "full membership."

Some of the old folks could not refrain from expressions of triumph that "the Lord had got a hold of that French infidel;" and old Sister Goodenough seized his hand, and, with many sighs and much upturning of the eyes, exhorted him: "Brother Markus! Give up everything! Give up everything, and come out from the world and be separated!" Which led d'Entremont to remark to Stevens as they walked away that "Madame Goodenough was *vare curus* indeed!" And Brother Boreas, the exhorter, who had the misfortune not to have a business reputation without blemish, but who made up for it by rigid scruples in regard to a melodeon in the church, and by a vicarious conscience which was kindly kept at everybody's service but his own,—old Brother Boreas always remarked in regard to the Marquis, that "as for his part he liked a deeper repentance and a sounder conversion." But the gray-haired old Scotch class-leader, whose piety was at a premium everywhere, would take d'Entremont's hand and talk of indifferent subjects while he beamed on him his affection and Christian fellowship.

To the Marquis, Priscilla was a perpetual marvel. More brilliant women he had known in Paris, more devout women he had seen there, but a woman so gifted and so devout, and above all a woman so true, so modest, and of such perfect delicacy of feeling he had never known. And how poorly these words describe her! For she was Priscilla; and all who knew her will understand how much more that means than any adjectives of mine. Certainly Henry Stevens did, for he had known her always, and would have loved her always had he dared. It was only now, as she interpreted him to the Marquis and the Marquis to him, idealizing and elevating the thoughts of both, that he surrendered himself to hope. And so, toward the close of the summer, affairs came to this awkward posture that these two sworn friends loved the same woman.

D'Entremont discovered this first. More a man of the world than Henry Stevens, he read the other's face and voice. He was perturbed. Had it occurred two years before he might have settled the matter easily by a duel, for instance. And even now his passion got the better for a while of all his good

feelings and Christian resolutions. When he got back to the Le Vert House with his unpleasant discovery, he was burning like a furnace. In spite of a rain-storm just beginning and a dark night, he strode out and walked he knew not whither. He found himself, he knew not how, on the bank of the river. Seizing an old board for a paddle, he unloosed a skiff and pushed out into the river. How to advance himself over his rival was his first thought. But this darkness and this beating rain and this fierce loneliness reminded him of that night when he had clung desperately to the abutment of the bridge that spanned Indian Creek, and when the courage and self-possession of Henry Stevens had rescued him. Could he be the rival of a man who had gone down into that flood that he might save the exhausted Marquis?

Then he hated himself. Why had he not drowned that night on Indian Creek? And with this feeling of self-disgust added to his general mental misery and the physical misery that the rain brought to him, there came the great temptation to write "*Fin*" in French fashion, by jumping into the water. But something in the influence of Priscilla and that class-meeting caused him to take a better resolution, and he returned to the hotel.

The next day he sent for Henry Stevens to come to his room.

"Henry, I am going to leave to-night on the mail-boat. I am going back to New Orleans, and thence to France. You love Priscilla. You are a noble man; you will make her happy. I have read your love in your face. Meet me at the river to-night. When you are ready to be married, let me know, that I may send some token of my love for both. Do not tell mademoiselle that I am going; but tell her good-by for me afterwards. Go now, I must pack."

Henry went out stupefied. What did it mean? And why was he half-glad that d'Entremont was going? By degrees he got the better of his selfishness. In fact, he had the habit of keeping his selfishness under in little things, so that the victory in a great thing was not so difficult.

"Marquis d'Entremont," he said, breaking into his room, "you must not go away. You love Priscilla. You have everything—learning, money, travel. I have nothing."

"Nothing but a good heart, which I have not," said d'Entremont.

"I will never marry Priscilla," said Henry, "unless she deliberately chooses to have me in preference to you."

My readers will say that this incident, of

two men unselfish in an affair of this sort, is impossible. I should never have written it but that this incident is fact.

To this arrangement, so equitable, the Marquis consented, and the matter was submitted to Priscilla by letter. Could she love either, and if either, which? She asked a week for deliberation.

It was not easy to decide. By all her habits of thought and feeling, by all her prejudices, by all her religious life, she was drawn toward the peaceful and perhaps prosperous life that opened before her as the wife of Henry Stevens, living in her native village, near to her mother, surrounded by her old friends, and with the best of Christian men for a husband. But by all the clamor of her intellectual nature for something better than her narrow life—by all her joy in the conversation of d'Entremont, the only man her equal in culture she had ever known, she felt drawn to be the wife of the Marquis. But if there were roses, there were thorns in such a path. The village girl knew that *Madame la Marquise* must lead a life very different from any she had known. She must bear with a husband whose mind was ever in a state of unrest and skepticism, and she must meet the great world.

In truth there were two Priscillas. There was the Priscilla that her neighbors knew, the Priscilla that went to church, the Priscilla that taught Primary School No. 3. There was the other Priscilla, that read Chaucer and Shakespeare, Molière and De Staël. With this Priscilla New Geneva had nothing to do. And it was the doubleness of her nature that aggravated her indecision.

Then her conscience came in. Because there might be worldly attractions on the one side, she leaned to the other. To reject a poor suitor and accept a rich and titled one, had something of treason in it.

At the end of a week she sent for them both. Henry Stevens's flat-boat had been ready to start for New Orleans for two days. And Challeau, Lafort & Co. were expecting the Marquis, who was in some sort a ward of theirs. Henry Stevens and the Marquis Antoine d'Entremont walked side by side, in an awkward silence, to the little vine-covered cottage. Of that interview I do not know enough to write fully. But I know that Priscilla said such words as these:—

"This is an awful responsibility. I suppose a judge trembles when he must pass sentence of death. But I must make a decision that involves the happiness of both my friends and myself. I cannot do it now.

God does not give me to see my duty clearly, and nothing but duty should speak in making such a decision. Will you wait until you both return in the spring? I have a reason that I cannot explain for wishing this matter postponed: God will decide for me perhaps."

I do not know that she said just these words, and I know she did not say them all at once. But so they parted. And Miss Nancy More, who retailed ribbons and scandal, and whose only effort at mental improvement had been the plucking out of the hairs contiguous to her forehead, that she might look intellectual—Miss Nancy More from her look-out at the window descried the two friends walking away from Mrs. Haines's cottage, and remarked, as she had often remarked before, that it was "absolutely scandalous for a young woman who was a professor to have two beaux at once, and such good friends, too!"

I have noticed that gifted girls like Priscilla have a back-ground in some friend, intelligent, quiet, restful. Anna Poindexter, a dark, thoughtful, and altogether excellent girl, was sometimes spoken of as "Priscilla's double"; but she was rather Priscilla's opposite: all her gifts were complementary to those of her friend. The two were all but inseparable; and so, when Priscilla found herself the next evening on the bank of the river, she naturally found Anna with her. Slowly the flat-boat of which Henry Stevens was owner and captain drifted by, while the three or four men at each long oar strode back and forward on the deck as they urged the boat on. Henry was standing on the elevated bench made for the pilot, holding the long "steering-oar" and guiding the craft. As his manly form in the western sunlight attracted their attention, both the girls were struck with admiration for the noble fellow. Both waved their handkerchiefs, and Henry returned the adieu by swinging his hat. So intent was he on watching them that he forgot his duty, and one of the men was obliged to call out: "Swing her round, Captain, or the mail-boat 'll sink us."

Hardly was the boat swung out of the way when the tall-chimneyed mail-boat swept by.

"See the Marquis," cried Anne, and again adieux were waved. And the Marquis stepped to the guard and called out to Henry, "I'll see you in New Orleans," and the swift steamer immediately bore him out of speaking distance. And Henry watched him disappear, with a choking feeling that thus the nobleman was to outstrip him in life.

"See!" said Anne, "you are a lucky girl. You have your choice; you can go through

life on the steamboat or on the flat-boat. Of course you'll go by steam."

"There are explosions on steamboats sometimes," said Priscilla. Then turning, she noticed a singular expression on Anna's face. Her insight was quick, and she said, "Confess that *you* would choose the flat-boat." And Anna turned away.

"Two strings to her bow, or two beaux to her string, I should say," and she did say it, for this was Miss More's comment on the fact which she had just learned, that Miss Haines had received letters from "the lower country," the handwriting on the directions of which indicated that she had advices from both her friends. But poor Miss More, with never a string to her bow and never a beau to her string, might be forgiven for shooting arrows that did no harm.

There was a time when Priscilla had letters from only one. Henry was very sick, and d'Entremont wrote bulletins of his condition to Priscilla and to his family. In one of these it was announced that he was beyond recovery, and Priscilla and Anna mingled their tears together. Then there came a letter that he was better. Then he was worse again. And then better.

In those days the mail was brought wholly by steamboats, and it took many days for intelligence to come. But the next letter that Priscilla had was from Henry Stevens himself. It was filled from first to last with praises of the Marquis: how he had taken Henry out of his boarding-place, put him in his own large room in the St. Charles; how he had nursed him with more than a brother's tenderness, scarcely sleeping at all; how he had sold his cargo, relieved his mind of care, employed the most eminent physicians, and anticipated his every want—all this and more, the letter told.

And the next steamboat brought Henry, well-nigh restored, and his noble nurse. Both were impatient to learn the decision of Priscilla; each was sure the other was to carry off the prize.

And so they walked together, the day after their arrival, to the little cottage. The conversation was begun by each of the gentlemen expressing his conviction that her decision was against him, and offering to retire.

Priscilla leaned her head on her hand a minute. Then she began: "I told you, my friends, that I thought God would decide for me. He has. I can marry neither of you."

The two friends looked at one another in doubt and amazement.

"Three sisters, four brothers, and my father

died of pulmonary disease. Of eight children I only am left, and in three months my mother will be childless. God has decided for me. Why should I give either of you pain by making a decision."

For the first time, in the imperfect light, they noticed the flushed cheeks, and for the first time they detected the quick breathing. It was a sad hour, and when they walked away the two friends were nearer than ever, for nothing brings souls together so much as a common sorrow.

And as day after day the two friends visited her in company, the public, and particularly that part of the public which peeped out of Miss Nancy More's windows, was not a little mystified. Miss More thought a girl who was drawing near to the solemn and awful realities of eternal bliss should let such worldly vanities as Markusses alone!

A singular change came over Priscilla in one regard. As the prospect of life faded out, she was no longer in danger of being tempted by the title and wealth of the Marquis. She could be sure that her heart was not bribed. And when this restraint of a conscience abnormally sensitive was removed, it became every day more and more clear to her that she loved d'Entremont. Of all whom she had ever known, he was a companion. And as he brought her choice passages from favorite writers every day, and as her mind grew with unwonted rapidity under the influence of that strange disease which shakes the body down while it ripens the soul, she felt more and more that she was growing out of sympathy with all that was narrow and provincial in her former life, and into sympathy with God's great world, and with Antoine d'Entremont who was the representative of the world to her.

This rapidly growing gulf between his own intellectual life and that of Priscilla, Henry Stevens felt keenly. But there is one great compensation for a soul like Henry's. Men and women of greater gifts might outstrip him in intellectual growth. He could not add one cell to his brain, or make the slightest change in his temperament. But neither the Marquis nor Priscilla could excel him in that gift of noble generosity which does not always go with genius, and which is not denied to the man of the plainest gifts. He wrote to the Marquis:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—You are a good and generous friend. I have read in her voice and her eyes what the decision of Priscilla must have been. If I had not been blind, I ought to have seen it before in the difference between us. Now I know that it

will be a comfort to you to have that noble woman die your wife. I doubt not it will be a comfort to her. Do you think it will be any consolation to me to have been an obstacle in the way? I hope you do not think so meanly of me, and that you and Priscilla will give me the only consolation I can have in our common sorrow—the feeling that I have been able to make her last days more comfortable and your sorrow more bearable. If you refuse, I shall always reproach myself.  
HENRY."

I need not tell of the discussions that ensued. But it was concluded that it was best for all three that Priscilla and the Marquis should be married, much to the disgust of Miss Nancy More, who thought that "she'd better be sayin' her prayers. What good would it do to be a March-oness and all that when she was in her coffin."

A wedding in prospect of death is more affecting than a funeral. Only Henry Stevens and Anna Poindexter were to be present. Priscilla's mother had completed the arrangements, blinded by tears. I think she could have dressed Priscilla for her coffin with less suffering. The white dress looked so like a shroud, under those sunken cheeks as white as the dress! Once or twice Priscilla had drawn her mother's head to her bosom and wept.

"Poor mother!" she would say, "so soon to be alone. But Antoine will be your son."

There was one more at the wedding than was intended. The family physician was there. For just as the dressing of the pale bride was completed, there came one of those sudden break-downs to which a consumptive is so liable. The doctor said that there was internal hemorrhage, and gave but a few hours of life. When the Marquis came he was heart-broken to see her lying there, so still, so white—dying. She took his hand. She beckoned to Anna and Henry Stevens to stand by her, and then, with tear-blinded eyes, the old minister married them for eternity! Then the door opened, and the ten little Sunday-school boys from Slabtown marched in. Each of them had a bouquet provided by Henry Stevens for the wedding. When the leader of the file saw her so sick he began to cry. She took his bouquet and kissed him. Then the little fellow rushed out, weeping piteously. Each of the others followed his example.

Feeling life ebbing, she took the hand of the Marquis. Then, holding to the hand of d'Entremont, she beckoned Henry to come near. As he bent over her she said, looking significantly at the Marquis, "Henry, God bless you, my noble-hearted friend." And as Henry turned away, the Marquis put



his arm about him, and said gratefully, "Henry, God *will* bless you."

Priscilla's nature abhorred anything dramatic in dying, or rather she did not think of effect at all. So she made no fine speeches. But when she had ceased to breathe, the old preacher said, "The bridegroom has come." And he was more eloquent than he knew.

She left an envelope for Henry. What it had in it no one but Henry ever knew. I have heard him say that it was one word, which became the key to all the happiness of his after-life. Judging from the happiness he has in his home with Anna, his wife, it would not be hard to tell what the word was. The last time I was at his house I noticed that their eldest child was named Priscilla, and that the boy who came next was Antoine. Henry told me that Priscilla left a sort of "will" for the Marquis, in which she asked him to do the Christian work that she would have liked to do. Nothing could have been wiser if she had only sought his own happiness, for in activity for others is the only safety for a

restless and skeptical mind. He had made himself the special protector of the ten little Slabtown urchins.

Henry told me in how many ways, through Challeau, Lafort & Co., the Marquis had contrived to contribute to his prosperity without offending his delicacy. He found himself possessed of practically unlimited credit through the guarantee which the great New Orleans banking-house was always ready to give.

"What is that fine building?" I said, pointing to a picture on the wall.

"O! that is the 'Hospice de Sainte Priscille,' which Antoine has erected in Paris. People there call it 'La Marquise.'"

"By the way," said Priscilla's mother, who sat by, "Antoine is coming to see us next month, and is to look after his Slabtown friends when he comes. They used to call him at first 'Priscilla's Frenchman.'"

And to this day Miss More declares that Markusses is a thing she can't no ways understand.

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### ALBATROSS.

TIME cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale  
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,  
Lone sentry of the deep!  
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,  
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form  
Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?  
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,  
Grow blank in utter death?  
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee bare,  
Invulnerable spirit of the air,  
And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave—  
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,  
Caught by the shrieking blast,  
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked,  
On an eternity of waters rocked,  
Defiant to the last!

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## HALLOWEEN; OR, CHRISSIE'S FATE.

"Some merry, friendly, country-folks  
Together did converse  
To burn their nuts, and pou their stocks  
And haud their Halloween  
Fu' blythe that night."—Burns.

It was a merry band that trooped into the square hall of the great comfortable homestead at The Grove that bright October afternoon, and the mellow light of the setting sun made a glory about the bright young heads, and lit the laughing, girlish eyes with yet greater brilliancy. Rich chestnut braids, bright golden coils, and raven bands, were alike radiant for the moment.

I—serene spinster—had been wheedled and coaxed until I stood committed to give these madcaps a "Halloween" frolic. To tell the truth, my scruples were not very obstinate, for I hoped these merry young voices would dispel the shadow that was falling on the dear old home whence all had passed—to the altar, to other homes, and to heaven—save just my lonely self; and from sheer force of habit I clung to the homestead hearth, propping my drooping spirits with frequent visits from cheery young relations, and the determination that the old house should be "kept up" for the holiday gathering. For at Thanksgiving and the "Christmas Week" the home band rallied from all points of the compass, and the ties of kinship gathered new strength.

So it came to pass that my niece Kitty Coles was spending the month with me, and having happened upon an old book upon "The Supernatural," had become imbued with a frantic desire to test some of her new-found theories on the approaching "Halloween." Now, as I was altogether too sedate for such pranks, she had found some fellow-conspirators of her own age, and the time was at hand which was to test my hospitality, as well as their ingenuity and nerve. And how jolly it was, to be sure, to see the graceful forms and bright young faces flitting about, preparing the night's mysteries. I soon learned that my principal rôle was Lady Bountiful—in other words, to place house and substance (*pro tem.*) at the disposal of the marauders. Their preparations were soon completed, and after tea the girls drew about the ample fireplace to watch "the melting of the lead," in a little old-iron skillet which they had unearthed from some unknown quarter—for youth seems to possess a magician's charm of intuition if not of creation, and those girls certainly made discoveries that were new to my gray hairs even. From

my chair in the corner I had the privilege of a spectator, and watched with curiosity as Kitty hurried in from the kitchen regions with a tin basin of clear water in one hand and a rusty iron spoon in the other. Depositing the basin on the hearth, she knelt before it, and with a—"Now, girls, who comes first?" plunged her spoon into the glowing embers for the necessary heating. Responding to my look of inquiry, Madge Milton enlightened me with, "You see, Miss Jeannette, we must drop the melted lead into the water, and whatever form it takes will show the occupation of our future husband. I'm awfully curious," said Madge, "so I think I'll take my turn, since you're all so modest about speaking." Dipping up a little of the molten metal, she dropped it in a diffusive sort of way into the water. The sharp hiss and sputter brought an immediate "cloud of witnesses" and a puzzled silence, which was soon broken by merry queries.

"Why, Madge, it looks like a pulpit—flope you're not going to marry a missionary!"

"Indeed, no, dear; it is much more like a beer-mug. Guess it's a German student."

"Well, it's obscure enough to be anything," said Madge, in a tone of dissatisfaction. "I'm not one whit wiser for *that* venture. Who'll spoon next?"

With "I believe I'm your next neighbor," Netta Fane consulted the fiery oracle; and peals of laughter arose as one and another traced resemblances, until Kitty sprang from her post with flushed face and burning fingers, and the declaration that it was time for something new.

"I conclude from this trick that we shall just all marry tinkers. Where are the chestnuts, Auntie? Frances, just skip into the kitchen and bring that long-handled shovel that stands by the 'Dutch oven;' there's a lambkin, for I don't propose to sacrifice my poor hands further in this cause."

Again they drew about the fire with mock anxiety, and gazed steadily upon the chestnuts that bore their names and hopes as they were placed in couples on the hot shovel, each fair lassie with a favored swain. Miss Kitty (by proxy) coquetted in a very characteristic way—fizzing and hopping—until in a burst of generosity and enthusiasm she revealed entirely her white heart. Madge sputtered and hissed, and finally left her lover altogether, in a mad leap into the flames, while demure little Daisy Burns sighed her life away nestling close beside her stolid choice. Netta Fane skipped

about in an uncertain sort of manner, first to one lover and then to another, until she finally edged into a cold corner, quite alone.

The pleasures of "popping" being exhausted, several other experiments were proposed which I was obliged to veto, as all included out-door expeditions, and one involved my winter's supply of cabbages. So my plea of icy dews and uncertain routes in the darkness prevailed, and the wonder-book was scanned anew.

"There, we forgot the herrings we were to bring from the village! What shall we do? Miss Jeannette, that's such a fine trick! You must swallow a salt herring in three bites, bones and all, and not drink a drop till the apparition of your future spouse comes in the night to offer you a glass of water. We *must* have that. Haven't you a herring in the house, no matter if it's ever so dry?"

I racked my brains in vain, but could find no compromise between codfish and sardines. But meanwhile they had turned to fresh fields and pastures new. I need hardly enumerate the various experiments, though they were many and ludicrous. But finally came the most momentous and inspiring of all, that which was to show the true metal.

"My dears," announced Kitty, in a serious, dignified tone, "buckle on your armor now, for I am about to propose what demands Spartan courage. Leading from the library next us is a covered way, which communicates directly with an old summer-house, which was inclosed to serve as a study for grandfather, when he was a young man. It is just the place for our last, most important charm. One of us must take a candle and an apple, and having first let down her hair, must pace along this lonely corridor, enter this ruined temple, and there find a mirror, before which she must seat herself; and as the clock strikes twelve, must eat her apple and comb out her hair. She will be rewarded by seeing the face of her future lover and husband reflected in the glass as though he were looking over her shoulder."

Kitty delivered herself of this harangue with great gusto, adding, "Now I don't mind telling you, girls, that I leave the field clear to the rest of you; for nothing could induce me to take that terrible promenade, though I *did* hang a mirror out there this afternoon for any one who chooses to tempt Providence." There was quite a pause when she finished, and for the moment curiosity as to the relative courage of the pretty group before me kept back the command which I meant to give against this expedition. The girls looked curiously

into one another's faces, but all seemed to shrink from the ordeal, until Chrissie Marstone turned and said, with an odd laugh, "Well, girls, I've made up my mind that I'll do it, just for the fun of the thing."

"O Chrissie; *dare* you?" burst in a sort of half-protest from all, and I think this settled brave Chris. She was a handsome blonde, a trifle haughty perhaps, yet with a ravishing smile that belied her stately mien, for she carried her seventeen years like a society-queen. I should have refused any other, I think, but I liked Christabel, and I knew, too, that opposition would be useless if she was really determined. "It is half-past eleven now, *chéries*, and Lady Macbeth demands her lamp, with the rest of her paraphernalia, for I must be in time to meet my gallant lover," pursued brave Chris, undauntedly.

"We shall all wait for you in the library," we said, and the lamps were forthcoming as well as the candle. "And then we'll go directly to bed, if you please, my dears," I was obliged to add. Chrissie sat by the fire, unwinding the golden glory of her hair, which rippled in radiant waves from her crown to her knees. It was the "Marstone hair," the traditional pride of her house, and seemed almost too much for her slight, graceful form. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes glistened and danced, and her lovely mouth was tremulous with unspoken thoughts. I think I never realized her beauty before; but she seemed lovely then beyond compare.

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, she took the candle, the apple (which Kitty considerably took care should be small), and her comb, and with rapid step and not a word of good-bye sped swiftly down the "corridor," as Kitty had romantically termed it. As I watched her all the ludicrousness of the scene vanished. She looked like some sweet saint framed in the nimbus of her shining hair,—like Beatrice going to her dungeon.

She soon disappeared from our sight in a bend of the passage-way, and the group of half-frightened girls huddled together in a hushed crowd of scared faces upturned to me with a half-query and half-protest. "We ought not to have let her go—how long will she stay?" As none could answer, they tried to divert themselves from foolish fears. Kitty was studying the clock face and winking hard over "three doses of salt, administered two minutes apart." In spite of all attempts at amusement it seemed an age, although it was really five minutes after twelve. Still the corridor was dark and silent, and I had almost made up my mind to break the spell

and go to meet her, when the pale light flickered once more at the end of the passage-way. As she came nearer, it seemed as though she was very white—else it was the sickly glare of the candle, but as she crossed the threshold her fingers relaxed, the candle fell, and she threw herself upon my neck with a burst of hysterical sobs. The nervous strain had been too much, and I led her into the parlor again, and, drawing her down on the broad divan, tried to soothe her. But she sprang up in a moment and said, "Girls, don't ever try that experiment—for it's true. I've seen him—I've seen him—and I'm sure it's true!"

"Who—*who?*—do tell us all about it," and the astonished girls drew back in a half-horror as they looked upon Chrissie's unnatural pallor and restless, trembling fingers. Drawing her down once more, and clasping my warm hands over her cold ones, I soon calmed her sufficiently for the narration of her story.

"After I left you I walked fast, because it was chilly, and although I was not afraid, I felt excited. Of course all was quiet when I entered the old study. I found Kitty's mirror, and seating myself before it, fell to quietly musing, forgetting my apple and comb, when I suddenly heard a stealthy footstep near. As I was about to turn my head quickly, thinking some of you meant to play a joke upon me, my uplifted eyes encountered in the mirror the reflection of a handsome, smiling face—that of a gentleman.

"It was quite as life-like as my own, and seemed to be peering over my shoulder. It was the face of a man of twenty-five, I should judge, with dark hair and merry brown eyes, a clear, rich complexion and a saucy mouth, half-hidden by a long, full moustache. It was a face I had never seen before, and I was spell-bound—too fascinated to move a muscle. With a half-bow and a whole smile, disclosing fine teeth, it or he, or whatever it was, disappeared. The revulsion of feeling the moment it was gone was terrible. Such a horrible fright came over me as I turned and saw that everything was unchanged—not a trace of humanity near—that I clutched my light with a desperate grip and flew into the entry! How I reached you all I shall never know, for I felt as if I was suffocating."

"O Auntie! what *could* it have been?" gasped Kitty.

"It is impossible, my child, that it could have been anything but an over-excited fancy, and you must all forget it now and get ready for bed."

"No, Miss Jeannette, I *know*, and shall always affirm to my dying day that my senses were clear, and I did indeed see another face in the glass beside my own," answered Christabel, in a tone of such earnest conviction that I was staggered for a moment. The girls, rallying from their scare, insisted it was a "true sign, and now that Chrissie had seen *her* lover, they would make one more effort." So Daisy went to bed faithfully obeying the directions:—

"Turn your boots toward the street,  
Leave your garters on your feet,  
Put your stockings on your head,  
You'll dream of the one you're going to wed!"

—while Kitty, pursuant to her "salt charm"—having successfully accomplished the three swallows—went to bed backward, and lay down upon her right side, determined to sleep without stirring till morning. As my room was separated only by a thin partition from the larger one which the girls had improvised into a dormitory for the sake of being together, I had the benefit of Kitty's martyrdom. After they had chatted some time, I heard her voice mournfully exclaim, "Oh dear! if I only could stir enough to have a drink! I'm *dying* of thirst!" yet refusing all offers of relief, determined not to spoil her charm. Then—

"Oh girls! *how* I pity Lot's wife. I should think she would have swallowed the Dead Sea."

And again: "This is *ever* so much worse than having your 'photo' taken, because you can wink then; besides, if you do spoil it, you can have another one taken."

Thus through the watches of the night came the lamentations of this small Jeremiah, till suddenly there was a bound upon the floor, and a burst of laughter, as poor parched Kitty made an attack on the pitcher, and between swallows announced that she was "cured in every sense of the word;—catch her in such a pickle again, if she never got married," which was the last sound I heard from my dove-cote.

The morning dawned clear and fresh, and November seemed to borrow her first day from her predecessor, to get a good start as it were, and I found my birds could be larks as well as owls; for ere my own toilet was complete I heard the rustling and nestling and twittering, which finally merged into a general gossiping, and the click of little heels across the floor. This assured me that my breakfast preparations could proceed, for neither superstition nor sentiment can exist without food, I find. Poor Daisy was in great distress when,



on rising, she found her tiny boots staring at the barn instead of streetward, and she was quite sure

"Some elfin sprite  
On mischief hight"

had turned them. Wonderful visions were related at the table, in which hobgoblins and knights seemed to have an even chance of it, while Kitty's demands on my coffee-pot betrayed her briny condition. Chrissie was still a trifle pale and preoccupied.

And thus ended, or seemed to end, the Halloween Frolic.

As the last blue veil whisked out of sight down the road, I heartily wished them all back. But the sunlight and laughter lingered long in the old house, cheering me until the Thanksgiving preparations commenced, when Kitty was with me again; and while I was engaged in preparing "divers and sundries" of sweets and pastes, flesh and fowl, her nimble, tasteful fingers were beautifying the rooms with festoons and garlands and bright bouquets. Her blithe young friends hunted through highway and woodland for leaves and moss, grasses and pines, and came in laden. For several days the great hall was piled with a beautiful confusion of dark evergreens, trailing Princess Pine, smoky wreaths of graceful clematis, great clusters of the scarlet and orange bitter-sweet, and the dazzling globes of the snowberry. Baskets of ferny moss too, and sprays of wild cranberry! Wasn't it a lovely frame for beautiful faces and graceful forms? Can you wonder the old home was transfigured under the magic of such influences, and that a proud hostess greeted the new-comers, as by twos and tens they all gathered under the roof-tree? Every nook was filled, from the great "spare-chamber"—double-bedded for the occasion—to the old mahogany crib for Baby Maud!

Well, all went on finely, till just as we were about to march in grand procession to the Thanksgiving-feast, the door burst open, and, to our great surprise, merry Rollie Haydon, my young nephew, in all the pride and promise of a nearly attained majority, walked in, with—

"How are you all, good kinsfolk, and my blessed Auntie? I was determined to come, 'if it took a leg,' and though it was hard to get off, I did it; and here's my chum, Mr. Richard Delamore, whom I insisted upon bringing to see a genuine Thanksgiving. He protested, but I knew you'd give him a hearty welcome, and we could find a shake-down somewhere, in barn or cellar. So make yourself at home, Dick." Whereat the auda-

cious youth pirouetted across the room and demanded a cousin's right from all the feminines present, young and old; in the midst of which confusion I went to greet and welcome our new guest, who was a self-possessed, handsome fellow, with a singularly attractive expression.

He was soon on an easy footing with all, and we were delighted at the pleasant accession to our numbers. His conversational powers were brought into exercise at table, and a very merry feast we had, for our young people were many, and the elders were rejuvenated by the spirit of the day and hour. Rollie and Mr. Delamore were studying law in the same office, and seemed to feel greater zest for merriment after a season of Blackstone and Barbour. There was no end of jokes and repartee; and when all rose from the table, Rollie caught blushing Miss Kitty about the waist and waltzed down the long dining-room into the parlor. Dick looked very much as though he would like to follow, but contented himself with offering his arm to a fair neighbor and walking rapidly after them.

"I say, let's have a walk," said Rollie. "Come, girls, get your wraps, and let us have a little tramp to settle our dinner. We gentlemen can't smoke here, and we don't care to lose your charming society, so it's but fair you should join us. Aunt Jeannette, I speak for you and Kitty for my escorts; who'll follow my lead?" The proposition was met by a general stampede for wraps, which was evidence plain that it received approval; and after keeping my nose so long in the kitchen fire, I was glad enough to sniff the crisp, clear air. So we strolled off by twos and threes, wheresoever we listed. Rollie ahead, with Kitty in a bewitching little turban, with its saucy red wing perked on one side, and the most jaunty jacket of glossy seal-skin, while sober I hung on for ballast to this giddy young couple.

"Oh, Aunt Jean, this is perfectly jolly!" and the dear, daft fellow evidently thought I fancied it an all-abroad remark, referring to earth and sky, when I knew very well it was solely stimulated by the bright brown eyes, the glowing cheek, and dainty mouth of the charmer beside him. Ah! did I not see the soft little hand that nestled on his arm drawn closer as the frosty breezes blew the fleecy chestnut curls against his coat, and for one look at me Kitty had threescore and ten. But I enjoyed it all, and wondered if the trio behind us were getting on as well, for Dick had a lady fair on each arm, and was skimming on after us. As we turned a sharp cor-

ner I heard a suppressed exclamation ahead of me, and looking up beheld Chrissie Marstone *vis-à-vis*, looking straight through me, apparently, at some one in the rear. Her dilated eyes and flushed cheeks astonished me; but she quickly rallied, and after greeting us, said hurriedly, in response to Kitty's invitation to join us, "I can't, I'm going to grandfather's with a message."—"But, dearie, I was just going to stop at your gate and ask you to come up this evening. We are going to have lots of fun; say you will." After a moment's hesitation she consented, and left us. I was somewhat surprised to see her frequent glances at Mr. Delamore while Kitty was speaking, and almost feared, from the conscious blush and drooping eyelids, that our sweet Chris was an incipient flirt. Rollie, too, seemed struck with it, for as she disappeared he said, "Dick, my boy, I fear you've smitten that beauty, whoever she is."—"Exactly my query," responded Dick, ignoring the first clause. "May I ask who your beautiful friend is, Miss Coles?"

"Certainly; she is my dearest friend, and I'm glad you like her, for she *is lovely*," was Kitty's enthusiastic answer.

"Well, I must say that either black is very becoming to her, or she *is* an uncommonly handsome girl, though I am not so partial to blondes as my friend there," affirmed Rollie.

"My friend" seemed lost in thought, and I fancied his ladies fair were rather disgusted at the turn things had taken, and were ready enough to face homeward.

Most had arrived before us, and the remaining hours of the afternoon were spent in chatting and music. After tea, Rollie and Kitty started off for Christabel, and I was rather amused to hear Mr. Delamore's offer in the hall to accompany them "just to even matters coming home, chum—" he explained. I smiled when they had gone, thinking he would prove Monsieur de Trop, and fell to speculating over Chrissie's odd manner in the afternoon. She was a favorite with me, and after the death of her mother—some years back—I took the child close to my heart, for she had very little sympathy in the cold, still house where, being the only child, she had no companion but her father, who was absorbed in his books, and her grim aunt, who hadn't a thought beyond her housekeeping. Christabel's nature was as quaint and sweet as her name, and very womanly withal, and she clung to Kitty and me with a fervor that seemed odd to one who did not understand the force of her character. But since the night of the Halloween mystery she had seemed

dreary and preoccupied; and although she never referred to it again in my presence, seeming to avoid the subject, I still felt sure that she brooded over it. Meditating thus, I strolled back to my room, and was putting the finishing touch to my coiffure, when Kitty's voice started me from my reverie.

She burst into my room, dragging Chrissie fairly off her feet, and closing the door, clasped my waist, and whirling me about the room exclaimed: "O Aunt Jean, Aunt Jean, isn't it grand—I'm *so* happy—*so* happy." When I recovered my breath I held the crazy witch fast, and said:

"Child! what possesses you—what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, do sit down here, and I'll tell you all about it. Chris, come here and hold her other hand. You see, Auntie, Mr. Dick *would* come with us, and kept asking me about Chrissie all the way; and when we got to the house and they were introduced, they acted *so* funny, I was completely puzzled. Chrissie kept turning red and white, and Mr. Dick looked at her in a kind of daze. It was such an evident case of love at first sight, that Rollie and I considered it best to let him escort her," (profound Kitty!), "and they walked just ahead of us. Well, as we were coming up the avenue—suddenly Mr. Dick said 'By Jove' again, just as he did this afternoon, you remember; and I was about to rejoin him, when he added, 'I have it—I have it,' and looked so straight at Chrissie that she dropped her head on his arm, and I was sure he must be mad to make love so violently. Of course we asked him *what* he 'had' (I privately suspected it was Chrissie's hand), and then he said that about a month ago he was riding across the country near here, and on a strange road he lost his way. It was very late, nearly midnight, so he resolved to stop at the first house where he saw a light, and ask shelter or further direction. Soon after he came upon a large building, and in a small one close by was a pale light. Tying his horse, he hurried toward it, and, seeing the door slightly ajar, was about to enter, when he saw the figure of a woman with long golden hair seated before a table with her back to him. At first he thought she was praying; but, with his usual love of adventure, he determined to see her face. So he stepped noiselessly behind her and saw that she was before a mirror. That moment she raised her eyes—such *heavenly* eyes, he said—and looked at his face in the glass, peering from behind the golden veil of her beautiful hair; and as she looked not a sound came from her, but every trace of color died

out of her face, leaving it like marble; and fearing to frighten her more, he gave a reassuring smile, and quietly withdrew as he came. Until he was fairly in the saddle again and some distance on, he did not once think of his errand, so enraptured was he with the beautiful vision; but he rode on until he came to a village, and finding a hotel, stopped long enough for a few hours' rest, and was off at dawn. Since that time those eyes have followed him in dreams, and come between him and all duty."

"O Kitty, don't!" pleaded Christabel, as she hid her crimson face in my lap.

"Why, darling, I'm just repeating his own words, only I can't tell it as splendidly as he did. Well, any way, he never thought about the locality when Roland asked him to come here; and so when he came on Chrissie this afternoon, her face seemed like a dream to him, and he could not help that exclamation. Still he wasn't at all sure about her; yet when he saw her again, by lamp-light, the resemblance was startling. But he thought it must be his fancy until, as we came into the grounds, he looked up suddenly toward the house, and it all flashed across his mind in a moment,—the large building looming out of the darkness, and the smaller one with a light moving about in it—for I suppose some of the folks are prowling around. Chrissie made us hurry into the house, but promised she would explain her part to him by-and-by; and I think it would be so romantic if she would only go out into the old study with him and tell him all about it there. Isn't it splendid to think it was all true, after all, Aunt Jean?" And Kitty paused, quite out of breath. For answer I raised Chrissie's face and head between my two palms, while I asked, "And what does my Christabel say to all this? Did she recognize her midnight lover this afternoon?"

"Yes, Auntie," she responded, in a low tone, "I knew the face the moment I saw it, but I dared not say a word, I knew you would all quiz me so; and it all seemed so mysterious till he explained it. But it seems as though I must have known him all this time."

"Well, my darling, I hope it will all come right. I hardly know what to say." But I

had an uncomfortable sense that things were settled in one direction already. Chrissie had a new shyness, and seemed reluctant, yet anxious, to go down-stairs. As we entered the parlor, I saw our little romance was still a secret among us five, and would remain so. During a pause in the games, Chrissie whispered quietly to me, "Auntie, Mr. Delamore is impatient to have me keep my promise, and Kitty has put it into his head that the story must be told in that very room. I have agreed, if Kitty and Mr. Haydon and yourself will go with us."

"Go into the library, dear, all of you, and stay till I can slip away unperceived."

Which I soon did, and in solemn file, with triumphal torches we marched down the corridor into the grim, musty little study, where we received a chrism of cobweb by way of baptism, in this new Lovers' Bower. Rollie perched on the desk, Dick leaned near him, and Kitty nestled in my lap, while Christabel stammered out the story of her ordeal, which the irreverent Rollie received with a shout of amusement. But the delighted hero looked as though he would like then and there to assure her of the faithfulness of the prophecy. Kitty suddenly sprang from my knee, exclaiming:

"There! I've been wondering how that door came to be open. I remember now; that was the way I came in to bring the mirror, for I had a horror of that pokey old passage!"

Things were getting a little awkward, and I proposed a return to the parlor, lest we should be missed, magnanimously leading the procession this time.

With a wooing so mysteriously and romantically begun, can you doubt the sequel? Mr. Dick found my old home very attractive long after the family dispersed, and the "strange road" became a highway to happiness with him. This is an age of progress. The wooing sped so well that I placed June roses in my cap for the double wedding, for willful Kitty determined to have things her own way. We fitted up the old study as a little chapel, and the dainty brides made dainty wives, where Chrissie "met her Fate."

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## "TOO WISE FOR LOVE."

## I.

A BLUE-BIRD sang through glen and grove—  
 "The world has grown too wise for Love!"

"Too wise for Love!" O eyes of men!  
 Ye scarcely turn to look again,  
 Though tangling in the wayside press  
 Float airy phantasies of dress,  
 And blonde hair's witching loveliness.  
 Vain all the shy, delaying arts:  
 Ye look straight on. O manly hearts!  
 Ye were not wont to beat so slow  
 Where Beauty's footsteps come and go.  
 At some new altars do ye bow?  
 New Platos con with bloodless brow?—  
 Or thin-lipped schoolmen, armed to spy  
 Chemic equivalents of a sigh,  
 And say what royal gases speak  
 Their secrets in a blush-warm cheek?  
 On summer shores, by sea-winds blown,  
 The white-armed maidens walk alone;  
 Long grasses choke your trysting-grove;  
 The world has grown too wise for Love.

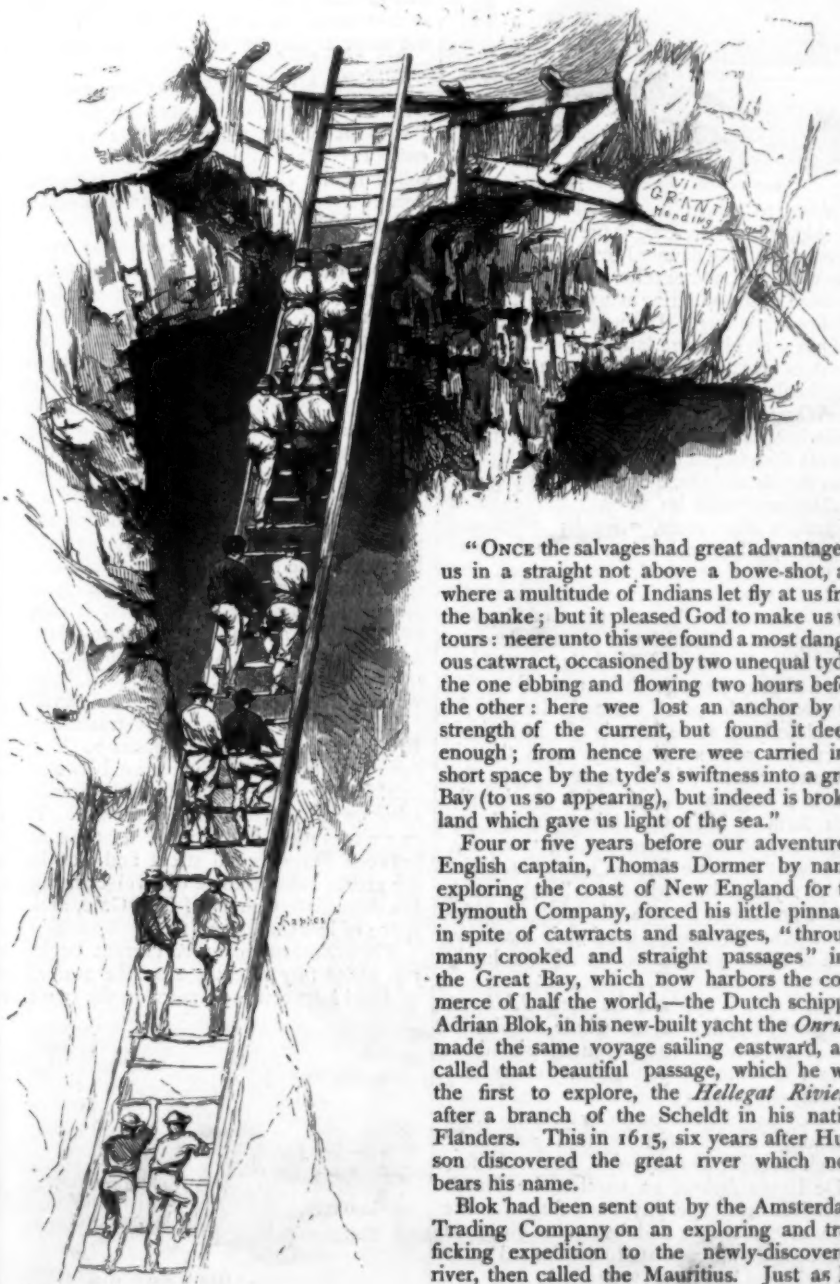
## II.

"Too wise for Love!" O woman-souls,  
 Round you the same chill current rolls.  
 Your ancient landmarks, thrust aside,  
 Float downward on the dizzying tide.  
 Ah, ruthless Change! No longer waits  
 The queen within her palace gates.  
 With lips grown tired—too tired to kiss—  
 Discoursing of what thing Love is;  
 With hands that cling not any more,  
 For grasping pen, and rein, and oar;  
 Forth fares she on the common way.  
 Ah, lingering Theban of our day,  
 Promised, as erst of old, to him  
 Who reads the Sphinx's riddle grim,  
 Your rallying song rings out amain,  
 And this the burden of your strain:  
 "O, Love was sweet, but Love is past!  
 Not sweetest things may longest last;  
 Now Wisdom cometh from afar,  
 And blazing o'er her silver car,  
 Lo, *Freedom*—bright and morning star!"

And still around, below, above,  
 The blue-bird sang—"Too wise for Love—  
 The world has grown too wise for Love!"



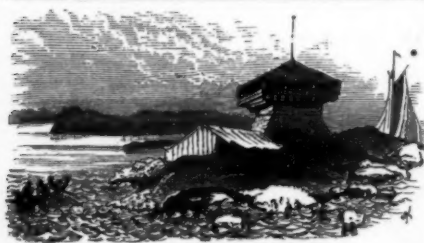
## THE UNBARRING OF HELL GATE.



"ONCE the salvages had great advantage of us in a straight not above a bowe-shot, and where a multitude of Indians let fly at us from the banke; but it pleased God to make us victours: neere unto this wee found a most dangerous catwraet, occasioned by two unequal tydes, the one ebbing and flowing two hours before the other: here wee lost an anchor by the strength of the current, but found it deepe enough; from hence were wee carried in a short space by the tyde's swiftnes into a great Bay (to us so appearing), but indeed is broken land which gave us light of the sea."

Four or five years before our adventurous English captain, Thomas Dormer by name, exploring the coast of New England for the Plymouth Company, forced his little pinnace, in spite of catwraets and salvages, "through many crooked and straight passages" into the Great Bay, which now harbors the commerce of half the world,—the Dutch schipper Adrian Blok, in his new-built yacht the *Onrust*, made the same voyage sailing eastward, and called that beautiful passage, which he was the first to explore, the *Hellegat Riviere*, after a branch of the Scheldt in his native Flanders. This in 1615, six years after Hudson discovered the great river which now bears his name.

Blok had been sent out by the Amsterdam Trading Company on an exploring and trafficking expedition to the newly-discovered river, then called the *Mauritius*. Just as he



BLOCK-HOUSE ON MILL ROCK, 1814.

was about to return, in the fall of 1614, his little ship, the *Tigre*, caught fire and was destroyed. Nothing daunted by the mishap, he set to work to build another, which, with the assistance of the admiring natives, he finished the following spring. His new craft, the first bit of naval architecture launched on Manhattan waters, was a yacht of sixteen tons burden, 38 feet keel and 11½ feet beam. He christened it the *Onrust*, in English *Restless*—a name peculiarly appropriate for the first of the multitudinous shipping to hail from the same port. It was significant, too, that the first voyage of the *Restless* should be through the channel destined, in after years, when its turbulence had been quelled, to become the main gateway to the harbor of Manhattan, itself the portal of a new world won to civilization.

Fifty years after the adventure of Captain Dormer, another Englishman wrote a description of the place called Hell Gate: "which being a narrow passage there runneth a violent stream both upon flood and ebb, and in the middle lyeth some Islands of rocks which the current sets so violently upon that it threatens present shipwreck; and upon the flood is a large whirlpool which continually sends forth a hideous roaring, enough to affright any stranger from passing that way, and to wait for some Charon to conduct him through: yet to those who are well acquainted, little or no danger; yet a place of great defence against any enemy coming in that way, which a small fortification would absolutely prevent."

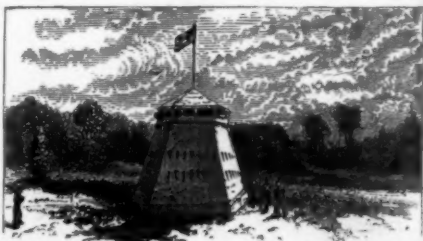
Thus early, it appears, the name *Hellegat*,—originally applied to the whole of what is now East River,—had been restricted to Captain Dormer's "dangerous catwract," and warped from its poetical meaning, *beautiful pass*, as Judge Benson translates it, to something savoring of the infernal: not solely through English perverseness, however; for, as De Laet's *Inferni os* implies, the Dutch themselves must speedily have forgotten the origin of the name, and begun to give it a meaning more appropriate to the limited space to which they had come to apply it.

The readers of Cooper will remember the headlong chase of the *Water-Witch* through this critical pass, pursuer and pursued each in too imminent danger to think of hurting the other as they whirled through the boiling eddies.

The novelist's description of the passage has all the rush and excitement of the place itself. Irving's is humorously whimsical; yet no one could excel him in fidelity to Nature when he tells how the current is violently compressed between shouldering promontories and horribly perplexed by rocks and shoals. "Being at the best of times a very violent and impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; boiling in whirlpools; brawling and fretting in ripples; raging and roaring in rapids and breakers; and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed paroxysms. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches. This termagant humor, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see. But as the tide rises it begins to fret; at half-tide it roars with might and main, like a bull bellowing for more drink; but when the tide is full, it relapses into quiet, and for a time sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a quarrelsome toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has a skinful, but who, when half-seas over, plays the very devil."

The violent currents that traverse East River and make it so dangerous to shipping, arise from contrasts of elevation between two tidal waves—one entering from the Sound, the other by way of Sandy Hook entrance. These two waves meet and struggle for the mastery between Forty-second street and Pot Rock, the greatest disturbance of level occurring in the immediate vicinity of Hell Gate, and in a space of less than 4,000 feet.

The eastwardly or flood current begins to run about fifty minutes after the restoration of level between the waters on the two sides



TOWER ON HALLET'S POINT, 1814.



FORT STEVENS IN 1814.

of the Gate. The *ebb*, or westwardly current, follows slack water at a smaller interval. The flood tide flows at a lower stage than the ebb, and is consequently much the stronger. The bewildering whirls of the currents at this stage of the tide are attributed by the Chief Hydrographer of the Coast Survey, not so much to the uneven channel and obstructing rocks as to the abrupt changes of course at the point of greatest fall.

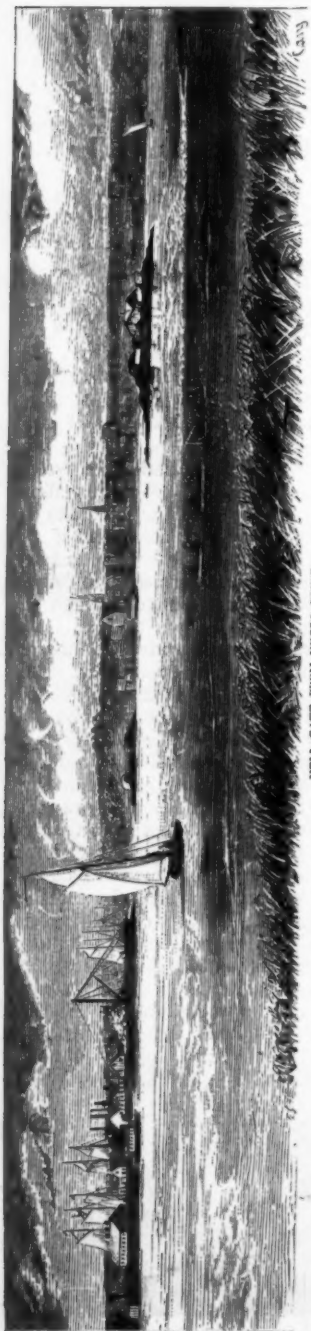
The main ship-channel is the best at all stages of tide, having the deepest water and the slowest current. Through this channel the water runs from two to two and a half miles an hour; through the middle channel, from four to seven miles; through the eastern channel, about three miles. Off Hallet's Point the tide sweeps at the fearful rate of eight or nine miles an hour; between Shell Drake Rock and Holme's Rock, from four to eight miles; below Pot Rock, from two to five. Unless favored with a commanding breeze, the early navigator found it impossible to control his vessel when once fairly caught in these furious currents, which were made tenfold more perilous by cross-currents and countless circular eddies running into and overlying each other. "To steer a vessel through these intricate passages, through which the water runs with such speed, breaks noisily even in the calmest times upon the rocky shores and islands, and whirls in a thousand dizzying eddies, requires," says the Government surveyor, "a cool head and a steady hand, even with the superior help of steam. But in a sailing-vessel the greatest skill and self-possession, without a commanding wind, prove insufficient to guard against certain danger." More harm is suffered and more risks incurred here in a space of 2,000 yards, than in all the rest of the navigable waters this side of New York to the farthest extremity of the Sound. Be-

fore any improvement was made in the channel, a thousand vessels a year were wrecked or seriously damaged by collision with its projecting rocks. Even now it is no uncommon thing to see two or three vessels go ashore, or come to grief on Frying-Pan, Gridiron or some other of its treacherous reefs, in the course of a single day.

But it is not so much the damage done to the light coasters that frequent the passage, as the exclusion of larger craft from this much-needed entrance to the harbor of New York, that makes the bars of Hell Gate so hurtful to our commerce. The fleets of ships and steamers that do our European carrying trade are now compelled to enter by way of Sandy Hook. The approaches to this entrance are stormy and perilous. The entrance is obstructed by a sand-bar, over which vessels of large draught cannot cross except at high tide, causing constant, vexatious, and expensive delays. The inner channel is crooked, shallow, and subject to shifting shoals, which make the passage uncertain and troublesome, if not dangerous. It was natural that the masterminds of our commercial interests should covet the shorter and safer entrance through the Sound, so provokingly barred at Hell Gate. These obstructions once removed, a hundred miles of exposure to a dangerous coast would be shunned and an equal distance of smooth sailing gained; the route to Europe would be shortened by fifty miles; the tedious waiting for high water at Sandy Hook would be avoided, and a full day's time gained on every voyage. The far-reaching importance of these advantages, and the possible effect of them on the future of the city and country are simply incalculable. The more they were considered, the more urgent appeared the necessity of their realization. But how could the channel be cleared? An enterprise of the kind so vast in scope and so difficult in character had never yet been undertaken. The problem was a new one to submarine engineering, with conditions peculiarly difficult. Whoever



A DUTCH VIEW OF HELL GATE; (FROM AN OLD PRINT).



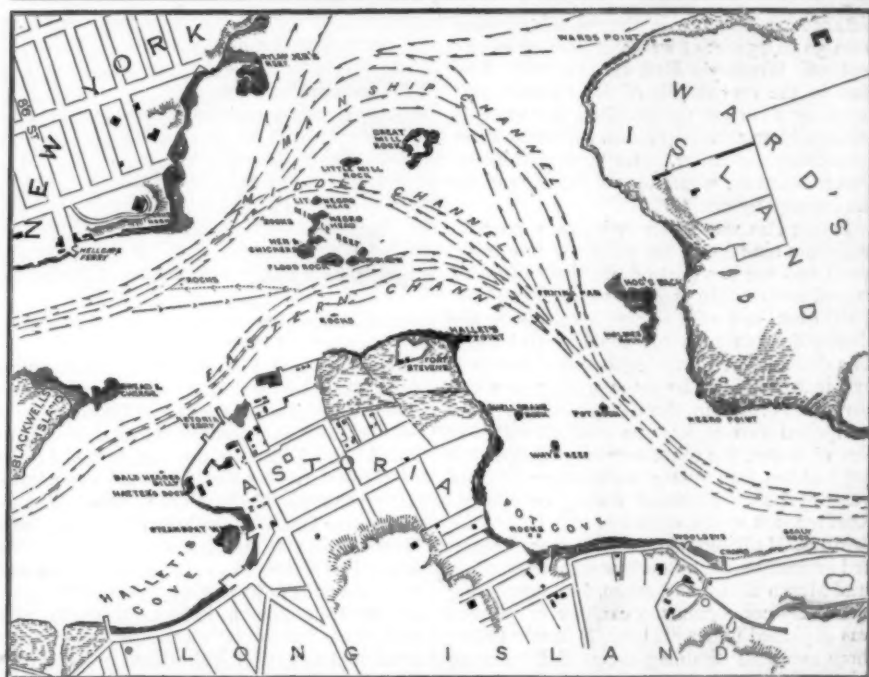
HELL GATE FROM NEGRO POINT.

undertook its reduction would have to invent both means and processes; and there were few engineers who did not seriously doubt the possibility of dislodging by human agencies those solid barriers which had so long withstood the terrific force of the tides sweeping over and around them, and which were accessible only for a few minutes at slack water each day. The uncertainty of the problem was heightened by the lack of any accurate knowledge of the obstacles to be removed. Hell Gate had not even been surveyed when, in 1845, the much-canvassed assault upon it began to show signs of passage from words to deeds, at which time, under the leadership of David Hall, the merchants of New York began their appeals to Congress for an appropriation for the improvement of the channel. These petitions and memorials seemed to have no effect; yet when the Coast Survey Office was reorganized in 1847, under the superintendence of Professor Bache, the first local field-work undertaken was an examination of this most important and most perilous channel on our coasts. The first survey was made under the supervision of Lieut. (now Rear Admiral) Chas. H. Davis, U. S. N., in the winter of 1847-48. The report of Lieut. Davis, made in February, 1848, gave a minute description of the rocks and currents of the Gate, and suggested a plan of blasting and docking by which the more serious obstructions might be removed or shorn of their dangerous character. The plan thus recommended was promptly approved by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and Congress was again appealed to for an appropriation for carrying on the work. The only effect was an order for a re-survey of the channel. The work was committed to Lieut. (now Admiral) David D. Porter, who, in the fall of 1848, reaffirmed the observations of Lieut. Davis, reviewed somewhat more minutely the obstructions of the channel, and expressed the opinion that where the interests of so many were at stake the want of attention to the navigation of Hell Gate appeared like culpable neglect. After describing particularly the perils of the passage, and speaking of the great numbers of vessels that went ashore from month to month, he concluded by expressing the conviction that if the measures proposed by Lieut. Davis were carried out, "not one vessel would be lost in five years."

Encouraged by this report, the merchants of New York renewed their appeals to Congress, with no other result than an order for a new survey. Another naval officer attached to the Coast Survey, Lieut. M. Woodhull, was sent to repeat the work, which he did in 1849, making a full report, and, like his predecessors, recommending immediate action. One excellent result of these surveys was a fine chart of Hell Gate and its approaches, with elaborate sailing directions, first issued from the office of the Coast Survey in 1851. Our map is a photographic copy in miniature of that part of the Coast Survey chart which covers the Gate, with the soundings omitted. It shows far better than any verbal description the order and grouping of the obstructions.

While Lieut. Woodhull was engaged in his survey, there appeared upon the field of action a volunteer, a French





MAP OF HELL GATE.

engineer, Mons. Maillefert by name, who declared himself able and willing to undertake the Herculean task of clearing the Gate, at a cost surprisingly small. His plan was entirely new. He dispensed with the slow and costly process of drilling—a process that seemed well-nigh impracticable in the furious tides of Hell Gate—and exploded his charges against instead of within the rocks to be broken up. When exploded in open air, gunpowder, it is well known, flashes upward and outward, doing little or no harm to bodies beneath. Under water the action is different. The superincumbent stratum offers such resistance to the passage of the gas evolved, that the shock of the explosion is determined in all directions, making it possible to shatter subaqueous rocks by surface concussion. The process was remarkably simple, and within certain limits quite successful, as its employment in the harbor of Nassau and elsewhere, under Mons. Maillefert's supervision, had sufficiently demonstrated.

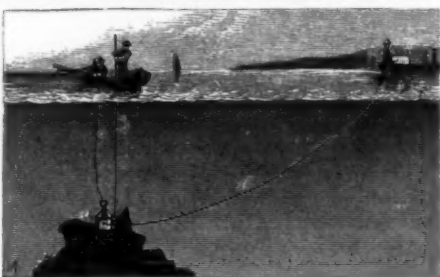
Lieut. Woodhull, to whom Mons. Maillefert applied for employment, had no authority beyond the exigencies of the survey. Yet the proposed plan appeared so feasible and inexpensive, that he interested himself so far as

to aid Mons. Maillefert in bringing his project before the leading merchants of the city, in connection with the well-known scientist, Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn. Nothing was accomplished, however, until March, 1851, when, despairing of any action by Congress, Mr. Henry Grinnell offered to subscribe \$5,000 toward giving the new plan a trial. Shortly after Mons. Maillefert submitted to the Chamber of Commerce an offer to remove three small but dangerous reefs—Pot Rock, Fryer's Pan, and Way's Reef—for the sum of \$15,000, which proposition was formally accepted on the 18th of June following. The first blast was made on Pot Rock on the 19th of August, knocking off some four feet from its highest projection. Originally this obstruction rose to within eight feet of the surface at low water, and stretched like a dam across the Gate, broadside to the current, at an average depth of ten feet, for a distance of 130 feet. At the depth of 24 feet the reef was 250 feet long and 75 feet wide, the strata vertical and trending north and south like all the other rocks of Hell Gate. At the least depth the rock was about six feet square, deepening to fourteen feet on the east and west, and suddenly to 24 feet on the north and south. At a short

distance on either side the soundings show from 50 to 75 feet of water, increasing to 115 feet off Woolsey's Bath-House. Standing thus in the very middle of the channel, and swept by a current rushing from five to eight miles an hour, this obstruction was of the most formidable character. Its removal, Lieut. Porter believed, would lessen the dangers of the passage by one-half.

Frying-Pan was a narrow ledge, approaching within nine feet of the surface and running north and south, a part of the chain of rocks extending from Hog's Back to Hallet's Point. This rock out of the way, vessels would always drift through the main ship-channel. The difficulty of removing it was considered by Lieut. Porter to be much greater than with any other rock in the Gate. Way's Reef comprised two rocks, one conical, with five feet of water, the other twenty yards north, a flat bed ten feet square, with fourteen feet of water. A strong current setting over Way's Reef made it very dangerous.

Mons. Maillefert's operations were continued intermittently, as funds were forthcoming, until March 26th, 1852, when, by a misplacing of battery connections, a canister of powder was exploded under his boat, instantly killing three men and disabling their chief. During this period 284 charges, containing in all 34,231 pounds of powder, were exploded on Pot Rock, removing, according to Lieut. Bartlett of the Coast Survey, 12½ feet, and giving a depth of 20½ feet. Subsequent and more accurate, possibly more honest, surveys showed the least depth on Pot Rock to be only 18 feet. On Frying-Pan and Way's Reef, 240 charges, containing nearly 27,926 pounds of powder, were fired, knocking off, it



MAILLEFERT'S PLAN.

a, Powder Canister; b, Iron Rod for placing Charge; c, Rope; d, Conducting Wire; e, Battery.

was claimed, 9½ feet from each, and giving them a depth of water of 18½ and 14½ feet respectively. These results also appear to have been greatly exaggerated, as later surveyors found but 9½ feet on the former and 13 feet on the latter. Six discharges of 125 pounds each reduced Shell Drake from eight to seventeen feet. A single discharge on Bald-Headed Billy, a small but dangerous boulder, dry at low water, was sufficient to dislodge it, when it was split by drilling, and the two parts separately removed. Mons. Maillefert also destroyed, by eight discharges, two other small rocks in the neighborhood of Woolsey's Bath-House. The cost of these operations was about \$13,000, a small sum for the great improvement effected in the channel. The principal result came from the removal of the projection of Pot Rock. That secured a safe way for vessels drawing sixteen feet of water, and gave such increased facility for the passage of the rapid flood-current that the violent boiling of the pot was greatly reduced, and the destructive whirlpool almost completely disappeared. "Hell Gate has lost its terrors," was the jubilant report of Mons. Maillefert and his Danish copartner, Captain Raasloff, in August, 1852, adding that it might be made the safest entrance to the harbor of New York, "if the necessary means be found to continue operations, which, from the very outset, have given such beautiful and important results."

Shortly after this appeal an appropriation of \$20,000 was made by Congress for carrying on the work under the supervision of Lieut. Bartlett, and subsequently of Major Fraser, of the Engineer Corps. This fund was soon exhausted, together with Mons. Maillefert's private capital, and the work came to an end.

In 1857 General Totten, Chief Engineer U. S. Army, A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and Commander Charles H. Davis, U. S. Navy, were appointed Advisory



PROFILE OF POT ROCK.

Council to the Commissioners relative to the encroachments and preservation of the harbor of New York. In their report, based on the survey of Hell Gate by Lieut. Craven, of the Coast Survey, made in 1856, they recommended the removal of Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, and certain smaller rocks, by blasting; the building of stone piers with spring fenders on Hog's Back, the Gridiron, and Bread and Cheese; the closing of the channel between the latter reef and the head of Blackwell's Island, and the erection of a beacon on Rylander's Reef. But their recommendation ended with itself, no action being taken to carry it into effect.

For the next ten years the affairs of the nation were so absorbing that local interests were left perforce in the background. As soon, however, as the war was over, the conversion of Hell Gate into a safe highway for commerce was again demanded: and the demand was so urgent, and so reasonable withal, that it could not be denied.

In the summer of 1866, Brevet Major-General Newton was assigned by the War Department to the duty of examining these obstructions, with a view to their removal. His first report was made in January, 1867, giving elaborate estimates of the work required to make the channel what it should be,—a safe passage-way for all shipping, not a mere coaster's channel. Three plans of operation were suggested.

The first project comprised the blasting and removal of rock from Pot Rock, Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, Shell Drake, Heeltap Rocks, Negro Point, Scaly Rock, Hallet's Point, and certain small detached rocks; and the erection of a series of sea-walls along Hen and Chicken, Flood Rock, the Gridiron, Hog's Back, Holme's Rock, and on the exposed sides of the other reefs of the channel. Rock to be removed to 24 or 26 feet below mean low water; time, six years; estimated cost for the greater depth, \$6,000,000.

The second project included the foregoing with the removal of Negro Head, Flood Rock, Hen and Chicken, and the Gridiron, with the omission of the sea-walls, thereby made unnecessary. Time, ten years; cost, \$9,000,000.

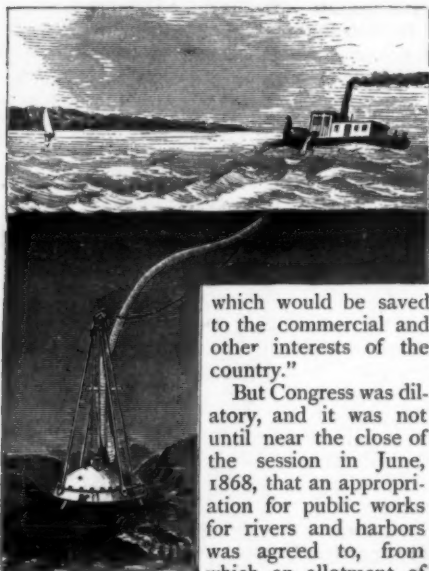
The third project omitted all improvement of the middle channel, and, with the addition of Hallet's Point, was essentially that recommended by the Advisory Council in 1857. Time, four years; cost about \$3,000,000.

The third project was recommended by the U. S. Chief of Engineers, on account of its moderate cost. A subsequent reduction of the estimated expense removed the only objection to including the Gridiron in the plan of operation, and the scope of the work was consequently extended to include that most formidable and destructive reef in the channel.

While General Newton was making his surveys and preparing his estimate, Congress was importuned by ship-masters and merchants impatient for visible results. The actual loss by the obstruction of Hell Gate, it was asserted in a petition presented in October, 1867, amounted to between one and a half and two million dollars a year, during the time when our commerce was suffering from the "war-blight;" with returning prosperity the losses would be proportionally increased. The cost of the desired improvements, it was urged, "would be not at all proportioned to the amount



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS AT HALLET'S POINT, SHOWING OFFICES, SHOPS, STORE REMOVED FROM TERNETTA, ETC.



MUSHROOM DRILL.

which would be saved to the commercial and other interests of the country."

But Congress was dilatory, and it was not until near the close of the session in June, 1868, that an appropriation for public works for rivers and harbors was agreed to, from which an allotment of \$85,000 was made for the needs of Hell Gate. In August, advertisements were inserted in the leading papers, calling for bids for the removal of Pot Rock and Frying-Pan. When publicly opened, September 21, the bids were found to range from \$38,000 to \$500,000, the time asked varying from three months to time unlimited. The great disparity in these bids was evidence enough of the experimental and problematic character of the work to be done. The lowest bidder was Mr. Sidney F. Shelbourne, of New York, to whom the contract was awarded in October. Mr. Shelbourne proposed to do the work by drilling and blasting, the machinery to be placed on the bottom and driven by a steam pump placed on a vessel above. The rock was to be pierced by a rotating diamond drill driven by a small turbine wheel enclosed in a turtle-shaped chamber, blasted by charges of nitroglycerine, and the *débris* removed by a grapping machine. The current of water by which the first drill was driven did not give power enough on trial, and the drill was abandoned for a larger one—the "Mushroom," of similar construction, driven by steam. This drill was tried with partial success on Frying-Pan, but it proved too delicate and uncertain of continuous action under the trying requirements of the rough work at Hell Gate, and one of entirely different construction was substituted.

Speaking of these experiments, in his report dated December 19, 1868, Gen. Newton said: "The removal of rocks in Hell Gate is attended with peculiar difficulty. The current is extremely rapid, so that divers could not be sent down, in most places, to regulate and set the drills, except at slack water. This fact requires that the drill should act independently of manual assistance, and therefore peculiar and ingenious devices are required. But the more formidable evil is the chance, unavoidable in the long run, of being collided with, from the number of vessels, daily increasing, which frequent this narrow pass." This danger Mr. Shelbourne soon had experience of, to his cost.

The impossibility of placing the "Mushroom" satisfactorily on jagged rocks swept by violent currents, caused Mr. Shelbourne to discard the rotating principle of the diamond drill, substituting a striking drill. This machine was 35 feet high, 27 feet in diameter at the base, and weighed 28 tons. The drilling engine was above water, the rock being pierced by the continual falling of a heavy drill-bar. The preliminary trial of this drill was entirely successful. When placed on Frying-Pan it stood firmly on the rock, unmoved by the current, until the necessary preparations were made for putting it in operation. But that very day it was run down by a brig, a tug, and a canal-boat, and completely demolished. The time of Mr. Shelbourne's contract had been twice extended. As the final period expired three days after the destruction of the last drill, no application for renewal was made. Mr. Shelbourne had labored faithfully and well; but luck was against him, his last misfortune leaving him some twenty thousand dollars out of pocket, and the public so much the richer for the experiments he had made.

While Mr. Shelbourne's large drill was building, the removal of Pot Rock was withdrawn from his contract, and awarded to Mons. Maillefert, together with Way's Reef and Shell Drake. The time of completing the reduction of these rocks to the depth of 25 feet, mean low water, was limited to December 1, 1869. Mons. Maillefert began operations about the first of August, employing his process of surface blasting. He succeeded only in demonstrating, at his own expense, the inefficiency of the process for removing solid bed-rock. So long as the rock was found in isolated pinnacles, great effects were produced; but when the projecting points had been knocked away, and the rock reduced to a large, smooth surface, progress became slow, doubtful, and



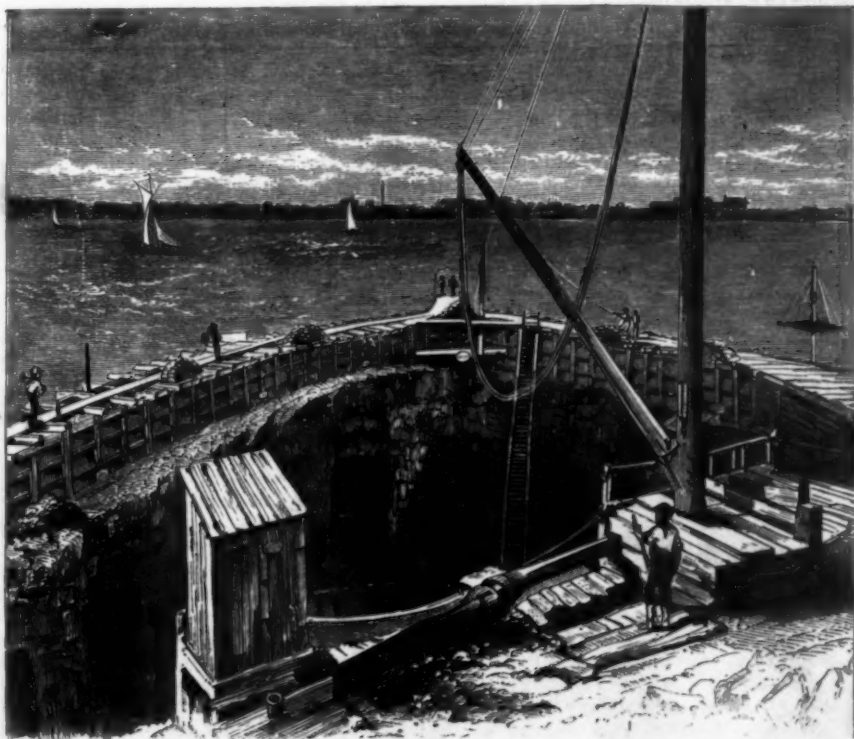
costly. For example, the narrow ledge of Pot Rock was reduced about nine feet in height by 284 discharges; subsequently 900 charges, from 75 to 100 pounds each, exploded under the supervision of Major Fraser, removed but little over a foot, the rate of gain decreasing with great rapidity with each discharge. At the close of Mons. Maillefert's last operations on Way's Reef and Shell Drake, they showed a depth of water of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  and  $18\frac{1}{2}$  feet respectively.

While these unsuccessful but not fruitless experiments were making, the General in charge became convinced that the work could be done more economically if conducted directly on behalf of the Government, instead of through contractors as heretofore. It was evident that new plans would have to be tried, and new machinery invented, requiring outlays that a contractor could not afford to make while uncertain of a successful bid under succeeding appropriations. To contract with one party for the whole work, payments to be made as appropriations were granted, would, on the other hand, be inordinately expensive.

In estimating for his bid the contractor would have to allow a wide margin for possible losses by delays and failures by Congress to appropriate, and no allowance could be made for the improvements in means and methods of working, sure to be devised from time to time, as the requisite experience should be gained.

Taking all things into account, General Newton believed it possible to perform the work at a great saving if allowed to do it in his own way. His opportunity came when the allotment for Hell Gate (\$178,200) was made from the general appropriation for river and harbor improvements granted April 10, 1869; and, without waiting for the expiration of the contracts then running, he proceeded to lay out the work under the direct supervision of the War Department.

The removal of Hallett's Point was the largest and most pressing operation thus far authorized. Projecting three hundred feet into the stream in such a way as to throw the Sound tide straight upon the Gridiron, over which it breaks with destructive violence, this



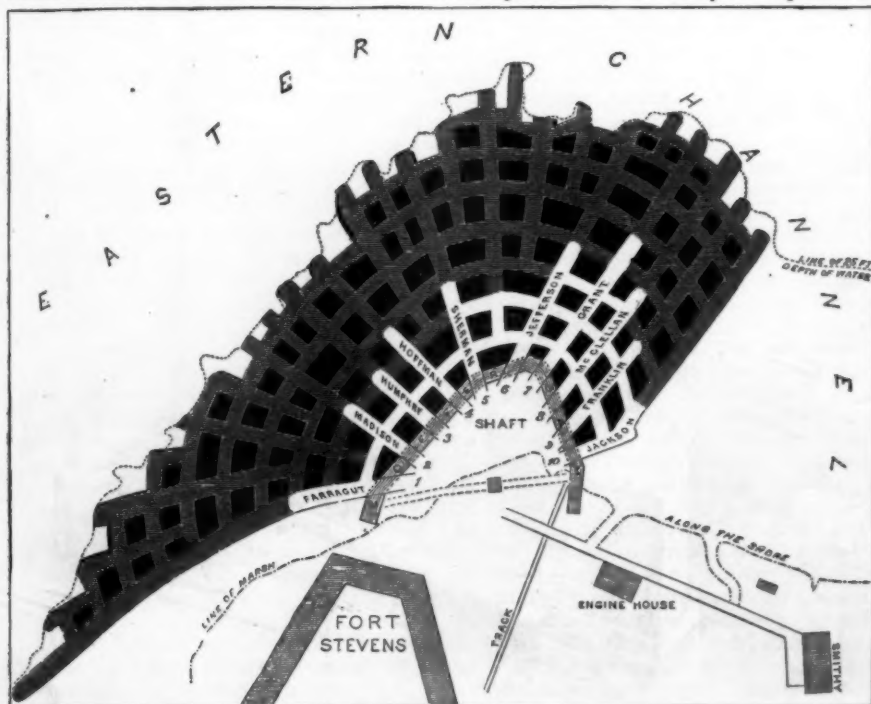
VIEW OF COFFER-DAM, LOOKING EAST.

spur of rock stands squarely in the way of shipping coming in from the eastward. To escape the Gridiron such vessels have to shave the point as closely as possible, so that any apparatus placed above the reef would inevitably be run down and disposed of as uncere- moniously as Mr. Shelbourne's, on Frying-Pan. The only feasible plan of operation was to work from the shore by sinking a shaft, out of the way of shipping, and, after undermining the reef with radiating headings connected by concentric galleries, and removing all the rock that could be safely taken out, blow up the roof and its supporting columns at a single explosion, the *débris* to be either buried in the excavation or removed by grappling, as might be most economical.

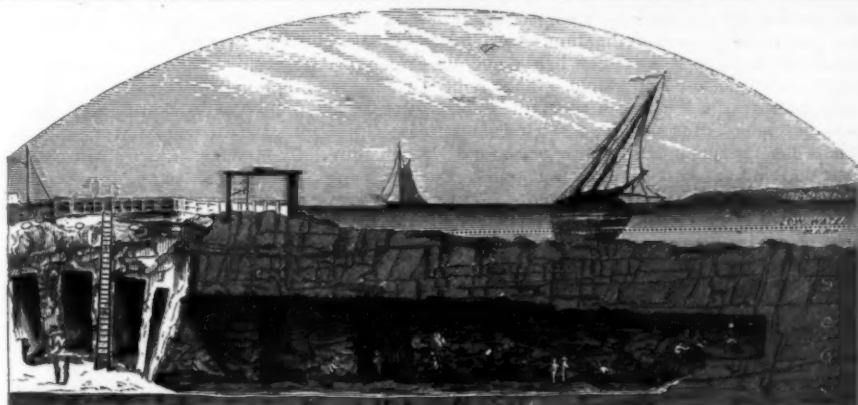
This plan had the advantage of being known and tried. The only risk was the possible flooding of the mine through fissures in the roof; but even if such an accident should occur, and the completion of the work by dry blasting prevented, every foot of rock taken out would be so much gained; and what remained could be removed without increased difficulty by whatever process might be adopted for the removal of the channel rocks.

The first step was to construct between high and low water around the mouth of the proposed shaft a strong coffer-dam, 310 feet in length, extending along four sides of an irregular pentagon, the fifth, or shore line, of which was about 145 feet. This dam consisting of a double shield of heavy timbers securely fastened to the rocks by bolts passing through the structure, the space between the walls filled water-tight with sand and clay, was completed and pumped out, so that operations could be begun in the interior, about the first of November, since which time—save for a short period last fall, when the available funds ran out—the work has been pushed rapidly and successfully, at a cost that amply demonstrated the economy of the plan.

The place is well worth visiting. A slender causeway leads to it across the salt-marsh back of the Point. A huge pile of rock to the right of Fort Stevens, now in ruins, indicates the mouth of the shaft. The long embankments stretching across the marsh and along the water-side hint of the capacity of the excavation, and give rise to speculations in regard to the time it would require to remove an equal amount of rock by the vaporous de-



GROUND PLAN OF OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF GRANT HEADING.

trition of surface-blasting. We open the gate at the end of the walk, pass the Surveyor's office and the smithy on the right, and enter the Superintendent's office to present our credentials—not because of any “No Admittance Except on Business”—it is a public work, and every sovereign citizen enters by virtue of proprietorship,—but because we have special favors to ask.

With cordial courtesy, the Superintendent, Mr. G. C. Reithimer (whose operations at Holy Head and elsewhere have given him a world-wide reputation as a mining engineer), supplies the information desired, exhibits a plan of the work, explains its scope and purpose, and enlarges upon the peculiar difficulties and interesting features of the undertaking. Front of his desk lies a pile of specimens from the various strata opened up in the progress of the work: nodules of clay from the surface, enclosing fossil hickory-nuts floated down ages ago, perhaps, from *Nutten Eilandt* (which we call Governor's), buried in the clay, and slowly turned to stone; a fine specimen of iron pyrites dropped probably from some passing vessel; a fragment of pine honey-combed by the *Teredo Navalis*, and petrified like the hickory-nuts; a great variety of simple minerals and gneissoid compounds, not the least interesting of which is a fragment enclosing grains of gold. Here is a block of quartz from a two-foot vein; there a chunk of mica-schist, rusty and rotten. You can crumble it in your hand, or cut it like cheese; a month hence it will be as hard as granite. Yonder white and friable “chamber” stone, that can hardly hold itself together, was once the hardest gneiss; the intense heat of exploding nitro-glycerine has completely disintegrated it.

But we are curious to see the place whence these stones have come, and peer anxiously in that direction through the little window of the slight board building that does duty as the office.

Before we go the Superintendent must have his little joke, which he enjoys immensely.

A group of cartridges, with fuses for their explosion, hang upon the wall. Samples of the various explosives used are near at hand. For the first time we look upon and gingerly handle the harmless-looking but terrific agents that modern science has invented to rival gunpowder. The portable friction-battery for exploding them stands on the table,—a simple box enclosing an insulated glass disk, turned by a crank.

“I take this exploder,” the Superintendent says in German-English, showing a little box-wood cylinder with two rubber-covered wires attached, “place it in the cartridge, connect one wire with the positive pole of the battery, the other with the negative pole; turn the crank *so*; the electric current passing from pole to pole fuses the bit of platinum connecting the wires within the exploder; the ignited platinum fires the fulminating powder surrounding it; the fulminate fires the nitro-glycerine, dynamite, or whatever composes the charge, the explosion takes place, and the rock is thrown down as desired.

“Now, if you please” (with an air of serious devotion to science), “we will see if your lungs are sound, by firing an exploder with a spark passed through your bodies. It won't hurt you. Electricity is——” the subject of many curious and amusing remarks, while preparations for the experiment are making. The exploder is connected with the battery

and adroitly slipped under an empty powder-keg to increase the detonation. All join hands, assured that if either has defective lungs no explosion is possible. The right-hand man grasps the free wire of the exploder, the crank is turned, the left-hand victim brings his forefinger hesitatingly to the innocent looking negative pole, and quick as flash, a shock, a sharp report, and a variety of comic attitudes ensue, to the intense delight of the operator.

While elbows are rubbed and eyes and mouths brought gradually into normal shape and position, the startled seekers for pathological information are overwhelmed with congratulations. "Perfectly healthy, perfectly healthy! Your lungs are in an ad-mi-ra-ble condition!"

The new building on the right, as we pass from the Superintendent's office, contains the boilers, air-compressors, and receiver, for running the Burleigh drills, soon to be employed in driving forward the headings. On the left is the carpenter-shop, and farther along the engine-room of the steam-pumps and the hoisting-machine, and the miners' dressing-room.

Past these, the first object that attracts attention is a long, rufous Yankee, who stands at the foot of the derrick throwing his arms about after a fashion not laid down by Del-sarte. Directly a load of rock heaves in sight, and in obedience to a gesture the car swings over to the truck waiting to receive the load, discharges its contents, and surges back to the unseen depths.

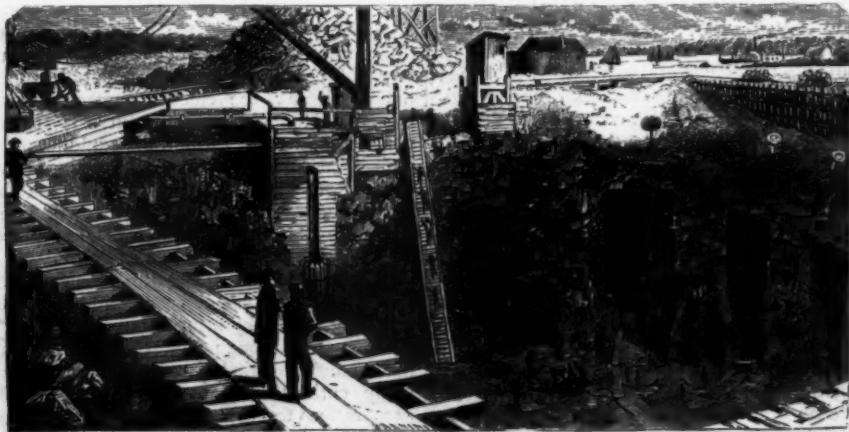
We draw nigh, and grasping the hand-rail, look down. The huge pile of broken stone behind us, and the long embankments stretch-

ing across the marsh are accounted for. The tunnels piercing the farther wall under the river suggest a subterranean, or sub-marine, "Mugby Junction," an impression that is not lessened by the loads of rock shooting into the central light from out the darkness penetrated by a dozen radiating tramways, the dripping water below, and the rushing tide above whitening the reef, that stretches out like a dam into the stream.

A steamer, black with passengers, swings round the bend of the river, and careening in the eddies, breasts the tide: that breaks in foam high on her bow; tug-boats come puffing in with their tows; a fleet of coasters with all sails set gain slowly on the current; while a deeply-laden sloop drifting out with the tide is caught in the remnant of the whirlpool, and swung completely round before the light breeze stiffens enough to give the helmsman control of his craft. Lucky for her, the once formidable Pot Rock no longer rears its head to stave her bottom. A less fortunate craft lies on the Gridiron, burned almost to the water's edge—a schooner, stranded last night on that treacherous reef, and fired by the flooding of her cargo of lime. Farther east, the projecting masts of another victim tell an "o'er true" tale of the dangers of the passage.

Will we go down?

Our gesticulating friend stops a descending car, we step over its shallow sides, and clinging to the chains are swung over the depths. Emulating the *nonchalance* of our conductor, we look about us, and soon begin to enjoy the novel motion. The moment we touch bottom, a swarm of grimy and dripping miners rush from the headings and make for the car.



VIEW OF SHAFT FROM COFFER-DAM.





DRILLING.

A lot of freshly-sharpened drills came down with us, and for these the miners are speedily pushing and scrambling, like school-boys after a foot-ball.

"All our work is done by the day," the Superintendent explains; "and as a day's work means so many feet forward for each man, according to the nature of the rock, the possession of sharp tools is a matter of no slight moment."

Below, the pit seems deeper than we had judged. From the bottom of the coffer-dam the depth is thirty-two feet. The dam adds considerably to the height on the water side, while the elevation landward, and the platforms atop, make the real depth of the pit nearer fifty feet. The rock is mainly a dark hornblendic gneiss. The dripping water stripes it with the vivid green of slimy vegetation, and the rusty yellow of iron-oxyde, on which the sunlight produces effects that would delight a painter. On the west the rock lies in horizontal strata. At the axis of the reef—along Grant Heading—a sudden twist occurs, beyond which to the eastward the strata are vertical. Several of the headings follow strongly marked lines of vertical stratification, greatly reducing the cost of excavation, and securing without effort perpendicular walls as regular as if smoothed by hand.

We pass under the river, following first the heading that prolongs the shore-line eastward. Jackson Heading it is

called. Cornish miners are as little pleased with numerical designations as the most whimsical Labor Reformer. For their satisfaction, each heading has its proper name, No. 1 being christened in honor of Farragut; the others in order after Madison, Humphry, Hoffman, Sherman, Jefferson, Grant, McClellan, Franklin, and Jackson.

Jackson Heading led off due east. For awhile this direction was maintained, but under steadily increasing difficulties. The rock became micaceous, seamy, and full of iron, causing rapid disintegration. Water poured in through fissures; and when test-holes were driven forward, the in-rushing water drove the drills from the miners' hands, and spouted forty feet into the mine. The course of the heading had to be changed; and now, to keep sufficient strength of rock above, the miners are driving the heading several feet below the general level of the pit.

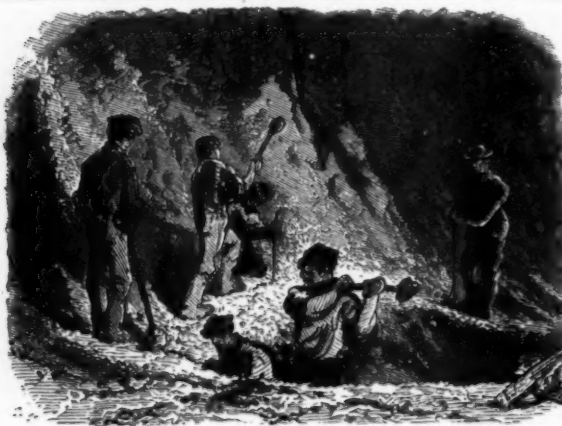
As the headings are driven forward, they are connected by transverse galleries, leaving only so much rock standing in columns as shall insure stability to the shell above. Dodging as we may the water that filters through from the river overhead, we pass from heading to heading through the archways of the galleries. The alternations of bright light and heavy shadow make the view through these galleries peculiarly impressive. The effect will be grand indeed when the entire reef is undermined.

"What a splendid place for storing lager-bier," exclaims a portly brewer, gazing with rapture on this subterranean labyrinth;

And his eye is lit  
With a speculative ray,



UNDER THE RIVER.



MINERS AT WORK.

as he conceives the grand idea of buying the mine.

"What will the Government do with the work when it is finished?" he asks.

"Blow it up."

"What?"

With professional pride the Superintendent explains how the roof and its supporting columns are to be charged with so many thousand pounds of nitro-glycerine, and broken up by a single grand explosion.

"And spoil all these fine cellars!"

From the extremities of the headings we hear the ringing clink of hammers and drills, keeping time to the monotonous chant of the Cornish miners, the only workmen who can endure the discomforts of mining like this. They are seldom dry while at work, and during the cold weather of the past winter their clothing was often sheeted with ice.

The drilling has thus far been done mainly by hand; but preparations are now making for the employment of Burleigh drills, driven by compressed air, in connection with a diamond prospecting drill.

Mining under water requires peculiar care. Every inch of the way must be critically explored. The rock at Hell Gate contains seams of decomposed mica, through which the water is pressed as through a sieve. In Humphrey Heading (No. 3) the miners came upon a horizontal stratum of this sort, fourteen feet wide and two feet thick. The water

poured in at the rate of six hundred gallons a minute, and before the flow could be checked the workmen stood waist-deep in water. When small horizontal fissures are struck, the water is stopped by driving in wedges of dry wood. Vertical fissures are closed with clay thrown in at low water over the seam. Bags of clay, for this purpose, are piled on the coffer-dam over each heading. Sometimes holes are drilled on either side and charged with a slow-burning "carbolic" powder, which on exploding produces a strong and steady pressure, and closes the seam without fracturing the rock. In the case of No. 3, none of these expedients would suffice. A strong shield had to be built and fitted to the opening, into which three hundred weight of oakum was driven, and backed with ten barrels of Roman cement. The heading was then carried below and worked by "gravity," as it is technically called.

The floor of the mine follows thus far a level about thirty feet below low-water line. As the excavation approaches the outer edge of the reef, the headings will have to be sunk deeper to preserve the requisite thickness of the "crust." Extra steam pumps are now being put in to remove the water that collects in the lower levels. The roof of the mine follows necessarily the general contour of the



LEVELLING.



MINERS' TOOLS.

reef. To determine this, mere soundings of the ordinary sort are not to be depended on, since the rock, except on the crest of the reef, is covered by a deposit of boulders, marl, and organic matter from the city sewers, sometimes to the depth of ten or twelve feet. As the exact profile of the live-rock above each heading must be known before the miners can safely proceed, the surveyor and his assistants are kept pretty constantly employed. Every sounding—and upwards of 15,000 have been made up to the time of this writing—requires quite a series of careful observations. The sounding apparatus consists of a float supporting a “guillotine motion,” by which a three-inch iron tube is driven through the overlying matter to the bed-rock, by a weight striking like a pile-driver. After the contents of the tube have been pumped out, the surveyor passes in an iron rod to determine the nature of the rock hit upon. If a boulder, a dull thud is heard, and there is no rebound of the rod. Live-rock returns a sharp clink, and the rod springs back. The bearings of the tube are then taken by instruments at two fixed points on the shore, to ascertain the exact position of the sounding; the tide-gauge shows the level of the water; and a few simple measurements determine the thickness of the superficial deposit, and the depth of the rock below low-water line.

The work goes on day and night. The miners are divided into three shifts, each working eight hours a day, so that three days' work is accomplished every twenty-four hours. About two hundred men are employed in all. Good wages are paid, and to ensure a fair day's work from every man, miners using one-hand tools—holding the drill-bar in one hand and striking with the other—are expected to

furnish five feet gauging at a shift, in average rock. For second-size tools, worked by two men on face or bench, seven feet are required; and an equal depth for third-size tools, worked by three men. This is the general standard, the exact amount being graded from day to day, according to the density and hardness of the rock, which varies considerably.

From eight to twelve drills are blunted in sinking a one-and-a-half inch hole one foot in the softer micaceous rock; in gneiss of medium hardness, from twelve to twenty drills are required per foot, and in the hardest, from twenty to twenty-six. All the drills are made and repaired on the premises.

While we are watching the work, the strikers lay aside their sledges and prepare for a blast. Cartridges are distributed, placed, and tamped with wet clay. Meanwhile the stagings are removed, tools are put into sheltered places out of the way of flying rock, and the tramways are covered with scantling. The captain of the adits sees that everything is ready. The mine is vacated, and as it is time for the mid-day shift, the most of the miners scramble up the huge ladder, two or three abreast, rejoicing that their day's work is done.

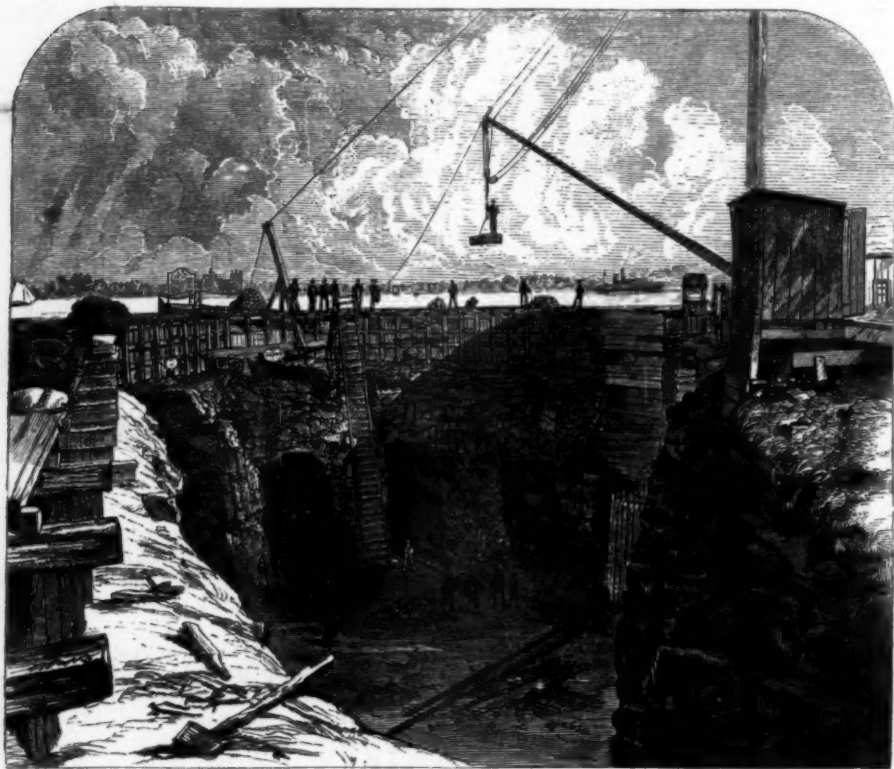
“All ready!” shouts the captain, who with a small firing party has stayed below. The gong sounds, and all hands retire to places of safety. A moment's silence, then a series of reverberating discharges follow, with a perceptible interval between each discharge and the crash of falling rock. A second period of silence succeeds while the fuses are lighted in the heading in which the firing party had taken refuge; then another series



OPENING A GALLERY.

of explosions, and the cry, “All is over!” comes up through the wreathing smoke.

The usual charges are two ounces of nitro-glycerine. Dynamite was used for a time, but the detonation was found to be too great, the effect being to start the seams in the



THE SHAFT, LOOKING EAST.

river-bed above, and threaten the flooding of the mine. The electric exploder is used only when a simultaneous firing of a large number of charges is desired; for example, in cutting the archways of the galleries. In case of a misfire, a new hole is drilled by the side of the old one, the disturbing of a charge when once placed being positively prohibited.

The only serious accident that has occurred came through a disobedience of this order. A miner thought it would be cheaper to clear out an old hole than to drill a new one. His rashness cost him an arm and other injuries, which effectually prevented his repeating the experiment.

All the cartridges are made and filled on the spot, and only so much explosive material as is required from day to day is kept on hand. The "Laboratory," extemporized from an old boat-house, stands apart. A bench covered with dry plaster-of-Paris to render inert any accidental drops of nitro-glycerine, an ice-box, a few cans, a quantity of cartridge-

cases, made of stout Manilla paper coated with a water-tight composition, and some simple chemical apparatus, completes the furniture.

We wish to see what a little of the harmless-looking compound can do.

A few spoonfuls are put into a paper bag, a fuse is inserted and lighted, and our accommodating manipulator of liquid destruction walks deliberately along the tramway and lays his "charge" on a block of gneiss. A minute after, a bright flash is followed by a sharp detonation, and fragments of the rock are seen flying in all directions. Part of the stone is literally ground to powder, as though struck with the hammer of Thor.

Gunpowder exploded thus loosely in the open air would have had no effect on the rock. Its combustion is comparatively slow, and the gas evolved finds easy escape through the air. Not so with nitro-glycerine. Its decomposition is instantaneous, and the volume of gas so great that the air reacts almost as though it were solid.



As soon as Congress makes the requisite appropriation, the obstructions lying between Eastern and Middle Channel, and covering an area of about ten acres, will be attacked on the same general plan as the work at Hallet's Point. Two shafts will probably be sunk: one from the surface of Flood Rock, now occupied by a powder magazine; the other through the water on the Gridiron, five or six hundred feet distant. These shafts will be connected by a grand tunnel, from which headings will be run to the extremities of the reef. The removal of this grand obstruction will give the deepest-draught vessels an easy entrance twelve hundred feet wide, sweeping with a gentle curve from Negro Point to the deep channel west of Blackwell's Island.

For the removal of the smaller channel rocks, too far out to be reached by tunneling from the shore, and swept by currents too powerful to allow the sinking of a caisson, a special and entirely novel apparatus had to be invented. Mr. Shelbourne's experiments had determined with discouraging exactness the elements of the problem to be solved. The first was a drilling-machine, capable of successful operation under the most adverse conditions of time and tide; the second was a boat for moving the drilling apparatus readily from place to place, as the daily exigencies of the work should require; the third and all-important requisite was suitable provision against the destruction of the machine by the collisions inevitable in a narrow and crooked channel, swept by powerful and ever-varying currents, and crowded with shipping.

To the solution of this problem, involving some of the most difficult points of mining, mechanical and marine engineering, General Newton set himself as soon as the conduct of the work was given entirely into his hands. Old principles had to be applied to new processes, and familiar means to novel uses, calling into requisition a wide range and nice adjustment of inventive skill and mechanical achievement. Upwards of a year was spent

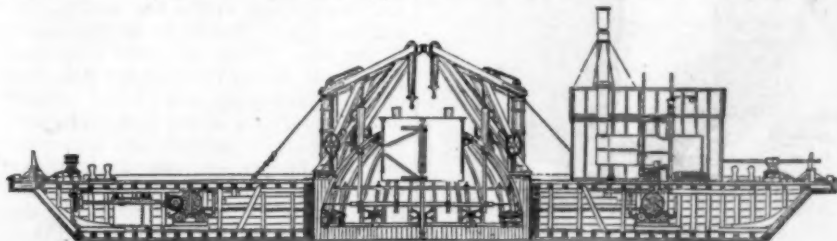


BATTERY, CARTRIDGES, CONDUCTING CABLE, ETC.

in developing and perfecting the machinery, with a scow for its transportation and protection—a time that will not seem long when we remember that the problem had baffled the ingenuity of engineers for a quarter of a century.

To witness the operation of this unique machine, we shall have to leave the modern Hell Gate for that part of the stream which first received the name—the western extremity of East River.

Lying in the channel between Governor's Island and the Battery is a bed of rock, 366 feet long and 255 feet broad at its widest part, known as Diamond Reef. Farther up the stream, about two hundred yards from Pier 8, is Coentie's Reef, mainly loose rock, 250 feet long, with a maximum width of 130 feet. These obstructions lie in the busiest part of the Harbor, directly in the track of the numerous ferry-boats plying between New York and Brooklyn, and are not only troublesome, but very dangerous, especially at low water. Their removal has long been de-



SECTION OF THE SCOW.

Length, 128 ft. Diameter of Well-Hole, 32 ft. Breadth, 56 ft. Diameter of Dome, 30 ft.

manded by the merchants and ship-owners of the city, the growing needs of this part of the channel making its clearing not less urgent than the improvement of Hell Gate. A good deal of powder was burned at different times on Diamond Reef by Mons. Maillefert, knocking off the projecting points and deepening the channel somewhat, but leaving the great body of the reef untouched.

Other parties have attempted to remove the rocks by drilling and blasting, but little was accomplished until Gen. Newton's machine was brought to bear last spring.

With a pass from Headquarters we signal the scow as she lies on Coentie's Reef, whither she was towed in the early part of June, after a month's successful operation on Diamond Reef.

Fortunately, the Superintendent, Mr. Pearce, is just leaving the pier to go aboard. The wind is high, and the tide will not wait for ceremony. None is needed. Men of the open air, whose lives are spent in daily conflict with the elements, acquire a breezy, off-hand affability that wastes no time on idle formalities.

"Just in time to see a blast: jump in!" and the outstretched hand gives a hearty grasp as it steadies us to a seat in the light skiff that dances on the swells.

Five minutes' vigorous rowing—the tide runs like a mill-race, and progress is slow—brings us to the scow, a dark, low-lying, box-



READY TO GO DOWN.



like craft, with a confusion of timbers, ropes, chains, and machinery surrounding a huge dome in the center.

"We have just completed a round of holes," the Superintendent remarks, "and have hauled off the reef to put in the charges. When the drills are working the dome is down, out of sight, and the machinery that now seems 'all in a heap' is ranged in order, level with the deck."

Stepping on board, the broad dimensions of the scow seem less surprising than its immobility. The heavy swells from a passing steamer strike its side as against a wharf. Its massive anchors would hold it taut even if struck by the steamer herself, while its solid structure and projecting guards would make the collision a serious matter to the steamer.

The general plan of the scow is quickly seen and comprehended. Its purpose is to guard the drilling machinery while at work, to transport it from place to place, and to support the engines for running the drills. In the center is an octagonal well, thirty-two feet in diameter, in which is suspended a wrought-iron dome for protecting the divers. At the top of the dome is a "telescope" twelve feet in diameter, with a rise and fall of six feet to adapt its height to the various stages of the tide. When the dome is in working position, it stands clear of the scow, resting on self-adjusting legs which adapt themselves to the inequalities of the reef. The drilling engines, nine in number, are supported by movable bridges,—thrown back when the dome is up,—the drill-bars working within stout iron tubes passing through the dome, one at the center, the others ranged in a circle about twenty feet in diameter.

When down, the dome rests on the bottom



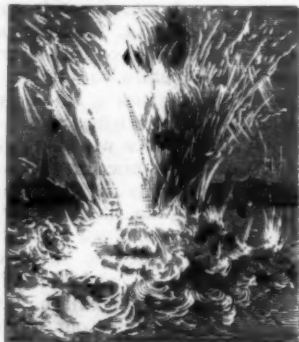
PUTTING IN THE CHARGES.

as nearly as the contour of the reef will permit, and serves to break the force of the current, so that the divers can go down at any stage of the tide to regulate the motion of the drills or to repair any damages that may occur to them. Without this protection the divers could not maintain their position under water except during the brief periods of slack-water. The drilling engines are run by steam from a 52-inch locomotive tubular boiler, which also furnishes steam for the four engines for hoisting and lowering the dome. The devices for regulating the "feed" of the drills, and their adjustment so as to work steadily in spite of the rising and falling of the engines with the tide and independent of the unavoidable swaying of the scow by heavy swells or collisions, are extremely ingenious and successful. The rock is pierced by the dropping stroke of the heavy drill-bars, falling sixteen inches clear, and penetrating from six inches to two feet an hour, according to the hardness of the rock.

While we are gathering these facts the little "Shoo Fly" arrives from the nitro-glycerine factory, towing a small boat which flies the red-flag of danger. The boat contains the explosive to be used in the approaching blast.

"Tide turns in half an hour," reports the diver. The tide, in his affairs, must be taken at the *slack*, and he is anxious to be on the spot for timely operation.

The float has already been hauled alongside the scow. The air-pump and the diver's armor are put on board. The electric-battery with its conducting cable follows, together with the lantern for warming the rubber to be used in insulating the connection of the ex-



THE BLAST.

ploders with each other and with the battery cable. The cartridge-cases, tin cans like mammoth candle-moulds, ten feet long and from four to five inches in diameter, complete



NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY.

the requirements for putting down and firing the blast. As we wish to witness the operation closely, we will risk the certain headache that nitro-glycerine gives to those who are not used to handling it, and the possibility of an untimely explosion that may leave us no head to ache, and accompany those who are to take part in the work.

While the scow was in position on the reef, the holes that had been drilled were closed to keep out silt, and to the cords connecting the plugs a line was attached, to serve as a guide to the place when the time should come for putting in the charges. Holding this guideline, the captain of the float gives the order for hauling the float to the point of operation on the reef. The tide is still running swiftly. Heavy swells roll in from the lower harbor, and are cross-hatched by waves from passing steamers, giving the little craft a jerky motion somewhat trying to a landsman's legs. Half a dozen stout seamen make the patent capstan spin round like a whirligig, steadily widening the distance between us and the scow, while orders that none but sailors understand are shouted back and forth. Suddenly the hauling ceases and the shouting is redoubled.

"The guide-rope's fouled."

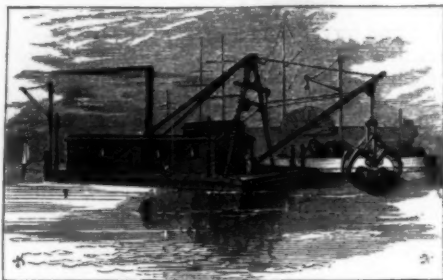
All attempts to clear it prove fruitless, and the order is given for the diver to make ready to go down. Hastily the close-fitting rubber suit is drawn on and fastened with thumb-screws to the metal shoulder-piece. Canvas overalls are donned for the protection of the armor; and while one man buckles on the clumsy shoes, weighted with fifteen pounds of lead apiece, another fastens the heavy sinkers "fore and aft." Then the pot-like helmet is screwed on, after giving each window a dab of vinegar to keep it clear; a few turns are

given to the air-pump to see that all is working well, and Captain Quinn is ready to go down. In a moment he is swung overboard with a splash, and a stream of bubbles marks his progress along the guide-rope to the point of fouling. Soon he signals to be hauled in; and before the front window of his helmet is unscrewed, so that he can explain how the rope had caught under a loose rock thrown up at a preceding blast, the capstan is at work and the float is drawing near its destination. Not a moment is to be lost, for the period of slack-water, short at best, has been seriously encroached upon by the delay.

Glycerine Jack is ordered up with his dangerous cargo, and by the time the float has been made fast in position, the cans of explosive oil are on board and the red flag flying to warn off shipping to a respectful distance. Meanwhile the cartridge-cases have been made ready for filling; the nitro-glycerine is weighed and poured in, and by the time the diver has sent up the first plug and signaled for a cartridge, the case is filled and sealed to prevent spilling, and fastened to the rope ready to be passed down. For a while all goes smoothly and rapidly; then comes a hitch, and the diver signals to be hauled in.

The tide has begun to run, and he is completely exhausted by the labor of handling the long cartridges in the swift current. After a brief rest he goes down again, and slowly gets in two more charges. By this time the tide sweeps him off his feet, and leaving two holes uncharged, he is forced to abandon the unequal task.

As soon as the connecting wires of the exploders can be joined to the battery cable and the connection securely insulated, the



GRAFFLING MACHINE.

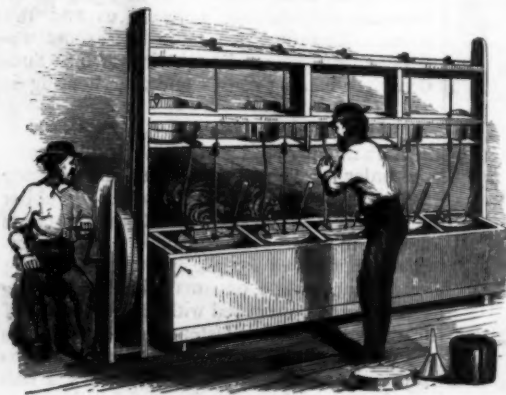
float drops down with the tide, a hundred yards or so, out of the way of flying rock from the expected explosion. Passing vessels are warned away. Then, at the word "ready," a few rapid turns of the friction-battery are followed by two muffled explosions (air and water telling each a separate tale), and on the instant a huge column of water, broken to white foam on all sides, and dark with mud and shattered rock within, bursts hissing into the air. There is a spiteful suddenness to exploding nitro-glycerine that allows no time for swelling curves. The water is heaved in a volume perhaps fifty feet into the air; then, through the mass, jets of water are shot in right-lines upwards and outwards two or three times farther, breaking at last into streams of mist, while fragments of rock flying off on lines of least resistance are hurled obliquely to long distances from the point of disturbance.

The water subsides quickly. The first surprise is scarcely over before the place of the explosion is a level expanse of discolored water, contrasting strongly with the rough clear water around. As the tide drifts the turbid water towards us, shoals of unlucky fish, shocked beyond recovery, turn their white bellies to the surface, or dart in zig-zag mazes, flashing the sunlight from their bright scales.

"You have seen what nitro-glycerine can do," says one of the manufacturers, Mr. Warren, as the "Shoo Fly" steams alongside the float. "Would you like to see how we make it?"

Exactng a promise to be excused from any closer exhibition of its explosive power, we board the little craft and are soon puffing our way towards Jersey flats, where the factory stands.

For submarine work nitro-glycerine is unquestionably the best explosive known. Its supposed instability as a compound, and the fact that the causes of its accidental explosion have gener-



MAKING NITRO-GLYCERINE.



ally been unexplained or unexplainable, have led many to regard its use as exceedingly hazardous. But such is not the case when it is carefully compounded with pure materials, kept free from conditions unfavorable to its stability, and used immediately. That which is used in the Government operations at Hell Gate and in East River is prepared expressly for the work, under the supervision of Mr. Pearce, superintendent of the drilling scow. It is never kept more than a few days, and always at a temperature slightly above freezing-point.

An accident that occurred on the drilling scow last May affords strong evidence of the safety of the compound when made and used in this manner. A fulminating cap exploded while being inserted into a cartridge of nitroglycerine. The cartridge was broken and its contents scattered about; but though there were nearly two hundred pounds of the explosive close by, no harm was done. If the cartridge had contained gunpowder a disaster would have been inevitable. The fulminating caps have since been discarded, and the charges are fired by electricity, the exploders containing simply rifle-powder.

The manufactory stands at a distance from the shore, in shallow water, a mile or two south of Communipaw. The location was chosen by General Newton for its convenience and safety. Being accessible to boats, the explosive can be distributed directly from the factory to the points where it has to be used; and being surrounded by only four feet of water, large vessels cannot approach it, while its distance from shore amply insures the safety of persons and property on land in case of an accidental explosion. The apparatus used was designed by Mr. Pearce, assisted by Mr. Paul Marcelin, who, in connection with Mr. Warren, conducts the manufacture.

When we return to the scow the divers are busy examining the site of the blast, and surveying the reef to discover a suitable place for sinking the dome for another round of holes. To select a proper place for a blast in utter darkness, under water, and encumbered with heavy armor, is a task that requires

the judgment of an educated miner, as well as the skill of a diver. When the divers had done their best, their reports were often so vague and conflicting, that the superintendent of the scow was at last compelled to add diving to his other accomplishments, and do his own submarine surveying. After a new position has been selected, as near the preceding blast as practicable, its place is marked by a weight, with a line attached, and the line brought up inside the well. The scow is then moved until this line plumbs in the center of the dome, which is then lowered for drilling. At each blast the rock is broken up to the depth required, over an area of four or five hundred square feet. When the whole reef has been gone over, so that there is no place for setting the dome, the scow is hauled off and the broken rock removed by a huge grappling machine.

Both reefs have been pretty thoroughly blasted; whether sufficiently to give the requisite depth of channel, cannot be told until all the *débris* is removed.

More than enough has been done to demonstrate the efficiency of the machine. It is not impossible that its economy and success may work a revolution in the art of mining under water.

The ability of the scow to withstand collision has been tried many times; in one instance at least, to the destruction of the colliding vessel. There is every reason to believe that it will acquit itself as honorably when transferred to Hell Gate.

As both plans of operation have long passed the experimental stage, final and complete success is assured.

When?

That depends on the action of Congress. If the needed appropriations are not withheld, a very few years will see the consummation so devoutly wished by all the commercial interests of New York, to say nothing of the East Side Association, whose prophetic vision sees Harlem the center of our foreign commerce. The most visionary expectations are distanced sometimes by the logic of events. They may be in this case.

## LOW LIFE IN NATURE.

NOT many years ago good Fredrika Bremer wrote a book under the title of *New Homes*, amusing, because it gratified those who like to know how they appear in the eyes of outsiders, and still more so because of the boundless naïveté with which the old lady opened the doors and windows of these new homes, and let all the world see what her friends in America ate and drank, and did in the inti-

macy of their private life. No such indiscretion is to be feared in the most minute description of the dwellings of our humbler brethren in nature, who, according to Darwin, have not yet climbed to the top of the ladder on which we proudly stand, but are closely following our footsteps. When, therefore, an able and well-informed author like the Rev. J. G. Wood presents us with another charming volume, on *Insects at Home*, he does not hesitate to describe, besides the outward appearance of their dwellings, also their passions and their emotions, and opens new and most valuable mines of interesting knowledge. All lovers of nature are well repaid if they follow him, as we propose doing now, in his walks through field and forest, especially if they bear in mind the links that connect his special pets, *Insects*, with their fellow-beings in the great kingdom of Animal Nature.

He is much inclined to claim that his friends, the Beetles, are always in good odor, and mentions with special emphasis the Great Tigers, several of which may be seen on the lower part of Plate I., with their larvæ beneath in their cosy burrows. This beetle carries with it the odor of sweet-brier, and transfers it by the touch to its captor. Where beetles are endowed with a bad smell, the poor creatures employ it, mainly in self-de-



PLATE I.

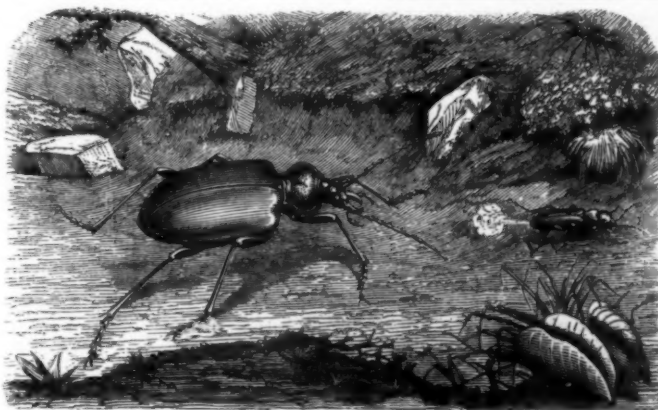


PLATE II.: (BEETLE AND BOMBARDIER.)

fense, for their enemies are many. This is most strikingly exhibited in a little sad-colored *Brachinus*, called the explosive one, because it discharges its artillery, a small quantity of offensive fluid, violently at the aggressor.

The latter, generally, as in Plate II., a larger beetle, stops in the most ludicrous manner, as if startled beyond measure, and backs away from the tiny blue cloud, while the Bombardier, as the fugitive is familiarly called, throws its antennæ back, as a dog takes its tail between its legs, and runs away in great haste. He has, however, quite a provision of his strange means of defense, and can discharge twenty shots in succession, while his instinct is so strong that at the sound of a shot from one Bombardier, all others in the vicinity prepare for action, and keep up a running fire along the line. Another *Carabus*, or garden beetle, very useful as a destroyer of cockchafers, has, like many beetles, an unpleasant way of pouring from its mouth a blackish fluid, which stains the fingers, and rivals the odor of a polecat. Even this, however, is surpassed by the really formidable secretion which some of the so-called cocktail beetles exude from the end of their tails. It is well known that these active creatures, as swift on foot as on wing, have a curious habit of bending their bodies upwards when alarmed, which in the larger species has so threatening an aspect that many persons are literally afraid to touch so extraordinary an insect. In some cases this attitude involves the turning up of their pointed tail, and this is the source of the intense pain which so-called black flies—in reality Rove Beetles—cause to the eye into which they find their way accidentally on fine summer evenings.

A larger variety of these Rovers, seen in

the upper corner on the right hand of Plate III., in the act of winging its flight to a mushroom, is of classic celebrity, for ancient authors, who speak of it as "the beetle that walks about with its tail in the air," call it also *Caesareus*, in allusion to the blood-red spots on its body, which resembled the "dotted-blood" purple of *Cæsar's* imperial mantle. A near cousin, equally endowed with a vil-

lainous smell and formidable weapons, appears on the same Plate, in the lower right-hand corner, in its favorite threatening attitude. This is nothing less than the Devil's Coach-Horse, by many estimable entomologists considered the very ugliest insect known in nature. It cannot be denied that its dull, dead-black color, its flat eyes, with a cold, cruel look about them, and its tail, raised menacingly like that of the scorpion, exuding a most horrible stench, entitle it fairly to that distinction. It is as fierce and brave as it is hideous, and, seemingly born without fear, will show fight to any adversary, whatever may be his size or his weapons.

It is a pleasure to revert from such extreme ugliness to a little beetle who unites with a pleasing form, and a coat of golden green or rich bronzed blue, a scent so sweet and so



PLATE VIII.: (THE HERMIT CRAB.)



PLATE III.

pleasant as to have won for it the name of the Musk Beetle. His scent is so enduring that if the insect be held with a gloved hand, or wrapped in a handkerchief, it will impart its odor to the kid or the cambric, and they will retain it for a long time. The fact

that the Musk Beetle has been observed to emit a stronger scent in the breeding season than at other times, teaches us anew the wonderful provision of nature in endowing these despised creatures with a special power to find their mates in the hours of darkness; and we cannot doubt that other beetles also emit scents perceptible to their sharper senses, though too faint to be perceived by our nostrils. While some, as Darwin tells us, are directed in the choice of their future help-mates by the beauty of their garb and the richness of colors, others light up a bright lamp, and thus allure their lovers, while our friends the Musk Beetles perfume the air around them, and thus win affection by the most subtle of all senses.

It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the life of these humble insects is one of pleasure only: many of them, as we have recently learned, are eminently useful to the great household of Nature; others, no doubt, perform duties which have so far escaped our observation, and still others endure silently privations the severity of which we can hardly appreciate.

Thus it is one of the most beautiful provisions of Nature that as hyenas and vultures dispose of the surplus of animal life where it prevails on a larger scale, the world of insects also has its own scavengers, represented by a class of swift-winged, powerful



beetles, known as Sextons. Wherever a bird or a frog, or even a larger animal, like a hare, ends his brief life, these wonderful beetles appear, rendering themselves useful in so many ways that we cannot help marveling at the Supreme Wisdom, which here also has vouchsafed to change labor into a delight. These little creatures not only bury, with perfectly amusing rapidity, a dead animal, thus removing decaying matter from the surface of the earth, but they fertilize the latter at the same time, by burying it below the surface; they obtain their reward instantly by feeding upon the carrion and by laying their eggs in it, thus securing a feast for themselves and a provision for their future descendants.

On Plate III. a number of them may be seen in the act of thus burying a dead bird; their busiest scene is, however, the "Keeper's Tree" of England, a large oak or beech, on which the game-keeper of some well-stocked estate nails the carcasses of owls, weasels, magpies, and ravens, in his mistaken enmity against these useful birds. Entomologists love to disturb the apparent peace of these trophies: a net is held under them, a few taps are given, and "out of death cometh life," for instantly a whole host of larvæ and beetles drop into the net, and among them hundreds of Sextons. In Russia these indefatigable laborers, jet black with two bands of brilliant orange across the back, are over an inch long; they swarm by thousands in the evening, over the burying-places, invited by the sad, slovenly manner of burying the poor of that country, who are placed between four boards roughly nailed together, and interred only a few inches below the ground.

We are naturally less familiar with the purposes fulfilled by beetles that live in the water, where much of their activity escapes our observation. In order to watch them with success, the eye must either be submerged in the water, when all objects below the surface may be distinctly seen, or it must be aided by a so-called water-telescope, a tube open at the upper end and closed with a glass below.



PLATE IV.

Thus entomologists have watched the gradual development of water-insects, some of which pass in their short life through as many and as amusing changes as the Harlequin of our pantomimes. Perhaps the most familiar of these is the Whirligig or Whirlwig, as the ignorant are apt to call it, for it frequents every pond and pool, every ditch and dyke, being capable of flying quite far, and seeking new

pastures when it has exhausted the old. It has an amusing way of crawling up a reed or water-plant, to gain space for the spreading of its beautiful wings; it generally flies at night, and when it reaches a newly formed puddle, it closes its wings high in the air and falls like a stone into the water. There it begins at once its fierce, predatory life, attacking every living creature it can master, not

sparing its own kindred, as unmerciful to the opposite sex as to its own, and fearless enough even to attack the gold-fish in our aquaria. A fine specimen may be seen on Plate IV, in the water, and another flying through the air, with its wings spread, while below its hideous larva is seen in the act of seizing its prey.

Among the apparently neglected children of Nature, none is perhaps more curiously treated than the common May Fly, belonging to a class of insects known as Ephemeridæ, because of their short lives. A specimen of these may be seen in Plate V., above the Dragon Fly. They have no mouth! The parts of the mouth are there, but even when the May Fly is in its perfect state, they are so rudimentary that they serve no purpose, and the insect hence, during the time of its existence, neither eats nor requires food. It has altogether a hard time of it on earth,—for first it spends two years in the water and the wet mud; then it emerges into the open air, its skin splits, and the gradually unfolded wings enable it to fly to some tree or post, where it rests after its exertions.

A little time later the poor creature's skin splits once more, the

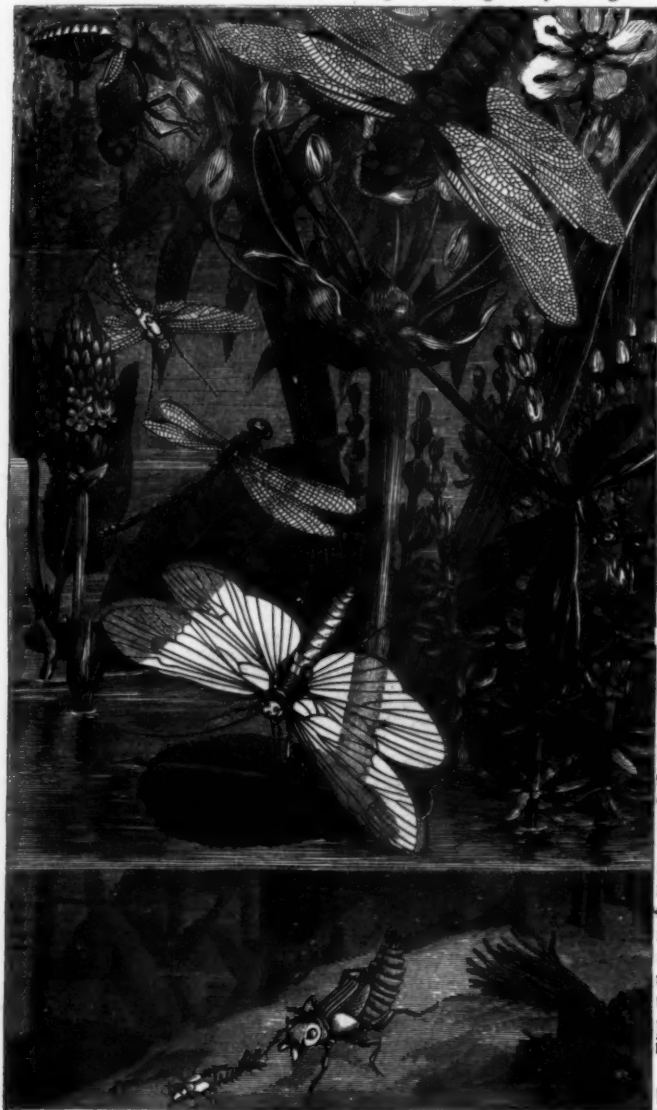


PLATE V.

wings assume a more airy form, and the May Fly, now perfect, launches into the air to dance away its life. For all this weary waiting, all these painful operations seem to serve only to fit the insect for a few hours' life, during which it joins large swarms and with them flutters up and down in restless, merry dance. And yet, as Nature is always as great in small things as in her largest offspring, she here also makes amends for tiny size and short life by creating the May Fly in such vast numbers that in many parts of Europe their bodies are collected in heaps and used for manuring the fields!-

On the same Plate (V.) may be seen several varieties of the familiar Dragon Fly, known in England and in some parts of our country as Horse-Stingers, from an absurd notion that they sting horses. Perhaps of all insects the most beautiful in Nature, endowed with huge powerful wings and magnificent clusters of eyes, through which the light plays with matchless splendor, it is punished apparently for this excess of beauty by the curse of insatiable hunger. Eating seems to be the one object of its life; it devours whatever comes in its way, from tiny flies to colossal spiders, and hardly is its meal finished than it darts off again with incredible swiftness, apparently as hungry as if it had starved for a long time. Fortunately, Nature has endowed it with a power of flight such as alone can enable it to chase and catch its prey: it has the power of suddenly reversing the stroke of its wings, so that it can stop in

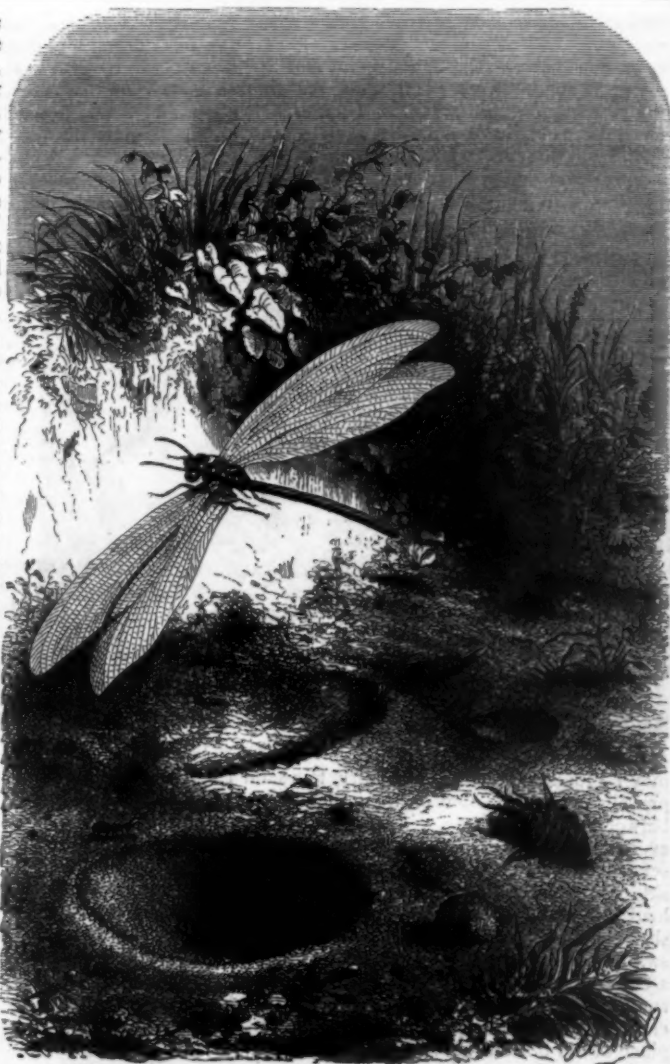


PLATE VI.

full career or fly backwards with considerable speed.

It is a near relative of this Dragon Fly, one variety of which is by the French gallantly called *Demoiselle*, in a previous state of existence, which bears the familiar and formidable name of *Ant-Lion*, on account of the carnage it makes among ants. Delighting in the rays of a burning sun, this larva is not found in England, but abounds on our own continent, and its ingeniously formed traps

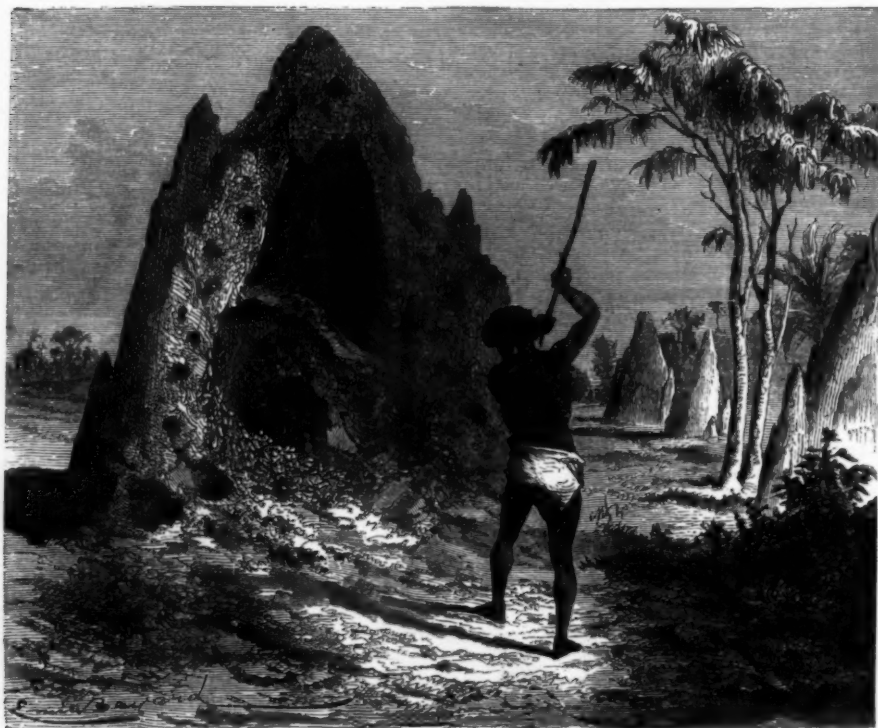


PLATE VII.: (HOUSES OF THE TERMITES.)

may be found almost wherever dry, fine sand prevails in the soil. Out on the arid plain, or between two paving-stones in a populous city, everywhere the formidable though tiny lion scoops out with great labor and marvelous skill its regular round funnel; lifting its little load with its head, it toils up to the surface, shakes off the particles of sand, and returns so swiftly to its task that the sand forms almost a continuous jet. At last the sides are so smooth and sloping that no living creature can climb up, and now the Ant-Lion takes its place at the bottom, burying itself in the sand, so that only the mandibles stand open, ready to devour the prey that unwarily approaches the edge and instantly rolls helplessly down into the jaws of its enemy. If the animal be larger than an ant, the lion keeps in its retreat, but covers its captive with incessant showers of sand, till it rolls down the treacherous slopes, and once at the bottom of the gulf, falls a ready prey to the owner of the funnel. The same head which has so indefatigably labored to construct the funnel then falls to work to rid it of the débris: by a powerful effort it launches them into the air, so that they fall

several inches from the edge, and no longer frighten the more wary passers-by. Thus on Plate VI. the neighborhood of the funnel may be seen strewn with the corpses of its victims.

In return, insects seem to be in the greater and more constant peril of life the lower they descend in the scale of their countless family. While larger and more powerful members rove about freely and live by robbery on land and piracy on water, the smaller and more helpless are in unceasing fear and anguish. Some rarely venture from their hiding-place, and others can wound an aggressor only at the cost of their own life; but no fact shows the terror in which these poor persecuted creatures live forever more clearly than the amazing stoicism with which they feign death, resisting every temptation and every torture. Some insects will allow themselves to be rolled about, punctured and pinched, singed and drowned, rather than show a sign of life when they have once determined to appear lifeless; and a few actually submit to being torn to pieces without moving a muscle, and may be burnt alive without making an attempt to escape.



Great, however, as the difference is in the manner of living, the catching of prey, and the provision for future generations in the various classes of the lower kingdom, the homes which they inhabit are perhaps even more varied in their construction and their adornments. There is no part of nature which does not serve as the home of some living creature; no work of man's hand escapes their irresistible inroads, and flesh and blood themselves harbor their inmates by thousands. No wonder, then, that some—and often the tiniest of insects—erect huge structures rivaling the boasted achievements of man, while others, like many of us, have to dwell all their life long in hired lodgings, for which they make it a point to forget to pay the rent.

Among the former none are more remarkable than the Termites—often erroneously called white ants, as they do not belong to the family of our ants—who build themselves homes of prodigious height and amazing solidity. In Africa these pyramid-shaped dwellings—such as may be seen on Plate VII.—often are twenty feet high, and, as they are apt to be built near each other, assume the appearance of a village of natives. Although they are slowly and laboriously built up by tiny beings able to carry but a small particle of clay at a time, their strength, when completed, is so great that the wild cattle can climb upon them

to stand there as sentinels, while the interior is large enough to shelter a dozen of men, and often serves hunters as lodgings while lying in wait for their game.

While these Neuroptera delight in erecting colossal structures with airy chambers, vast passages, and countless nurseries, an animal of far larger size and greater power is left homeless and helpless, as far as its own protection is concerned. This is the well-known Hermit Crab of our Southern shores, which has to seek a shelter for its soft and unprotected body, but instead of making a cell its home, after the manner of pious hermits of old, it looks around for the owner of a comfortable house, a mollusk or a brother-hermit, and after having eaten the occupant, ensconces itself snugly in its new abode. As these robbers grow larger, they leave their modest domicile and dislodge the proprietor of a more roomy dwelling, which they drag about with them, sheltering themselves like soldiers in a sentry-box, and presenting only their formidable arms at the entrance. (See Plate VIII.) The contrast between the size of the shell and that of the owner is often ludicrous in the extreme; but they are not fastidious in the choice of their hermitage, and even the bowl of an earthenware pipe has been known to be used for the purpose.

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### OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

ARISE, come forth, O heart, thou art not dead!  
 'Twas but the jeering falsehood of Despair;—  
 Earth bourgeons bright for thee,—the skies are fair,  
 And Hope, to greet thee, lifts her shining head.  
 But, coming, fail not thou with awe to tread  
 The path of darkness, royal highway where,  
 All round thee and above, thou shalt be 'ware  
 That thy most loving Lord for thee had spread  
 The curtains of His own pavilion, fold  
 On fold all costliest broideries of grace,—  
 Designs of mercy, cunning work of old—  
 Heavily hiding. Walk with veiled face,  
 With bowed head, reverently, till thou behold  
 His unveiled glory in the eternal place!

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## MOMMA PHCEBE.



Ef my hah is de colo' o' silbah,  
 I aint mo' d'n fifty yea' ole;  
 It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'nin',  
 An' weepin', an' tawtah o' soul.  
 Faw I los' bofe my dahlin' men-child'en—  
 De two hev done gone to deh res'—  
 My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,  
 De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,  
 An' I done got mawied in May;  
 An' bofe o' ow beautiful child'en  
 Wah bo'n de same time to a day.  
 But while I got bettah an' strongah,  
 Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss;  
 Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,  
 De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,  
 Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine;  
 Ef one got his se'f into mischief,  
 De uddah wah not fuh behine.  
 When Mahs' William he went to de college,  
 Why nuffin on ahf den wou' do,  
 But Jeemes, his milk-bruddah, faw sahb  
 Mus' git, an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh—  
 I allow 'twas de makin' o' Jim;  
 Setch a gemplum, de young colo'd women  
 Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.

But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,  
 Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall;  
 An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,  
 Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,  
 An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las';  
 An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he catch it;  
 An' bofe from dis life dey done pas'.  
 Mahs' William, he run de plantation,  
 But de niggahs could easy fool him;  
 An' de place would hev all come to nuffin',  
 Ef 'twant faw ole momma an' Jim.

Well, at las'—I dunno how dey done it—  
 Aw jes' what de fightin' was faw;  
 But de No'f an' de Souf got a quawlin,  
 An' Mahs' William 'd go to de waw.  
 De folks roun' about, raised a squad'on,  
 An' faw cap'en de boys 'lected him;  
 I prayed he'd stay home wid his people,  
 But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim.

It was gran' faw to see all dem hossmen  
 Dat numbah'd a hund'ed an' fo',  
 As dey sot up so straight in deh saddles,  
 An' rid in fo' rows by de do'!  
 An' Mahs' William he sed as he pas' me,  
 An' me a'most ready to cry—  
 "Take good cah o' youse'f, Momma Phcebe—  
 Jim an' I 'll be along yeh, bime-by!"

We hea' bout dem two sets a fightin',  
 I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea';  
 An' bime-by we la'nt dat de Yankees  
 Wid deh ahmy was comin' quite nea'.  
 An' den deh was fit a great battle,  
 Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees;  
 We could hea' all deh cannons a boomin',  
 An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a prayin'—  
 I tought o' my two boys dat day—  
 An' de noise it went fudda an' fudda,  
 'Tell all o' it melted away.  
 An' de sun it sot awful an' bloody,  
 An' a great pile o' fi' in de sky;  
 An' beyond was de dead men a lyin',  
 An' de wounded agwine faw to die.

Den I riz, an' I called faw ole Lem'el,  
 An' a couple o' mo' o' de boys;  
 An' s'I—"Now you saddle de hosses,  
 An' be kehful an' don't make no noise.  
 An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle,  
 Afo' de las' bit o' de beams  
 O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah  
 Faw ow young Mahs' William an' Jeems."

An' dey say—"Dey aint dah, faw sahtin':  
 Deh's nuffin de mattah, faw sho'!  
 But seein' it's you, Momma Phoebe,  
 O' co'se all de boys yuh'll go."  
 An' dey saddled an' bridled de hosses—  
 De bes' had been all tuck away—  
 An' we retched to de place o' de fightin',  
 Jes' on de heels o' de day.

An' oh! what a sight deh wah, honey!  
 A sight you could nevvah fo'git;  
 De piles o' de dead an' de dyin'—  
 I see um afo' me eyes yit.

An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,  
 An' shibbèd de soul to see,  
 Like de fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,  
 Which yit is agwine faw to be.

Den I hea'd a voice crying faw "watah!"  
 An' I toted de gode to de place,  
 An' den, as I gav him de drink dah  
 My teahs dey fell obah his face.  
 Faw he was shot right froo de middle,  
 An' his mastah lay dead dah by him;  
 An' he sed, s'e, "Is dat you dah, momma?"  
 An' I sed, s'I, "Is dat you dah, Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma;  
 An' young Mahs' William's done gone;  
 But I foun' de chap dat had killed him,  
 An' he lies dah, clove to de bone.  
 An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',  
 Dese wah de words dat he sed:  
 'Jes you tell you' momma, Mom' Phoebe'"—  
 Den I scream, faw de dahlin fell dead.

All batte'd an' shatte'd wid bullets,  
 An' hacked wid de bayonet an' swo'd;  
 An' bleedin', an' cut up, an' mangled,  
 An' dead on de meadow so broad.  
 But what dah was lef' o' de bodies,  
 I tuck um, an' washed um, an' dres';  
 Faw I membe'd de deah blessed babies  
 Dat once drawed de milk f'om my breas'.

Den on to de ole plantation  
 We toted de cawpses dat night,  
 An' we gav um a beautiful beryum,  
 De colo'd as well as de white.  
 An' I shall be jined to dem child'en,  
 When de jedgmen'-day comes on;  
 Faw God 'll be good to Mom' Phoebe  
 When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 630.)



WILFRID AND MARY.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## ONLY A LINK.

It may be said of the body in regard of sleep as well as in regard of death, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." For

me, the next morning, I could almost have said, "I was sown in dishonor and raised in glory." No one can deny the power of the wearied body to paralyze the soul; but I have a correlate theory which I love, and which I expect to find true—that, while the



body wearies the mind, it is the mind that restores vigor to the body, and then, like the man who has built him a stately palace, rejoices to dwell in it. I believe that, if there be a living, conscious love at the heart of the universe, the mind, in the quiescence of its consciousness in sleep, comes into a less disturbed contact with its origin, the heart of the creation; whence, gifted with calmness and strength for itself, it grows able to impart comfort and restoration to the weary frame. The cessation of labor affords but the necessary occasion; makes it possible, as it were, for the occupant of an outlying station in the wilderness to return to his father's house for fresh supplies of all that is needful for life and energy. The child-soul goes home at night, and returns in the morning to the labors of the school. Mere physical rest could never of its own negative self build up the frame in such light and vigor as come through sleep.

It was from no blessed vision that I woke the next morning, but from a deep and dreamless sleep. Yet the moment I became aware of myself and the world, I felt strong and courageous, and I began at once to look my affairs in the face. Concerning that which was first in consequence, I soon satisfied myself: I could not see that I had committed any serious fault in the whole affair. I was not at all sure that a lie in defense of the innocent, and to prevent the knowledge of what no one had any right to know, was wrong—seeing such involves no injustice on the one side, and does justice on the other. I have seen reason since to change my mind, and count my liberty restricted to silence—not extending, that is, to the denial or assertion of what the will of God, inasmuch as it exists or does not exist, may have declared to be or not to be fact. I now think that to lie is, as it were, to snatch the reins out of God's hand.

At all events, however, I had done the Brothertons no wrong.

"What matter, then," I said to myself, "of what they believe me guilty, so long as before God and my own conscience I am clear and clean?"

Next came the practical part:—What was I to do? To right myself, either in respect of their opinion or in respect of my lost property, was more hopeless than important, and I hardly wasted two thoughts upon that. But I could not remain where I was, and soon came to the resolution to go with Charley to London at once, and taking lodgings in some secure recess near the inns of court, there to give myself to work, and work alone, in the

foolish hope that one day fame might buttress reputation. In this resolution I was more influenced by the desire to be near the brother of Mary Osborne, than the desire to be near my friend Charley, strong as that was; I expected thus to hear of her oftener, and even cherished the hope of coming to hear from her—of inducing her to honor me with a word or two of immediate communication. For I could see no reason why her opinions should prevent her from corresponding with one who, whatever might or might not seem to him true, yet cared for the truth, and must treat with respect every form in which he could desecrate its predominating presence.

I would have asked Charley to set out with me that very day, but for the desire to clear up the discrepancy between the date of my ancestor's letters, all written within the same year, and that of the copy I had made of the registration of their marriage—with which object I would compare the copy and the original. I wished also to have some talk with Mr. Coningham concerning the contents of the letters which at his urgency I had now read. I got up and wrote to him therefore, asking him to ride with me again to Umberden Church as soon as he could make it convenient, and sent Styles off at once on the mare to carry the note to Minstercombe and bring me back an answer.

As we sat over our breakfast, Charley said suddenly,

"Clara was regretting yesterday that she had not seen the Moat. She said you had asked her once, but had never spoken of it again."

"And now I suppose she thinks, because I'm in disgrace with her friends at the Hall, that she mustn't come near me," I said, with another bitterness than belonged to the words.

"Wilfrid!" he said reproachfully; "she didn't say anything of the sort. I will write and ask her if she couldn't contrive to come over. She might meet us at the park gates."

"No," I returned; "there isn't time. I mean to go back to London—perhaps tomorrow evening. It is like turning you out, Charley, but we shall be nearer each other in town than we were last time."

"I am delighted to hear it," he said. "I had been thinking myself that I had better go back this evening. My father is expected home in a day or two, and it would be just like him to steal a march on my chambers. Yes, I think I shall go to night."

"Very well, old boy," I answered. "That will make it all right. It's a pity we couldn't take the journey together, but it doesn't mat-

ter much. I shall follow you as soon as I can."

"Why can't you go with me?" he asked.

Thereupon I gave him a full report of my excursion with Mr. Coningham, and the after-reading of my letters, with my reason for wishing to examine the register again; telling him that I had asked Mr. Coningham to ride with me once more to Umberden Church.

When Styles returned, he informed me that Mr. Coningham at first proposed to ride back with him, but probably bethinking himself that another sixteen miles would be too much for my mare, had changed his mind and sent me the message that he would be with me early the next day.

After Charley was gone, I spent the evening in a thorough search of the old bureau. I found in it several quaint ornaments besides those already mentioned, but only one thing which any relation to my story would justify specific mention of—namely, an ivory label, discolored with age, on which was traceable the very number Sir Giles had read from the scabbard of Sir Wilfrid's sword. Clearly then my sword was the one mentioned in the book, and as clearly it had not been at Moldwarp Hall for a long time before I lost it there. If I were in any fear as to my reader's acceptance of my story, I should rejoice in the possession of that label more than in the restoration of sword or book; but amidst all my troubles, I have as yet been able to rely upon her justice and her knowledge of myself. Yes—I must mention one thing more I found—a long, sharp-pointed, straight-backed, snake-edged Indian dagger, inlaid with silver—a fierce, dangerous, almost venomous-looking weapon, in a curious case of old green morocco. It also may have once belonged to the armory of Moldwarp Hall. I took it with me when I left my grannie's room, and laid it in the portmanteau I was going to take to London.

My only difficulty was what to do with Lilith; but I resolved for the mean time to leave her, as before, in the care of Styles, who seemed almost as fond of her as I was myself.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

##### A DISCLOSURE.

MR. CONINGHAM was at my door by ten o'clock, and we set out together for Umberden Church. It was a cold, clear morning. The dying autumn was turning a bright, thin, defiant face upon the conquering winter. I was in great spirits, my mind being full of Mary Osborne. At one moment I saw but

her own ordinary face, only, what I had used to regard as dullness I now interpreted as the possession of her soul in patience; at another I saw the glorified countenance of my Athanasia, knowing that beneath the veil of the other, this, the real, the true face ever lay. Once in my sight, the frost-clung flower had blossomed; in full ideal of glory it had shone for a moment, and then, folding itself again away, had retired into the regions of faith. And while I knew that such could dawn out of such, how could I help hoping that from the face of the universe, however to my eyes it might sometimes seem to stare like the seven-days dead, one morn might dawn the unspeakable face which even Moses might not behold lest he should die of the great sight? The keen air, the bright sunshine, the swift motion—all combined to raise my spirits to an unwonted pitch; but it was a silent ecstasy, and I almost forgot the presence of Mr. Coningham. When he spoke at last, I started.

"I thought from your letter you had something to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede," he said, coming alongside of me.

"Yes, to be sure. I have been reading my grannie's papers, as I told you."

I recounted the substance of what I had found in them.

"Does it not strike you as rather strange that all this should have been kept a secret from you?" he asked.

"Very few know anything about their grandfathers," I said; "so I suppose very few fathers care to tell their children about them."

"That is because there are so few concerning whom there is anything worth telling."

"For my part," I returned, "I should think any fact concerning one of those who link me with the infinite past out of which I have come, invaluable. Even a fact which is not to the credit of an ancestor may be a precious discovery to the man who has in himself to fight the evil derived from it."

"That, however, is a point of view rarely taken. What the ordinary man values is also rare; hence few regard their ancestry, or transmit any knowledge they may have of those who have gone before them to those that come after them."

"My uncle, however, I suppose, told me nothing because, unlike the many, he prized neither wealth nor rank; nor what are commonly considered great deeds."

"You are not far from the truth there," said Mr. Coningham in a significant tone.

"Then you know why he never told me anything!" I exclaimed.

"I do—from the best authority."

"His own, you mean, I suppose."

"I do."

"But—but—I didn't know you were ever—at all—intimate with my uncle," I said. He laughed knowingly.

"You would say, if you didn't mind speaking the truth, that you thought your uncle disliked me—disapproved of me. Come now—did he not try to make you avoid me? You needn't mind acknowledging the fact, for when I have explained the reason of it, you will see that it involves no discredit to either of us."

"I have no fear for my uncle."

"You are honest, if not over polite," he rejoined. "You do not feel so sure about my share. Well, I don't mind who knows it, for my part. I roused the repugnance, to the knowledge of which your silence confesses, merely by acting as any professional man ought to have acted—and with the best intentions. At the same time, all the blame I should ever think of casting upon him is, that he allowed his high-strung, saintly, I had almost said superhuman ideas to stand in the way of his nephew's prosperity."

"Perhaps he was afraid of that prosperity standing in the way of a better."

"Precisely so. You understand him perfectly. He was one of the best and simplest-minded men in the world."

"I am glad you do him that justice."

"At the same time I do not think he intended you to remain in absolute ignorance of what I am going to tell you. But you see, he died very suddenly. Besides, he could hardly expect I should hold my tongue after he was gone."

"Perhaps, however, he might expect me not to cultivate your acquaintance," I said, laughing to take the sting out of the words.

"You cannot accuse yourself of having taken any trouble in that direction," he returned, laughing also.

"I believe, however," I resumed, "from what I can recall of things he said, especially on one occasion on which he acknowledged the existence of a secret in which I was interested, he did not intend that I should always remain in ignorance of everything he thought proper to conceal from me then."

"I presume you are right. I think his conduct in this respect arose chiefly from anxiety that the formation of your character should not be influenced by the knowledge of certain facts which might unsettle you, and prevent you from reaping the due advantages of study and self-dependence in youth. I cannot, however, believe that by being open

with you I shall now be in any danger of thwarting his plans, for you have already proved yourself a wise, moderate, conscientious man, diligent and pains-taking. Forgive me for appearing to praise you. I had no such intention. I was only uttering as a fact to be considered in the question, what upon my honor I thoroughly believe."

"I should be happy in your good opinion, if I were able to appropriate it," I said. "But a man knows his own faults better than his neighbor knows his virtues."

"Spoken like the man I took you for, Mr. Cumbermede," he rejoined gravely.

"But to return to the matter in hand," I resumed: "what can there be so dangerous in the few facts I have just come to the knowledge of, that my uncle should have cared to conceal them from me? That a man born in humble circumstances should come to know that he had distinguished ancestors, could hardly so fill him with false notions as to endanger his relation to the laws of his existence."

"Of course—but you are too hasty. Those facts are of more importance than you are aware—involve other facts. Moldwarp Hall is *your* property, and not Sir Giles Brotherton's."

"Then the apple was my own, after all!" I said to myself exultingly. It was a strange fantastic birth of conscience and memory,—forgotten the same moment, and followed by an electric flash—not of hope, not of delight, not of pride, but of pure revenge. My whole frame quivered with the shock; yet for a moment I seemed to have the strength of a Hercules. In front of me was a stile through a high hedge: I turned Lilith's head to the hedge, struck my spurs into her, and over or through it, I know not which, she bounded. Already, with all the strength of will I could summon, I struggled to rid myself of the wicked feeling; and although I cannot pretend to have succeeded for long after, yet by the time Mr. Coningham had popped over the stile, I was waiting for him, to all appearance, I believe, perfectly calm. He on the other hand, from whatever cause, was actually trembling. His face was pale, and his eye flashing. Was it that he had roused me more effectually than he had hoped?

"Take care, take care, my boy," he said, "or you won't live to enjoy your own. Permit me the honor of shaking hands with Sir Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll."

After this ceremonial of prophetic investiture we jogged away quietly, and he told me a long story about the death of the last pro-

prietor, the degree in which Sir Giles was related to him, and his undisputed accession to the property. At that time, he said, my father was in very bad health, and indeed died within six months of it.

"I knew your father well, Mr. Cumbermede," he went on, "—one of the best of men, with more spirit—more ambition than your uncle. It was *his* wish that his child, if a boy, should be called Wilfrid,—for though they had been married five or six years, their only child was born after his death. Your uncle did not like the name, your mother told me, but made no objection to it. So you were named after your grandfather, and great-grandfather, and I don't know how many of the race besides.—When the last of the Darylls died—"

"Then," I interrupted, "my father was the heir."

"No; you mistake: your uncle was the elder—Sir David Cumbermede Daryll, of Moldwarp Hall and The Moat," said Mr. Coningham, evidently bent on making the most of my rights.

"He never even told me he was the eldest," I said. "I always thought, from his coming home to manage the farm when my father was ill, that he was the second of the two sons."

"On the contrary, he was several years older than your father—so that you mustn't suppose he kept you back from any of your rights. They were his, not yours, while he lived."

"I will not ask," I said, "why he did not enforce them. That is plain enough from what I know of his character. The more I think of that, the loftier and simpler it seems to grow. He could not bring himself to spend the energies of a soul meant for higher things on the assertion and recovery of earthly rights."

"I rather differ from you there; and I do not know," returned my companion, whose tone was far more serious than I had ever heard it before, "whether the explanation I am going to offer will raise your uncle as much in your estimation as it does in mine. I confess I do not rank such self-denial as you attribute to him so highly as you do. On the contrary, I count it a fault. How could the world go on if everybody was like your uncle?"

"If everybody was like my uncle, he would have been forced to accept the position," I said; "for there would have been no one to take it from him."

"Perhaps. But you must not think Sir

Giles knew anything of your uncle's claim. He knows nothing of it now."

I had not thought of Sir Giles in connection with the matter—only of Geoffrey; and my heart recoiled from the notion of disposing the old man, who, however misled with regard to me at last, had up till then shown me uniform kindness. In that moment I had almost resolved on taking no steps till after his death. But Mr. Coningham soon made me forget Sir Giles in a fresh revelation of my uncle.

"Although," he resumed, "all you say of your uncle's indifference to this world and its affairs is indubitably correct, I do not believe, had there not been a prospect of your making your appearance, that he would have shirked the duty of occupying the property which was his both by law and by nature. But he knew it might be an expensive suit—for no one can tell by what tricks of the law such may be prolonged—in which case all the money he could command would soon be spent, and nothing left either to provide for your so-called aunt, for whom he had a great regard, or to give you that education which, whether you were to succeed to the property or not, he counted indispensable. He cared far more, he said, about your having such a property in yourself as was at once personal and real, than for your having any amount of property out of yourself. Expostulation was of no use. I had previously learned—from the old lady herself—the true state of the case, and, upon the death of Sir Geoffrey Daryll, had at once communicated with him—which placed me in a position for urging him, as I did again and again, considerably to his irritation, to assert and prosecute his claim to the title and estates. I offered to take the whole risk upon myself; but he said that would be tantamount to giving up his personal liberty until the matter was settled, which might not be in his life-time. I may just mention, however, that besides his religious absorption, I strongly suspect there was another cause of his indifference to worldly affairs: I have grounds for thinking that he was disappointed in a more than ordinary attachment to a lady he met at Oxford—in station considerably above any prospects he had then. To return: he was resolved that whatever might be your fate, you should not have to meet it without such preparation as he could afford you. As you have divined, he was most anxious that your character should have acquired some degree of firmness before you knew anything of the possibility of your inheriting a large property and

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historical name; and I may appropriate the credit of a negative share in the carrying out of his plans, for you will bear me witness how often I might have upset them by informing you of the facts of the case."

"I am heartily obliged to you," I said, "for not interfering with my uncle's wishes, for I am very glad indeed that I have been kept in ignorance of my rights until now. The knowledge would at one time have gone far to render me useless for personal effort in any direction worthy of it. It would have made me conceited, ambitious, boastful: I don't know how many bad adjectives would have been necessary to describe me."

"It is all very well to be modest, but I venture to think differently."

"I should like to ask you one question, Mr. Coningham," I said.

"As many as you please."

"How is it that you have so long delayed giving me the information which on my uncle's death you no doubt felt at liberty to communicate?"

"I did not know how far you might partake of your uncle's disposition, and judged that the wider your knowledge of the world, and the juster your estimate of the value of money and position, the more willing you would be to listen to the proposals I had to make."

"Do you remember," I asked, after a canter, led off by my companion, "one very stormy night on which you suddenly appeared at the Moat, and had a long talk with my uncle on the subject?"

"Perfectly," he answered. "But how did you come to know? He did not tell of my visit!"

"Certainly not. But, listening in my nightgown on the stair, which is open to the kitchen, I heard enough of your talk to learn the object of your visit—namely, to carry off my skin to make bagpipes with."

He laughed so heartily that I told him the whole story of the pendulum.

"On that occasion," he said, "I made the offer to your uncle, on condition of his sanctioning the commencement of legal proceedings, to pledge myself to meet every expense of those and of your education as well, and to claim nothing whatever in return, except in case of success."

This quite corresponded with my own childish recollections of the interview between them. Indeed, there was such an air of simple straightforwardness about his whole communication, while at the same time it accounted so thoroughly for the warning my

uncle had given me against him, that I felt I might trust him entirely, and so would have told him all that had taken place at the Hall, but for the share his daughter had borne in it, and the danger of discovery to Mary.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE DATES.

I HAVE given, of course, only an epitome of our conversation, and by the time we had arrived at this point, we had also reached the gate of the churchyard. Again we fastened up our horses; again he took the key from under the tomb-stone; and once more we entered the dreary little church, and drew aside the curtain of the vestry. I took down the volume of the register. The place was easy to find, seeing, as I have said, it was at the very end of the volume.

The copy I had taken was correct: the date of the marriage in the register was January 15, and it was the first under the year 1748, written at the top of the page. I stood for a moment gazing at it; then my eye turned to the entry before it, the last on the preceding page. It bore the date December 13—under the general date at the top of the page, 1747. The next entry after it was dated March 29. At the bottom of the page, or cover rather, was the attestation of the clergyman to the number of marriages in that year; but there was no such attestation at the bottom of the preceding page. I turned to Mr. Coningham, who had stood regarding me, and, pointing to the book, said—

"Look here, Mr. Coningham. I cannot understand it. Here the date of the marriage is 1748; and that of all their letters, evidently written after the marriage, is 1747."

He looked, and stood looking, but made no reply. In my turn I looked at him. His face expressed something not far from consternation; but the moment he became aware that I was observing him, he pulled out his handkerchief, and wiping his forehead with an attempt at a laugh, said—

"How hot it is! Yes; there's something awkward there. I hadn't observed it before. I must inquire into that. I confess I cannot explain it all at once. It does certainly seem queer. I must look into those dates when I go home."

He was evidently much more discomposed than he was willing I should perceive. He always spoke rather hurriedly, but I had never heard him stammer before. I was certain that he saw or at least dreaded something fatal in the discrepancy I had pointed out.

As to looking into it when he got home, that sounded very like nonsense. He pulled out a note-book, however, and said:

"I may just as well make a note of the blunder—for blunder it must be—a very awkward one indeed, I am afraid. I should think so—I cannot—But then—"

He went on uttering disjointed and unfinished expressions, while he made several notes. His manner was of one who regards the action he is about as useless, yet would have it supposed the right thing to do.

"There!" he said, shutting up his note-book with a slam; and turning away he strode out of the place—much, it seemed to me, as if his business there was over for ever. I gave one more glance at the volume, and replaced it on the shelf. When I rejoined him, he was already mounted and turning to move off.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Coningham," I said. "I don't exactly know where to put the key."

"Fling it under the grave-stone, and come along," he said, muttering something more, in which perhaps I only fancied I heard certain well-known maledictions.

By this time my spirits had sunk as much below their natural level, as, a little before, they had risen above it. But I felt that I must be myself, and that no evil any more than good fortune ought for a moment to perturb the tenor of my being. Therefore, having locked the door deliberately and carefully, I felt about along the underside of the grave-stone until I found the ledge where the key had lain. I then made what haste I could to mount and follow Mr. Coningham, but Lilith delayed the operation by her eagerness. I gave her the rein, and it was well no one happened to be coming in the opposite direction through that narrow and tortuous passage, for she flew round the corners—"turning close to the ground, like a cat when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse," as my old favorite Sir Philip Sidney says. Notwithstanding her speed, however, when I reached the mouth of the lane, there was Mr. Coningham half across the first field, with his coat-tails flying out behind him. I would not allow myself to be left in such a discourteous fashion, and gave chase. Before he had measured the other half of the field I was up with him.

"That mare of yours is a clever one," he said, as I ranged alongside of him. "I thought I would give her a breather. She hasn't enough to do."

"She's not breathing so *very* fast," I returned. "Her wind is as good as her legs."

"Let's go along then, for I've lost a great deal of time this morning. I ought to have been at Squire Strode's an hour ago. How hot the sun is, to be sure, for this time of the year!"

As he spoke he urged his horse, but I took and kept the lead, feeling, I confess, a little angry, for I could not help suspecting he had really wanted to run away from me. I did what I could, however, to behave as if nothing had happened. But he was very silent, and his manner towards me was quite altered. Neither could I help thinking it scarcely worthy of a man of the world, not to say a lawyer, to show himself so much chagrined. For my part, having simply concluded that the new-blown bubble-hope had burst, I found myself just where I was before—with a bend sinister on my scutcheon, it might be, but with a good conscience, a tolerably clear brain, and the dream of my Athanasia.

The moment we reached the road, Mr. Coningham announced that his was in the opposite direction to mine, said his good morning, shook hands with me, and jogged slowly away. I knew that was not the nearest way to Squire Strode's.

I could not help laughing—he had so much the look of a dog with his tail between his legs, or a beast of prey that had made his spring and missed his game. I watched him for some time, for Lilith being pulled both ways—towards home, and after her late companion—was tolerably quiescent, but he never cast a glance behind him. When at length a curve in the road hid him from my sight, I turned and went quietly home, thinking what the significance of the unwelcome discovery might be. If the entry of the marriage under that date could not be proved a mere blunder, of which I could see no hope, then certainly my grandfather must be regarded as born out of wedlock, a supposition which, if correct, would account for the dropping of the *Daryll*.

On the way home, I jumped no hedges.

Having taken my farewell of Lilith, I packed my "bag of needments," locked the door of my uncle's room, which I would have no one enter in my absence, and set out to meet the night mail.

## CHAPTER II.

### CHARLEY AND CLARA.

ON my arrival in London I found Charley waiting for me, as I had expected; and with his help soon succeeded in finding, in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river, the accommodation I wanted. There

I settled, and resumed the labor so long and thanklessly interrupted.

When I recounted the circumstances of my last interview with Mr. Coningham, Charley did not seem so much surprised at the prospect which had opened before me as disappointed at its sudden close, and would not admit that the matter could be allowed to rest where it was.

"Do you think the change of style could possibly have anything to do with it?" he asked, after a meditative silence.

"I don't know," I replied. "What change of style do you mean?"

"I mean the change of the beginning of the year from March to January," he answered.

"When did that take place?" I asked.

"Some time about the middle of the last century," he replied; "but I will find out exactly."

The next night he brought me the information that the January which according to the old style would have been that of 1752, was promoted to be the first month of the year 1753.

My dates then were, by several years, antecedent to the change, and it was an indisputable anachronism that the January between the December of 1747 and the March of 1748 should be entered as belonging to the latter year. This seemed to throw a little dubious light upon the perplexity: the January thus entered belonged clearly to 1747, and therefore was the same January with that of my ancestors' letters. Plainly, however, the entry could not stand in evidence, its interpolation at least appearing indubitable, for how otherwise could it stand at the beginning of the new year instead of towards the end of the old, five years before the change of style? Also, I now clearly remembered that it did look a little crushed between the heading of the year and the next entry. It must be a forgery—and a stupid one as well, seeing the bottom of the preceding page, where there was a small blank, would have been the proper place to choose for it—that is, under the heading 1747. Could the 1748 have been inserted afterwards? That did not appear likely, seeing it belonged to all the rest of the entries on the page, there being none between the date in question and March 29, on the 25th of which month the new year began. The conclusion lying at the door was, that some one had inserted the marriage so long after the change of style that he knew nothing of the trap there lying for his forgery. It seemed probable that, blindly following the letters, he had sought to

place it in the beginning of the previous year, but, getting bewildered in the apparent eccentricities of the arrangement of month and year, or, perhaps, finding no other blank suitable to his purpose, had at last drawn his bow at a venture. Neither this nor any other theory I could fashion, did I however find in the least satisfactory. All I could be sure of was, that here was no evidence of the marriage—on the contrary, a strong presumption against it.

For my part, the dream in which I had indulged had been so short that I very soon recovered from the disappointment of the waking therefrom. Neither did the blot with which the birth of my grandfather was menaced affect me much. My chief annoyance in regard of that aspect of the affair was in being so related to Geoffrey Brotherton.

I cannot say how it came about, but I could not help observing that, by degrees, a manifest softening appeared in Charley's mode of speaking of his father, although I knew that there was not the least approach to a more cordial intercourse between them. I attributed the change to the letters of his sister, which he always gave me to read. From them I have since classed her with a few others I have since known, chiefly women, the best of their kind, so good and so large-minded that they seem ever on the point of casting aside the unworthy opinions they have been taught, and showing themselves the true followers of him who cared only for the truth; and yet holding by the doctrines of men, and believing them to be the mind of God.

In one or two of Charley's letters to her I ventured to insert a question or two, and her reference to these in her replies to Charley gave me an opportunity of venturing to write to her more immediately, in part defending what I thought the truth, in part expressing all the sympathy I honestly could with her opinions. She replied very kindly, very earnestly, and with a dignity of expression as well as of thought which harmonized entirely with my vision of her deeper and grander nature.

The chief bent of my energies was now to vindicate for myself a worthy position in the world of letters; but my cherished hope lay in the growth of such an intimacy with Mary Osborne as might afford ground for the cultivation of far higher and more precious ambitions.

It was not, however, with the design of furthering these that I was now guilty of what will seem to most men a Quixotic action enough.

"Your sister is fond of riding—is she not?"

I asked Charley one day, as we sauntered with our cigars on the terrace of the Adelphi.

"As fond as one can possibly be who has had so little opportunity," he said.

"I was hoping to have a ride with her and Clara the very evening when that miserable affair occurred. The loss of that ride was at least as great a disappointment to me as the loss of the sword."

"You seem to like my sister, Wilfrid," he said.

"At least I care more for her good opinion than I do for any woman's—or man's either, Charley."

"I am so glad!" he responded. "You like her better than Clara, then?"

"Ever so much," I said.

He looked more pleased than annoyed, I thought—certainly neither the one nor the other entirely. His eyes sparkled, but there was a flicker of darkness about his forehead.

"I am very glad," he said again, after a moment's pause. "I thought—I was afraid—I had fancied sometimes—you were still a little in love with Clara."

"Not one atom," I returned. "She cured me of that quite. There is no danger of that any more," I added—foolishly, seeing I intended no explanation.

"How do you mean?" he asked, a little uneasily.

I had no answer ready, and a brief silence followed. The subject was not resumed.

It may well seem strange to my reader that I had never yet informed him of the part Clara had had in the matter of the sword. But, as I have already said, when anything moved me very deeply, I was never ready to talk about it. Somehow, whether from something of the cat-nature in me, I never liked to let go my hold of it without good reason. Especially I shrunk from imparting what I only half comprehended; and besides, in the present case, the thought of Clara's behavior was so painful to me still, that I recoiled from any talk about it—the more that Charley had a kind and good opinion of her, and would, I knew, only start objections and explanations defensive, as he had done before on a similar occasion, and this I should have no-patience with. I had therefore hitherto held my tongue. There was, of course, likewise the fear of betraying his sister, only the danger of that was small, now that the communication between the two girls seemed at an end for the time; and if it had not been that a certain amount of mutual reticence had arisen between us, first on Charley's part and afterwards on mine, I doubt much whether, after

all, I should not by this time have told him the whole story. But the moment I had spoken as above, the strangeness of his look, which seemed to indicate that he would gladly request me to explain myself but for some hidden reason, flashed upon me the suspicion that he was himself in love with Clara. The moment the suspicion entered, a host of circumstances crystallized around it. Fact after fact flashed out of my memory, from the first meeting of the two in Switzerland down to this last time I had seen them together, and in the same moment I was convinced that the lady I saw him with in the Regent's Park was no other than Clara. But if it were so, why had he shut me out from his confidence? Of the possible reasons which suggested themselves, the only one which approached the satisfactory was, that he had dreaded hurting me by the confession of his love for her, and preferred leaving it to Clara to cure me of a passion to which my doubtful opinion of her gave a probability of weakness and ultimate evanescence.

A great conflict awoke in me. What ought I to do? How could I leave him in ignorance of the falsehood of the woman he loved? But I could not make the disclosure now. I must think about the how and the how much to tell him. I returned to the subject which had led up to the discovery.

"Does your father keep horses, Charley?"

"He has a horse for his parish work, and my mother has an old pony for her carriage."

"Is the rectory a nice place?"

"I believe it is, but I have such painful associations with it that I hardly know."

The Arab loves the desert sand where he was born; the thief loves the court where he used to play in the gutter. How miserable Charley's childhood must have been! How could I tell him of Clara's falsehood?

"Why doesn't he give Mary a pony to ride?" I asked. "But I suppose he hasn't room for another."

"Oh yes, there's plenty of room. His predecessor was rather a big fellow. In fact, the stables are on much too large a scale for a clergyman. I dare say he never thought of it. I must do my father the justice to say there's nothing stingy about him, and I believe he loves my sister even more than my mother. It certainly would be the best thing he could do for her to give her a pony. But she will die of religion—young, and be sainted in a two-penny tract, and that is better than a pony. Her hair doesn't curl—that's the only objection. Some one has remarked that all the good children who die have curly hair."



Poor Charley! Was his mind more healthy then? Was he less likely to come to an early death? Was his want of faith more life giving than what he considered her false faith?

"I see no reason to fear it," I said, with a tremor at my heart as I thought of my dream.

That night I was sleepless—but about Charley—not about Mary. What could I do?—what ought I to do? Might there be some mistake in my judgment of Clara? I searched, and I believe searched honestly, for any possible mode of accounting for her

conduct that might save her uprightness, or mitigate the severity of the condemnation I had passed upon her. I could find none. At the same time, what I was really seeking was an excuse for saying nothing to Charley. I suspect now that had I searched after justification or excuse for her from love to herself, I might have succeeded in constructing a theory capable of sheltering her; but as it was, I failed utterly; and turning at last from the effort, I brooded instead upon the Quixotic idea already adverted to, grown the more attractive as offering a good excuse for leaving Charley for a little.

(To be continued.)

### THE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE.

EVE has some cause to look twice at a plausible proffer of advantage. Her children have double cause to watch with jealous anxiety her deliberations in such a case. She cannot act for herself, for she incloses the race. All the types of destiny are shaped in the matrix of her decisions.

It would not be very fanciful to describe the present as the crisis of a Second Temptation. The bauble of power now bends to the same hand as did the fruit of knowledge, and "Ye shall be as gods," is again the assurance of the tempter. The iron subjection and sorrow into which the first counsel of ambition beguiled the common mother has been borne for sixty centuries, and at last the emancipator stands before her, ready to strike off the chain and bid her accept at once equality, freedom, and power.

We do not overstate the liberal purpose of the age. Christ's own mission "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," is not broader (temporally) than the theory of equality which has become the Gospel's grandest offshoot in its second spring. No such thing as arbitrary privilege or privation has a living root left in the future. MAN alone is crowned, and his accidents, birth, wealth, learning, color, sex, are everywhere getting ready to cast their crowns at his feet. In all prerogative, he must increase, they must decrease. For there is recognized in the soul itself that which is above all it has done. It inherits of the dignity of its Author, and can have no other superior. To define the *jure divino* sovereignty of this world, it is only necessary to ascertain who is a Man. We may safely assume this as the fundamental political criterion of the world that is to be. No matter

if the weight of opinion be still in favor of the doctrine that political power is a providential trust, never to be conceded to others but in extremity or on sound considerations of public good. Regardless of authority and expediency, the democratic mass of mankind everywhere feels that the common birthright of equal liberty involves equal prerogatives of power, and is a gift of too high origin and quality for man to confer or withhold. It follows that the natural right of any human being to take part in political elections can be challenged only on the ground of incompleteness in manhood. The practical right can be denied only in the case of one alien to the community and interests concerned, or in some way presumably incapable of performing the intelligential act of election.

Considering, therefore, that equality has fought its decisive battle and is the established creed of the future, it is not too much to say that the temptation of power approaches the female sex as closely and as plausibly as did that of forbidden knowledge. It comes in as a necessary incident of the progress of political equity: the most perilous career into which mankind have ever launched, inasmuch as the powers and possibilities of abuse, which it brings indiscriminately to all, are unprecedented and enormous. It matters not whether the proposition be ultimately put to a direct vote of women, as seems to be anticipated by many, or whether it shall be decided through the votes of men alone. Whether in their own persons, or through the agency of their brothers, as hitherto, women will participate in the decision of this question and all other questions in which their rights and interests are concerned. It is too late in the day to think of carrying measures or sustaining laws in which women

*"the doctrine of women is to permit men to many" P.T.B. at reg. ad m.*

are especially concerned, over the heads of women, if indeed such a thing were ever possible under Christian civilization. All who are exercised concerning real or supposed wrongs of women, such as legislation or public opinion can reach, may make themselves easy. No public wrong whatever can now long withstand the forces of discussion and organization, wielded by or in behalf of any important fraction of the body politic. And above all other possible fractions, that, to men at least, emphatically better half of mankind—the female sex—must not, cannot, be permanently wronged or dissatisfied by the arrangements of society. Wielding always, in this country at least, a power in all departments which, if conscious of itself, could but smile at the feeble alliance of the ballot, women will have this additional power very easily as soon as they conclude to take it.

The only question remaining, therefore, and the only inquiry here proposed, is this: What is the interest, honor, and duty of women, in regard to assuming an identical position with men? The question is evidently a question for women. It is certainly time for women to take it up seriously, consider it thoroughly, and express themselves upon it authentically. There are persons who assume to deliver the opinion and demand of the female sex. Women, it is true, reject for themselves, and justly, the common rule that silence gives consent. It is their right not to be forced to speak. Still, the determined effort to personate them in most important relations, by individuals whose sex is suspected to be rather a disguise, requires the principals compromised by the proceedings to scrutinize and dispose of them in a way of unmistakable authority. They begin to recognize this necessity. A very few have led forward in behalf of their sex, and if in some way the expense of canvassing and organizing the silent sentiment of women were but provided for, very instructive and indeed convincing developments might be realized. Perhaps this will come of itself soon enough, and in a way of its own. Discussion, meanwhile, is yet needed, to give consciousness, consistency, and decision to the sentiments of right-minded women. It is superfluous to add that we address ourselves to women in what we have to advance on this subject. Everything that is said upon the subject is necessarily addressed to women, mediately or immediately, and from them must get its answer in the end.

The right to vote, then, need detain us no longer. The question is on the right not to vote. Allowing the vote to stand for all the

various masculine functions which women are invited to assume, this title is broad enough to cover the whole debate. Have women such negative right, and is it for their interest, honor, and usefulness to waive it, or to insist upon it?

There is certainly no such right for men. Men must vote, as soldiers must fight. Popular suffrage is an arsenal thrown open to the public enemy. It compels good citizens to arm likewise, in defense. The worst of it is that the modern repeating arms are for the public enemy exclusively. So far, women on both sides are non-combatants. Throw open the arsenal to them also, and you at once put another hostile army in the field as strong as the first (for every bad man has somewhere a bad woman for his mate), and every virtuous woman then must fight by the side of every loyal man. Have they not a right to decline this necessity while they may? Women, good and bad, now stand paired off. Their common abstinence does not affect the vote either way. Shall the zeal or ambition of a minority be allowed to break this truce, and plunge the whole sex, against their will, into a conflict from which none can be exempt and which never will end?

It must be conceded that women have a right to consider this question in the light of their own general interests, and to decide for themselves, as a body, whether they will be made voters, and otherwise masculine, or not. The natural right of the individual must be subordinated here, as everywhere, to the paramount rights of the whole. No individual right can be exercised to the injury of another, and much less to the injury of the many. There is no right in the world which is not subject to this limitation. The question must, therefore, be submitted to the decision of the majority, at least of women themselves. Not a woman can be allowed to commit the sex to a political career by her individual assumption of the right until the whole have decided to submit to the change. Nobody will dispute this position who is not prepared for absolute individualism and anarchy.

Is it best for women, as a body, to accept and assume an identical position with men, in each or any of the three great spheres of life, social, civil, and political? The social sphere we shall understand to include all relations between human beings which are not established by law. Conventional agreement, or public opinion, is the law of this sphere. Here women are nearly omnipotent. Whatever conventional rules or prejudices restrain them

are their own. Men themselves learn all their views of feminine propriety ultimately from women. The sex will therefore approach this part of the question in a peculiarly independent, or say rather sovereign, attitude. Whatever they agree to will be accomplished in the act of agreement. And the power and efficacy of social action immeasurably transcends that of all civil and political processes combined. The latter absolutely proceed from the former. The man is not more effectively shaped in the womb and in the home than the parts and processes of the public organism are shaped in the vital stir of private society or personal intercourse. How far will the position of women be improved by exchanging it for that of men, or assimilating it to that of men, in society?

The material peculiarities which distinguish the social position of men from that of women resolve themselves into these two: (1) the burden of supporting themselves and families; and (2) the burden of carrying on the public, professional, and material business of the world. For the bulk of this work men alone generally have by nature the proper faculties, such at least as physical strength, boldness, and enterprise. But for all of it, the law of self-dependence peculiar to them as men is a necessary condition, as enforcing the life-long application which is in most cases indispensable to success.

In exceptional cases, women voluntarily embrace this self-dependence for life, in preference to such proposals of protection as happen to them. Nearly all women, however, have preferred husbands and children, such as they could get, to all other objects. From this thorough experiment, elucidated by what we have been able to learn of their nature, we (men) feel warranted in the comfortable, not to say flattering, expectation that women will generally continue to give us the preference, and to yield their indispensable good-will to the perpetuation of our species, to the end of time. Could we even waive the solaces of home and children and woman's love, yet the conception of a planet depopulated and left to wiser animals, that the mother of men might dedicate herself to the production of laws, books, arts, and works of art, for which, alas, their dumb inheritors would have no use, is a conception too repugnant to all rational ends of creation and providence to be possible. We mention this, and with the utmost seriousness, because it is too often forgotten that the balance between births and deaths is getting to be a delicate one in civilized countries; that in many places it is al-

ready on the side of death; and that as a small change in the inclination of the earth's axis would convert our blooming lands into lifeless wastes of perpetual ice and snow, so a little general shifting of the burdens of active life upon our women would depress procreative action sufficiently to extinguish our own branch of the race, at least, within a moderate period of time. We conclude, therefore, that self-dependence will not become the rule for women until it shall be the pleasure of Providence to exterminate us, and that women will be the least willing executioners of such a decree. Until then, the imperative condition of success in all arts, professions, and businesses—that is, self-dependence, forcing an unalterable and undivided application for life—will be exceptional among women, as now. The cause which makes many employments masculine in practice, which are not distinctively such in character, is this necessity of a more than temporary prosecution of them, in order to succeed in competition with those who can and must give their lives to them. Exceptional women are often found to break the ice of precedent and custom in such matters, and to make for themselves a place among men by a man-like choice and endeavor. But nothing less than a general compulsion to self-support, which if inflicted upon women would be equivalent to the extinction of civilized man, can ever naturalize in the sex any of the learned professions or of the more difficult arts, handicrafts and commercial employments, to such extent that a female expert will be less than a prominent exception. Such a general compulsion of women to self-support would be a return to heathen barbarism of the most brutal type.

Possibly the ladies may correct us, but to our own humble perception there is, after this single remark, nothing left of apparent interest or honor to the female sex in the transfer of the arts and professions to their side, or rather in the transfer of the female sex to the arts and professions. Not even the honor of earning their own living independently, of which so much is said by some. There is no peculiar honor in independence. There is something quite the contrary, in fact. The only honor that belongs to independence is that of being useful to others in due proportion to what we receive from them, or in common language, paying one's way. No one enjoys that honor more perfectly than a good wife, mother, or daughter, who never touched a penny of wages or profit in her life. But a further honor is enjoyed in those positions of a nature which mankind have always

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Prove!  
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agreed to regard as the highest they can bestow. Royalty, priesthood, and official station are honored with support at public expense. These conditions are imperfectly honored, however, in this way, because services are exacted as an equivalent for support. The relation partakes of that of a hireling, in which the absence of honor is absolute. But when the never-to-be-recompensed services of a great soldier, in the crisis of his country's fate, are to be recognized, there is no consideration of what is to be got from him in return for his pension or salary. His services may be nominal, or *nil*, but his public support is (or should be) princely; not so much for his own sake as for the sake of public virtue and of humanity. Now this sort of position alone bears an analogy to that of the woman in the family. There is enough of coarseness, grudging, and haggling debate about what is yielded in Congress to the national benefactors, and in the family to the wife and mother: there is enough of all this in the manner, and enough of uttermost stinginess in the matter, of what is done in both cases, to disgust the benefactors and disgrace the beneficiaries, and in a superficial point of view almost to pervert the whole tribute to an insult. But the bottom fact remains that an obligation is recognized, however shabbily. Homage is paid perforce to a right of unconditional support; and if there is any higher or deeper homage than this expressed or expressible by human society (save that obedience which is due only to God), we know not what can be the form of it. The individual man may condemn and oppress his wife; but society commands him to support her, irrespective of her usefulness to him, and in effect authorizes her to take her support, according to his ability, wherever she can get it, from his substance or his credit, whether she *does* anything to deserve it or not. It is enough that she is a wife: that of itself is her plenary title. In so requiring, Christian society recognizes in wifehood a dignity such as it recognizes nowhere else on earth. In that very dependence (as contempt prefers to put it) which some inconsiderate women resent so loudly, Christian society exalts the wife and her office above every other human character and station. It expresses in its broad, rough-hewn phrase of fact the sincere homage which takes living form in every manly heart and crowns the wife and mother as the highest earthly object of reverence and love; shedding its exuberant halo so far around her as to invest her daughters with a secondary sanctity. All genuine manhood has a

jealous repugnance to the soiling of a wife's or daughter's hand with hire. And of all the aristocracies, where is that which the supposed degradation of self-support cuts so keenly, so universally, as the aristocracy of domestic womanhood? Yet where is the democracy whose voluntary service is so cheerful, so lowly, even extreme, as that of the same proud caste? Long may this pride flourish! We can half forgive, though we would not excuse, the folly of daughters who so commonly carry their sense of womanly dignity to the false extreme of feeling ashamed to work for wages when paternal poverty renders it needful, dutiful, and hence honorable. Though a mistaken or even hateful sentiment, it has its root in a genuine instinct of woman's dignity and "woman's rights."

The ideals of society are far above the statutes in which they are imperfectly suggested. Statutes are framed for the worse part of men, and necessarily enforce but a minimum standard of morality. The theory of Christian law is very high; and although its statutory development steadily tends to higher forms, the theory must not be sought on the actual low level of the statutes or of the vulgar usage. We have, therefore, no more than justly, resorted to the better sentiment of men, for the true interpretation of their meaning in binding themselves to the support of women, and we have found this interpretation decisively confirmed by the nature of the provisions they have made for their purpose. On the same ground we deny the crude theory that support is exacted for wives, as for children or slaves, because their civil existence is merged alike in that of the husband, father, or master, so that the law looks to him, as the only responsible party whom it knows, to prevent them from becoming a public charge. There may be truth in this aspect of the case, but it is only a small part of the truth. The provision made for the wife is far too broad and free to be covered by this explanation, or to be compared with that of children or slaves. It is also steadily growing broader and freer (as there is admitted room for it to do) by the vital efficacy of the principle we have attributed to it. Besides this, there are no counter provisions, as with children and slaves, for enforcing subjection and service upon the wife which shall make good the expense of her support. Duties on her part, to husband and family, are indeed recognized, as Heaven forbid they should not be; but no other means of enforcing such duties are given by law to the husband than to the wife, save as they may linger, like tenacious roots and stumps



of pre-Christian barbarism, in the more backward political communities. A man may lawfully chastise his son, or bind him out to a master, to enforce his service in recompense for his support. Or he may bring him before a magistrate and have him punished for contumacy, or for larceny of anything the father chooses to forbid to him. Or he may expel him from his house, and the son will have no direct remedy at law. All this is disallowed by the law in respect to a wife. He may not, without cause, even go away from her peaceably, leaving her in his own house to enjoy it alone.

The superior happiness and dignity of marital rather than independent support for women being established, as well as its absolute necessity to the race from the lowest to the highest considerations—a necessity we must leave our readers to consider for themselves—we return to the question, or rather to the form of the question, which still remains and chiefly exercises earnest minds, viz.: How to deal with the exceptional cases, the unmarried, the unmarriageable, and the unwilling to marry. The trials of these classes originate most of the agitation. There are always on hand, too, a large class of active and ardent spirits who take it for granted that for every wrong and infelicity there must be somewhere a remedy. Nothing but experiment can satisfy a philanthropist of this kind that a law aimed at an evil will fail to reach it, or will overturn with the evil a greater good, or will establish in exchange for the first evil another still worse. It is necessary to realize that evil and sore evil is incurable in an evil world, and that beyond very narrow limits the utmost that is left us to effect is the exchange of one evil for another, and the choice of the least. So it is in the matter of providing for single women. The gravest evil connected with single women is their singleness, for it implies single men, and both together, on a large scale, constitute one of the most unhealthy conditions of society. Could we remedy this!—but at least we must not aggravate this. The most of mankind would sooner punish than encourage bachelors; but we all sympathize with single women, and, so far as they are concerned, would gladly make their lot as independent as it is inconvenient. But in this kind impulse, is it worth while to forget that, could we satisfy it, we should instantly multiply *both* the classes of single persons whose singleness is the greatest of misfortunes at once to themselves and to society? We do not refer to recruits of celibacy who would otherwise have been constrained by its terrors to submit to ineligible marriages. We

have no desire to keep up arrangements for forcing women to accept husbands. But independence and the processes of independence do even more to render women ineligible for marriage than indifferent to it. It is unnecessary here to inquire whether this ought to be or not to be. It is the fact to be met. Be it a true instinct or a discreditable weakness, it is certain that all men find a charm in girlish simplicity and softness, while they shrink from the self-poised and self-sufficing woman of affairs, with something akin to preternatural dread. The slightest tinge of business in a woman's air demagnetizes her. It is useless to reason or to rail: this weakness, or whatever it be, is chronic and hopeless. Throughout the vicissitudes of society and the changing phases of human nature, men have given no sign of amendment in this respect; and, bad as it is, we really think the women might do worse than to take them as they are, and give up reforming them.

At this point our sex-reformers exhibit to advantage that remarkable unconsciousness of the higher characteristics of men as well as of women, which distinguishes them at all times. Those ladies are far from masculine, or even remotely acquainted with the masculine nature, we should say (unless in its baser forms), who take it for granted and steadily assure us that women will better their prospects of marriage by proving their capacity to take care of themselves and their husbands too. They may be as well qualified as anybody to argue the abstract question whether woman ought to be supported by man, and they are entitled to their individual preference on the same point, so far as they are personally concerned. But they lack the first condition for a practical argument—acquaintance with the primary facts of the case—if they do not know that Nature has certified *her* intention in this matter by endowing the adult male portion of mankind not only with ample ability to support all the rest, women and children, but with a spontaneous impulse to do so, and even to insist on doing so, which is one of the most remarkable facts in human nature. We shall probably be told that this, too, is a perversion. If so, it is a perversion nourished by Christianity and enjoined by its apostles. It is a perversion most perfect wherever the sexual attraction in men is purest, gentlest, most ennobled, and is wholly imperceptible only under the brutal phase of savagism—to which we should speedily descend, without further motive, under a system of sex independence and equality which gave women no unconditional right to support in

the conjugal relation. The women who decry sentiments of generosity between the sexes, and cry mightily for justice as something more sacred and more serviceable, would, like another noted lover of justice, if they had their way, find justice more than they desired. The man who married an Irish servant to save hiring one, illustrated the peculiar advantage to be expected in matrimony by the independent woman, and the style of husband her business qualities are likely to win—yes, and to develop, on a general scale, proportioned to the extent of self-dependence among women. On the other hand, wherever a genuine specimen of natural manly affection for woman can be taken, it will be found upon strict analysis that the master impulse is that of protection rather than possession, while considerations of advantage are held in utter contempt. The chief happiness of the lover and of the husband alike is expected and found in the strange pleasure of carrying a certain woman and her children in ease through life by his own life-long toil. It was a home-thrust of some cynical wit who rallied our young men upon their overmastering desire to pay for some young woman's board. This noble rage is said to have fallen of late years, at least relatively to the rising board and dress bills, and the flood of independent oratory with which women are deluging us does not a little, doubtless, towards extinguishing it.

But do we really wish to extinguish it? It is thoroughly woman-like to toss the head at masculine help when put as a consideration *per se*—as much so as it is to receive it with delight in the acceptable form of courtesy or love. But, rising above personal feeling (for the question is not here put to any woman as a personal one), will our women soberly consent, in their regard for the true welfare and nobleness of their brothers, husbands, and sons, to do anything which shall tend to educate them to a less generous sentiment or habit of mind in this matter? Our sincerest natural sentiments are products of social culture, in their perfection, and are capable, like other growths, of perishing under adverse influences or neglect. The ruder sort of men in a Christian community, ignorant it may be of any chivalrous sentiment toward women, are nevertheless unconsciously impressed by such a sentiment in others, and are often found, in fact, as decided as their betters in preferring wives for whom they must earn, to wives who will earn for them.

It may be taken for granted, without argument, that the interest of marriage is the

fundamental interest of society, to which all individual or exceptional considerations must bow. In considering what shall be done for single women or single men, or any other class of human beings related as a class to the family or marriage state, we must rule out of consideration in advance whatever will discourage or deteriorate matrimony on the general scale, and we must be extremely careful, in choosing modes of amelioration for abnormal conditions, to avoid if possible whatever tends to extend such conditions. We should aim to apply to the celibacy of women a double remedy, ameliorating it by means which will tend at the same time to diminish it, rather than a palliative which will re-invigorate the disorder in its cause. Now that cause is plainly and simply the indisposition of a large proportion of men to fulfill the relation for which Nature designs the nicely balanced numbers of the two sexes. The way to aggravate the evil is accordingly plain: anything that will diminish the charms of women in the eyes of men, and increase the dread or distrust of matrimony which now keeps so many bachelors useless in the world and so many spinsters forlorn. Equally simple, again, in general terms, is the remedy: Whatever exalts women in the estimation and affection of men rather than in their own conceit, whatever increases not their earnings but their charms, whatever gives them power not in markets and caucuses but in hearts, will improve the condition of the majority of single women in just the way they would prefer; will quite as much improve the condition of an equal number of single men; will make it easy for the inevitable remainder to provide for themselves; and will be a twofold benefit to society, by at once multiplying families and increasing their happiness. Since the attraction to marriage is generally dependent on the same qualities which make amiable companions in marriage, and the happy development of the feminine nature is especially dependent on marriage and maternity, the equation may be reduced to simple and correct terms by saying that the grand interest and vocation of women is to persuade men to marry. Society looks to them for this high service, and there is nobody else to perform it, for nature has placed the means entirely in their hands. The means placed in their hands are noble and beneficent also in themselves. Such is their beauty, which in its merely direct action is worth more to man than all the other beauty with which the Creator has adorned the world; and it is in their own hands more than they think, not

indeed to deface with pigments and other artificial contrivances, but to irradiate with health, culture, and grace. Such are their modesty, their purity, their gentleness, their tender ministries. Such, too, are their utilitarian virtues, domestic skill, taste, and economy, without the aid of which neither happiness, prosperity, nor virtue are practicable to the majority of men. These womanly powers control men by their feelings, reason, and interest at once. They not only induce marriage, but make it happy when contracted, give it a good report among them that are without, and certain of them (which is no small matter in these days) render it not impracticable for men to marry and support families. In all this woman is the artist of society, whose works are as far above art as a child is more and more beautiful than a picture of one. The instinctive study of women to attract the preference of men, and to make and keep for themselves a happy settlement in life, is worthy of all honor, so far as it is controlled by modesty and good sense, whether we consider its motive, its means, or its effect; and we are bound to say that the women who take so much pains to pour contempt upon this sort of husbandry, "speak evil of things which they understand not." To reduce the unmarried remnant of both sexes is an end worthy of statesmen and philanthropists, and why is it not worthy of a simple maiden, younger or older, we should like to know?

But while it is undoubtedly the first object set before every woman by nature and reason to achieve a husband, a home and a family for her own, the question still remains, what to do with those who must fail in this object, or who will not attempt it. Must they suffer as victims on the family altar? Or is there no way to better their condition apparently, without making it really worse? We purpose to answer this question both favorably and definitely. But first, there are two minor reasons to be added for rejecting the remedy by confiscation of masculine employments. Women and children are the chief stockholders, so to speak, who are to suffer in property by such confiscation. We cannot make additional places for the women who propose to enter the masculine callings: they must make room for themselves by displacing men. It would not be strange if the successful female physician, broker, or politician (supposing such a thing) were to make an old bachelor of the very man who would have sought her hand most acceptably if she had not thrust herself into his place and character. Undoubtedly,

every such instance of success must thwart some woman's chance of domestic happiness or curtail its material resources. The general effect of the transfer of work must be to diminish marriages by diminishing the average of men's resources. Women will do with toil and solitude and sorrow the work that men would have been glad to do for them as wives, and so will have their labor and much worse for their pains.

In the second place, the enlargement of women's employment and remuneration has in very small proportion gone to better the condition of the votaries or victims of celibacy. It is a fact worthy of the most serious attention from such as take an interest in the condition of self-dependent women, that the bulk of all that is earned to-day by female labor in the shops and factories of our cities goes to girls who are not strictly in need of employment. Few, that is, comparatively, are orphans or adult single women, who have no other resource than their labor. A large majority are young girls living with their parents, and required to spend the years which might and should be devoted to education in earning their quota of the family support or savings. The philanthropy expended in devising employment for lone females goes, like alms given to juvenile beggars in the street, mainly to relieve unnatural parents of their natural obligations, and sometimes to support them in idle debauchery.

The true remedy for the destitution of single women should be one which is not to be wasted on a greedy crowd neither in need of it nor really benefited by it; one which will increase instead of further subdividing the total of skilled, honored, and respectably paid labor; one which will not diminish the ability of men to marry and support families in comfort, but will rather diminish the difficulty; one which will render women neither less susceptible nor less attractive to manly affection, but will, on the contrary, qualify them the better to appreciate and to fulfill the offices of domestic love; and finally, one which does not exact of them either arduous training or permanent establishment as a condition of success. It is to be presumed that the system of nature contains provisions or possibilities for each of its members which harmonize thus with the native adaptation, impulse, and peculiar interest of each, and consequently with the paramount interests of the whole. Let us arrange the demands of society in pursuance of this presumed method, leaving on one side whatever employments are unfavorable to the best development, exercise, and

opportunity of woman's peculiar excellences, as the genius and soul of domestic life, and reserving for special consideration and encouragement whatever pursuits promise satisfactory support to women temporarily or permanently single, while educating them, more or less, toward those vital arts which devolve upon them exclusively, and in which, it is certain, every one of them is needed. Whoever goes out of the family, leaves a gap with nobody to fill it.

It will be sufficient to pass very lightly over the negative side of this examination. It would be superfluous to point out the life-long and arduous exactions or the unfeminine tendencies of the profession of law, of a public and comprehensive practice of medicine, of public preaching and lecturing, of politics, legislation, and administration, or of a business career in any department. The natural right of a woman to devote herself to any of these pursuits to which she may feel inclined is not to be resisted. It may be well even to promote a free development of such exceptional vocation, in desperate cases. The question for women as a body is not that of individual liberty in these things. That is settled as soon as raised. The question still remaining, and the one of all importance to women, is whether the preponderance of masculine forces over feminine susceptibilities which determines the choice of a public over a domestic sphere, is the thing they should decide to praise and to foster, and to set before their daughters as the ideal of a useful, happy, and high womanhood. To state this question to women in general is sufficient. They can give it but one answer, so long as they are women.

The pursuits of art and literature are not so unfortunate for women, in that they do not involve any positively unfeminine tendency. At worst, they rob a woman of domestic life, and rob domestic life of a woman—two of the worst robberies, to be sure, that can be effected, either by selfish violence or misdirected views of good. There are cases, undoubtedly, in which the subject-matter of the fraud is too small on either part to be seriously regretted, and exceptional cases in which it is smaller than the compensation which art or literature returns. Leaving such cases, which sometimes will assert themselves, to take their own course, and that not without generous sympathy, it will be the care of women, if we mistake not the bent and force of nature, to make such cases, with all other aberrations from the vital sphere of society, as rare as pure womanly training at home and good advice from womanly public opinion can

make them. For it is notorious that the women who return to domestic life after once achieving a subsistence for themselves in any profession, are too few to be worth taking into any statistical account.

Descending to the material avocations, it is worthy of passing note that nothing seems in practice to spoil the womanly with surer effect than commerce. Women ought, naturally, to be more successful sellers than men, especially to male purchasers. But the experience of merchants proves, and their practice testifies, the reverse. Saleswomen, although so much cheaper than salesmen, make little or no encroachment upon the employment of the latter in prosperous cities, and, strange to say, so far as they are employed, it is mostly in stores frequented only by female customers for small purchases. Now the cause of this is as plain as the fact, to any one who observes the prevailing destitution of courtesy in saleswomen. Complaisance and tact are the grand lubricants of trade; and it is very remarkable that these most feminine of traits, by which women in their own sphere rule the world, are the very traits that seem to be annihilated in them by the influence of any kind of sordid commerce. Many employers have renounced saleswomen, and even female waiters, for the avowed reason that they could not make them sufficiently civil to customers. To men they are especially disagreeable, because courtesy is so peculiarly essential to pleasant intercourse between individuals of opposite sex. The least taste of their sharpness is intolerable, as it would not be in a man. It is like taking vinegar in milk. But it is no discredit to the feminine type. Quite the contrary. The highest organic products are most delicate, most corruptible, and most offensive in corruption. So infallible is this law in the moral world also, that we may rest assured women will never be able to carry enough of their fine personal endowment over into the Wall-streets and Broadways of the world to create an alluring example of success.

Among mechanical employments there are many which naturally seek the aid of female fingers, and these, of themselves, generally offer little positive harm to the feminine nature, make no intolerable exactions upon it, and detract little from the ability of men to place it in a better sphere. But even here are sore evils to womanhood. The habit of domesticity is sacrificed, and a distaste for domestic life in any shape is a general trait which strikes all who have opportunity to observe the character of shop and factory girls.



Finally, to all resources for single women which must be abstracted from the resources of husbands and fathers, or of those who should be encouraged to become such—in other words, from the resources of their married state—there remains the universal and conclusive objection, that the number of single women they will provide for must always be less than the number of single women they will make; partly because the larger portion of the abstracted sustenance will go to those who do not naturally need it, having parents or husbands; and partly because self-dependence in women so powerfully tends to dissuade both sexes from marriage.

It remains to notice those more feminine arts which offer an almost unoccupied field for women, in which they can never be rivalled, in which they will displace no men from their posts of duty as supporters of women and children, which will neither predispose women to celibacy, nor petrify men against matrimony, but which will set the individual woman in the way of at once preparing for and attracting to herself the great opportunity of her social existence.

For the few women whom wise Nature spares from the fundamental interest of society for a separate and public life, there is the most ample and honorable scope which any of mankind can find in this world, in almost unoccupied feminine professions which wait for women, and women alone, to fill them. Not to speak of art, literature, and science, already fashionable pursuits for women, there are two of the highest spheres of usefulness open to them, in which further organization is demanded for the purposes of female votaries. We refer to the domestic practice of medicine and hygiene and the domestic ministry of the gospel. For medical instruction there is no provision adapted to women unless it be as yet in embryo. The serious objection to mixed classes will always exclude from existing medical institutions, no matter how liberal, such women as would very much grace the profession. Yet the ideal of the medical profession is too noble and beneficent not to attract a good proportion of those women who are exceptionally biased by nature or circumstances. Their sympathetic and religious nature is wanted here, and will find an ample range of service to which it is specially adapted, even while it disqualifies them to meet the severer exactions of a comprehensive practice. What we need throughout the greater part of our lives, rather than great medical skill in emergencies, is daily advice and supervision, more closely carried

out than it can be by male physicians, especially as to children, household management, and the incipient stages of disease. We would bespeak consideration for three modes, in each of which at once an important reform might be set on foot with apparent ease and great promise. Presupposing a competent medical institution which modest women could enter, and from which modest women could graduate—the chief difficulty of the question—in the first place, let the lady practitioner be adopted by mothers as a daily domestic visitor and counselor, perhaps a supervising nurse, in health and sickness alike, without necessarily interfering with the office of the trusted family physician in more serious cases. In wealthy city society domestic female physicians might enjoy a satisfactory practice in this way, and would be exceedingly valued, without violating in any case the peculiar delicacy which ought to be inseparable from the very idea of a woman. Secondly, let physicians in large practice adopt such lady practitioners as professional partners through whom their own perhaps superior experience and abilities might act in multitudes of cases quite as effectively and more acceptably than in a direct manner, and who would take off their hands a large amount of detail, and better it, too, by better attention. Thirdly, let the profession of hygiene for children be united with that of teacher, including the charge not only of lessons, but of regimen, dress, exercise, play, and the premonitions and causes of illness.

The domestic ministry of the gospel, whenever the support of the gospel shall begin to be a prominent object with those who profess to be devoted to it, will open an ample and most appropriate sphere for all the noblest feminine faculties and aspirations that are and are to be. As to public ministrations of any kind, nothing less than high art, which vindicates all its own exceptions, has ever seemed to justify such individual publicity in women. To call the public together to listen to one's talk, is the farthest stretch of self-assertion in an individual of either sex. If not justified by the indisputable necessity and authority of the message delivered, it can only be regarded as the most impudent of the forms of egotism. At the present day, moreover, when the press affords the best of mediums for addressing the intelligent world, a gratuitous appearance upon the rostrum, *i.e.*, one not called for by some kind of customary public appointment, adds the disgrace of a motive of personal vanity to that of presumption. For these reasons, emphasized by the finer modesty of the female sex, we do not believe that

the great conventional power administered by women will ever stamp women's preaching or lecturing to promiscuous audiences with approbation. Women can exercise the office of oral public instructors only by thrusting themselves into it; an insolence which is only worse in a woman than in a man. The thing is essentially different from publishing one's thoughts in print. In the latter there is no personal display, and no demand upon properly public attention, for the very book or newspaper is read, every copy of it, in privacy. If women should come to be appointed, not by small combinations of persons with peculiar views and objects, nor by managers in search of paying "sensations," but by the general consent of mankind, to teach orally and publicly, the stigma of vanity and presumption would no longer attach to the performance. They would then have only to consider whether they had anything to say, and any necessity for saying it *ore rotundo*, sufficient to justify them in overstepping the modesty of nature.

But the work of a domestic religious missionary can be performed incomparably better by women than by men, and myriads of women ought to be sustained in this office in all parts of the world by Christian churches. A woman has suggested that perhaps the reciprocal influence of the opposites in sex, now entirely one-sided in preaching, might, if brought into play from the female side also, prove a remedy for the present disparity of men in churches and worshiping congregations. It is hard to imagine a female preacher who could fascinate men—as preacher, at least. But the private influence of Christian women over the souls of men is peculiar and wonderful, though little exerted. If ever this magic of sex shall be consecrated in its finest forms to the winning of souls, the chief of apostles may be rivaled by a woman.

Whether the grand fields of purely feminine activity above glanced at will ever be made of much importance to women and by women or not, nobody can now safely prognosticate. The immediate interest of our inquiry centers on the proper arts of women in their own exclusive sphere. The domestic arts acquire a more commanding importance, on the whole, than any others, from their ancillary relation to woman's highest office—the highest in the world, both in its exactions and in its fruits. There is much in housekeeping which is as far as possible from sublime; but there is nothing in it which is not closely related and indispensable to the most sublime results of human existence. Its despised elements

are the staple of our choicest fabric, the grammar of our highest eloquence, the mechanism of our grandest achievements. They therefore require the attention of the artists of society, precisely as the material, mechanical, or grammatical elements of any other art require to be first thoroughly mastered by its professors. The handling of the elements of any art conduces, by a mysterious effect of affinity, to a certain mastery of the art itself not otherwise attainable. Yet the elemental arts of society are turned over to our helots, and so utterly neglected that it would seem to most persons a misnomer to dignify them with the name of arts. "Women's arts for women" would be the motto of a true woman's labor reform. In them is room for all, whatever their condition or talents, with recompense fit, without prejudice to the prospect of marriage either by unfitting themselves or disabling men, but with precisely the contrary effect in every way. In this direction there is liberty indeed, for we shall not bring up against an impenetrable mass of competition, nor find that we are destroying on one side as much as we are making on the other. The only obstruction is want of education in the domestic arts, and of conventional respect for them. But of this worst injustice to women, strange to say, we hear no complaint. It is intolerable, we are told, for women to have no facilities for professional education, and to be threatened with social ostracism if they contrive to become lawyers or doctors. Yet these are the precise conditions under which women must acquire and practice the rudiments of their own noblest profession, if at all. They should labor for what they and the whole economic world most need and might most easily have: universities of a new type, comprehending, in a scientific and ennobling way, first the domestic arts, which are not above the humblest nor beneath the highest, and afterwards such other arts and professions as best suit the peculiar dignity of the womanly nature. It would be necessary that women of position, leaders of society, should interest themselves, not patronizingly, in such institutions, and give their own daughters the full share in their advantages which they need. There are benevolence, good sense and influence united in women in high places, sufficient, if properly organized, to make housekeeping in all its branches at once a fashionable accomplishment, a science, and a cultured profession, engaging talents and learning in its service, while lifting up millions of women out of want, or homeless and fruitless toil, to aug-

ment and share the happiness of millions of homes, besides making many new homes for themselves and others, that never would have existed but for their domestic accomplishments. Even under the present circumstances, we have known a small number of such women, self-made, and not peculiarly gifted, who, so far from having to dread the position of a menial in domestic service, were able to command at all times not only a choice among scores of applicant employers, but positions of unqualified respect and even friendship, in families of high social standing. There is probably no other service from women for which society would bid so high to-day, in both wages and personal consideration, as for accomplished and lady-like housekeeping, nursing, and sewing. In other words, almost every man in good circumstances would gladly support two ladies for one, if the second were satisfactory to the first (his wife), as assistant and delegate in household affairs; and for assistants of humbler pretensions still ampler room and proportional consideration are waiting, provided they be only qualified to command it by good-breeding and domestic skill.

Dropping here the subject of occupation, we must notice briefly three other questions pertaining to the conventional sphere, before passing on to the civil and political. Of these, the first is the proper ideal of education, and of mental honor and power, for women. The second is their proper position morally (*i.e.*, voluntarily) in marriage. The third is their proper position relative to proposals of marriage. We notice these points particularly, not only because of their actual prominence in the present agitation, but also because they offer lessons of fundamental importance in the new branch of science upon which mankind have entered by instigation to which we referred in an opening paragraph. It was said long ago that the proper study of mankind is man. Just now, there is no doubt, the proper study of womankind is woman. Women have yet to learn to appreciate themselves with discrimination; that is, in a conscious or deliberative way. The intuitive sense answers practical purposes so long as it is pure and unmixed, as in the unthinking animals, or in the unthinking stage of human nature. But the moment we begin to think we begin to blunder, and continue floundering in 'ragged notions and babblements,' until mature discussion brings out into mature consciousness the truth we once had unconsciously in nature. While women loved and served in the simplicity of nature, looking

only for the other love and service their nature craved from men; while they gave unreasoning admiration to powers they lacked, enjoying an unreasoned but delightful homage in exchange—they never learned to grudge or to envy, to make comparisons or to raise questionings. When querulous sciolism breaks the spell, impeaching the *rationale* of wifely subjection and marital responsibility, and of reciprocal homage between weakness and strength, it is no wonder if the crude answer be confusion,—perhaps hasty recantation. Vital action is a complex and paradoxical thing everywhere. It works well, let alone, but it often does not read well, superficially. Crude criticism can only make the Creator a fool. Since we will criticise, we must go to the bottom. Having bitten the tree of knowledge, there is nothing for it now but to eat it through.

We anticipate from the accurate analysis of this subject, in the end, a new conception of honor and power, immeasurably higher than has heretofore prevailed in the world. Men and women alike bring to this discussion a brutal criterion pre-imposed upon their minds. We admire the muscularity of intellect with precisely the same ignorant reverence which savages yield to corporeal superiority, and for the same reason—because we can see it work. We are able to smile at the contempt of the rude man for woman's inferior size and strength. She sees that he plumes himself upon a brutal distinction, and she is disposed neither to contest it nor to be mortified by it. But when he boasts vigor to floor her in a wrestle of logic, or to surpass her in grasp of affairs, the force being by one attenuation higher, and only indirectly palpable to the senses, is mistaken for power of a higher origin, and she now feels herself disparaged. Blindly conscious that she cannot be an inferior creature, however, it seems to her that there must be some mistake about this. It is not strange if she concludes that she could become a match for him with like training, and that equity for her sex demands it. It would be substantially as reasonable and as dignified an aspiration for her to insist on training her delicate form to be a match for the male athlete. She cannot see the substantial identity of the two objects—and as little can the conceited Intelligence which looks down upon her—because neither has been taught to recognize the brute community and correlation of all natural forces, from brawn to brain. Neither has learned that the dignity of man resides in a moral nature which is superior both to his logical

and to his physical powers; that in both these classes of faculty alike he shares with the animals, excelling them only as to variety and quantity; and that hence the boast of superior logical force is but another brutal distinction. We need to learn that the moral nature is the only seat of power and worth, and that the mind, like the body, is but its servile instrument, whether for good or evil, having dignity or ability of its own in no other sense than the hulk of an elephant or a case of nitroglycerine. In this way we disparage neither intellectual nor physical instruments. We give them precisely their due appreciation as useful means, useful in proportion to their kind and force, for the ends of the moral nature. Means to be cultivated and employed, but certainly not to the praise of the owner, more than a steam-engine or a good horse,

Where and how does real and originating power show itself? Not in mind or in matter, but in that which moves, sways, impels, and governs both. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said a Vermont lawyer, commenting on the evidence in a certain case, "J. J. was a man who could have kept a whole village of people like this witness revolving around him all their lives, unconscious of the power that moved them." Here was a good illustration of true personal power. That subtle intelligence we call tact (in which the female sex naturally excels), perhaps had not a little part in it, and so far it was not power, but a forcible instrument. But above and beyond all the forces employed was the inscrutable Power that employed them not only, but the employers of them, the moral natures of other men, in orbits controlled by its massive solar attraction. And not the least common illustrations of this solar power to be found in human life are women, often of little logical or forensic ability, and even uneducated, making instruments of men with all their powers, to whom in the entire range of merely natural or visible forces they would seem to be hopelessly inferior. Precisely thus, too, men of ordinary intellectual parts and no culture, men who could not put together a grammatical sentence or the shortest chain of reasoning, are found dominating their superiors in these respects, by a power which no intellect has ever been able to define or to trace. In the passive form of this power, *i.e.*, endurance—which is its highest test, as silent standing under fire is the highest test of the morale of the soldier—women have always been unapproachable. It is their peculiar forte; their moral force having been with-

drawn by nature mainly from the offensive and concentrated on the defensive line.

Is, then, the native admiration of women for masculine qualities fallacious? Not for its own purpose. It expresses a legitimate satisfaction for them. It proves that relatively to theirs the masculine is a complementary, not in itself a better, nature. It is true for its own purpose and purport, but no farther. The same may perhaps be said of the mutual complacency on both sides. The impartial umpire finds the truth midway in the equation of both.

After all, it will be extremely difficult for women with a little more than feminine intellectual impulse to be persuaded that there is not something better in that direction than can be found in their own peculiar dower. They will still insist that great efforts ought to be made to educate the logical faculty in women to a par with that of men. We could name a woman of so logical mind as to be capable of keeping to the point in an argument, and by virtue of that unfeminine aberration, inconsolety conscious of inability to sustain an argument with men who acknowledged her as an equal. Attributing the defect to her education, she rushed to mathematics to obtain power with men; unconscious that all she really lacked in argument was a disposition to avoid it, and that a simple opinion, enforced only by womanly tact and weight of character, has an unacknowledged power with most men which the reasoning of a Bacon, if she attained it, would displace but never replace. Men are most commonly persuaded without being convinced, and convinced without being persuaded, and nine times in ten it is a woman who does the former thing and a man who does the latter. A little use of this masculine weapon in practical life teaches every man that logic is a morally impotent thing. Its use is not to create convictions, but to define and fortify convictions already embraced. For example, it were no modesty or disparagement to admit that this little argument on the Right Not to Vote is uncalculated to change the persuasion of a single reader. Its only possible mission is to aid in developing and fixing sentiments already in harmony with its general principles. As a positive organ of truth, the intuitions of the moral nature are infinitely more trustworthy, and more potent too, than the manliest powers of argumentation. The latter find their place in the conduct of affairs, which thus falls to men. Women were not made for argument, for hardiment, or for government, for the reason that they are



wanted in a more spiritual sphere, closer to the fountain-head of power, for which the coarse faculties that make the noise of the world would only disqualify.

Of education proper, or the faculty of acquiring knowledge, there is little danger in these days that even men will get an unfeminine depth and severity. Women need masculine studies, masculine teachers, and masculine society, not to make men of them, but women. There is little danger of perverting the type by sterling culture. Spurious culture at the hands of undisciplined writers and lecturers of either sex is more likely to do it. Frivolous vacuity and street life will be favorable to it. But nothing that a woman's mind can healthfully crave and digest will be dangerous to her womanliness. It is the adaptive quality of the nature that determines the product of nourishment. Doves fed upon flesh will not assimilate alarmingly to birds of prey. Mixed colleges would have almost everything to recommend them, if only the difficulty arising from inferior physical stamina in girls could be overcome.

Yet, if we have not misstated the nature of the highest ability, women have it of themselves, without colleges, and the problem of higher education for them is of but illusory importance. Any well-constituted and well-nurtured girl, graduated by a good mother, exhibits in all personal relations a dignity and strength to which the wisest men bow with genuine deference. It is miraculous how much they make of a little education—so much, that a great deal more makes very little difference, nothing of the difference it makes between men. If we look for the indispensable men, we must look mainly among the

pre-eminent intellects and the masters in departments of knowledge. Not so among women: "She that gathered much had nothing over, and she that gathered less had no lack." The eminently intellectual and educated among them yield in personal influence and weight of character, as a rule, to the unsophisticated. Ah! how wise they are, these girls, in their simple, unerring instincts: how their perfect presence levels before it the intellectual distinctions which stand so well between men, taking our profoundest homage by the pure majesty of the soul! The wisdom of women is that of a direct insight, which belongs to the moral nature, and is identified with their virtue. It is a significant implication in the very growth of language, that broadest and surest of generalizations, that for a woman to be pure is to be, as in English, discreet, or as in French, *sage*. Discretion, or sound judgment, is an intuitive power, making no use of logic, and therefore acting unconsciously, always undervalued by the young, but discovered in mature life, often with surprise, to be the highest gift of human nature, and the highest power in human affairs. It is common to lament that the best female education seems to sink as it were into the sand, and disappear with the girl from the stage of her last school-examination, leaving little trace in her after-life, or even in her memory. We suspect that this is, after all, nearly as it should be, and that cherished intellectual contents and ascendant intellectual methods in a woman's mind would displace far higher powers, which it is happy that benign and mighty Nature can in most cases successfully assert against even the "best" education.

(To be continued.)

## THE TWO MRS. SCUDAMORES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

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### CHAPTER I.

SCUDAMORE PARK is in Berkshire, in the heart of one of the leafiest and greenest of English counties. There is nothing very beautiful in the house itself. It is of the time of Queen Anne, with red birch gables and gleaming lines of windows straight and many. The center of the *corps de logis* is crowned with a pediment, and the house stands upon a broad green terrace broken by flights of white stone steps.

The garden surrounding one wing has been

kept up in the old-fashioned trim which belonged to the period in which it was made. There are clipped yews and formal parterres, however, which can scarcely be called more formal than the ribbon beds of the modern pleasure-garden at the other end of the house.

The Park has always been kept up in the very best style, and the newest and most fashionable kind of gardening is to be found there. Whatever the Scudamores may have sacrificed, however they may have wasted

their goods, they have never been indifferent to their "place," and on the summer day when this story begins it was in its full beauty. The lovely green lawn stretched from the foot of the terrace till it disappeared in the woodland scenery of the Park. On the terrace great rustic baskets of flowers were standing all ablaze with red and yellow; the windows were open, the white curtains blowing softly in the breeze. The air was sweet with the delicate perfumes of the limes and with the sound of bees. Except that sound, everything was still in the languid afternoon. The prospect from those open windows was of nothing but greenness and luxuriance. The lines of trees thickened and deepened, from the feathery-footed limes close at hand, to the great oak standing with "knotted knees" "muffled deep in fern," in the distance. Afternoon was in the languid sounds and sights, and it is in such a place that the languor of the afternoon is most sweet.

But the last ornament which had been adopted at Scudamore was one which hung suspended from the front of the house,—a doleful decoration,—the hatchment which announced to all the world that the lord of the place had betaken himself to another; and the family in the great drawing-room were all in deep mourning.

There were but three of them,—the mother, a handsome woman about forty, a son of twenty and a daughter of eighteen,—all in sorrowful black, weighted with the still more sombre darkness of crape. The white cap which marked Mrs. Scudamore's widowhood was the most cheerful article of toilette among them. They were very still, for the man whom they mourned had not been more than a fortnight in his grave, and Mrs. Scudamore, who had been ill of exhaustion after his death, had resumed the old habits of her life only that day. She was seated with a book in her hand in a great chair, but the book was a pretense, and her attention wandered far away from it. With eyes which saw nothing, she gazed into the Park among the great trees. In that stillness she was going over her life.

But there was not much in this widow's look of the prostration and despondency common to most women when they face existence for the first time by themselves, after a long life spent in conjunction with that of another. Mrs. Scudamore had a vague sense of exhaustion about her—the exhaustion of great and long-continued fatigue and endurance. Nobody quite knew how much she had borne during that last illness.

The dead Scudamore had not been a good man, and he was not a good husband. During all the earlier years of her married life he had neglected her; more than this, he had outraged her in the way women feel most deeply. She had acted like a stoic or a heroine throughout; having once made up her mind that it was not for her children's advantage or her own that she should leave him, she had remained at Scudamore, making no complaints, guarding her children from the contamination of his habits, and overawing him into decency. His extravagances and wickedness, after a while, were confined to his expeditions to town, in which she did not accompany him, but remained at home as he grew older and his son approached manhood.

Mr. Scudamore was understood to have sown his wild oats, and to have become a respectable member of society. People even blamed his wife, when a passing rumor of his dissipations in London was brought down to the country, for not going with him and "keeping him straight." And nobody realized that *that* had happened to Mrs. Scudamore which does happen much oftener than the world wots of—she had become disgusted with her husband. Love can support a great deal, but love in the mind of a woman can rarely support that vast contempt of love which lies at the bottom of systematic immorality. In this case the man had disgusted the woman: and he suspected it. This is the last offense of which a woman is capable towards a man—that she should find him otherwise than personally agreeable whenever he chooses to come back from whatsoever scenes he comes, is a sin with which the best-tempered of sinners could scarcely be expected to put up.

And Mr. Scudamore was not good-tempered. His wife did all that a high-spirited woman could do to conceal the impression he had made upon her, but he discerned it, and though not a word was said between them on the subject, it filled him with a sort of frenzy. His temper, everybody said, grew worse and worse before he died, especially to her; yet he would not suffer her to be absent from him, and made incessant demands upon her with the most fretful irritability. He thus deprived her even of the softening impressions which a long illness often brings. He would not allow her to forget the troubles he had brought her by his sick-bed, but carried on the struggle to the very edge of the grave. Her strength had been so strained that when the necessity for exertion was over she had fallen like one dead, and for days after had

lain in a strange dreamy peacefulness, in which something that was not quite sorrow, but sufficiently like it to answer the requirements of her position, mingled.

She was sad, not for his loss, but for him; profoundly sad to think that the man was over and ended for this world, and that nothing better had come of him; and self-reproachful, as every sensitive spirit is, wondering, wistfully, could she have done more for him; had she fulfilled her duty? But underneath this sadness was that sense of relief which breathed like balm over her, which she blamed herself for, and which she tried to ignore, but which was there notwithstanding, dwelling like peace itself. Her struggle was over. She had her life and her children's lives as it were in her hands, to mould to better things. This was what she was thinking, with a faint, exquisite sense of deliverance, as she sat gazing out dreamily over the Park.

Mrs. Scudamore had been an heiress, and all through her married life had felt the additional pang of inability to perform the duties she owed to her own people. Now that was removed, and in some rare fit of better judgment her husband had made her guardian of the children, and left everything under her control. Her only partner in the guardianship of her children was the family lawyer, who had known her all his life, and who had never yet got over his astonishment that the girl whom he recollected so well should have grown so clever, and so able to understand business. In his hands she was very safe. She had now power for the first time in her life. True, as far as the entailed portion of the Scudamore estates went, that could only last till Charles was twenty-one, an event not much more than a year off. But even then more than half the property would still be in her hands. It would be hard to say that it was happiness that was stealing into her heart as she sat there in her crape and widow's cap, and yet it was strangely like happiness, notwithstanding that the gravity of her face and the subdued stillness of her thoughts made it possible for her to receive condolences without any apparent break in the ordinary proprieties.

"Mrs. Scudamore looks exactly as a person in her position ought to look," was what Mr. Pilgrim, her fellow-executor, said. "We cannot expect her to be overwhelmed with grief." And yet in its heart the world objected to her that she was not overwhelmed with grief, and offered her heaps of consolation, such as it offers to the broken-hearted. They said to her:—"It is sad for you, but oh, think what

a blessed change for him." They adjured her to remember that such partings were not forever (which made the poor woman shudder), and when they had left her they shook their heads and said:—"She is very composed; I don't think she feels it very much."—"Feels it! She feels nothing; I always said she had not a bit of heart."—"But, then, she was always a quiet sort of woman." This was what the world said, half condemning, and nobody but old Miss Ridley ventured to say:—"What a blessed riddance for her, poor soul!"

While she sat thus dreamily looking out, with her new life floating as it were about her, Charlie and Amy went out without disturbing their mother. There were only these two, and two very small girls in the nursery. The long gap between meant much to Mrs. Scudamore, but to no one else, for the little hillocks in the church-yard bore little meaning to the children. The brother and sister were great companions—more so than brother and sister usually are, and the delight of having Charlie home from Oxford had soon dried up the few fresh youthful tears which Amy wept for her father.

They strolled out arm in arm by the open window upon the green terrace. Charlie had a book in his hand, the last new poem he had fallen into enthusiasm with, and Amy read it over his shoulder with both her arms clasped through his. It would have been difficult to find a prettier picture. The boy was very slight and tall, not athletic as his father wished, but fond of poetry and talk, and full of enthusiasm after a fashion which has almost died out, the fashion of a time before athletics had begun to reign. The girl was slim and straight too, as a girl ought to be, but more developed than her brother, though she was two years younger. Her hair was brighter than his, her complexion sweeter. She was an out-of-door girl and he had been an in-door young man, but yet the likeness was great between them.

Amy leant half across him, hanging with all her weight upon his arm, her bright face bent upon the book which he was reading aloud. "Is not that glorious; is that not fine?" he asked, his cheek flushing and his eye sparkling; while Amy, intent with her eyes upon the book, ran on with it while he stopped and rhapsodized.

They were standing thus when they attracted the notice of some people in a carriage which was driving up the avenue. There was no door in the terrace front of the house, but the avenue ran past it under the lime-trees, giving a passing peep of the house. Two people were in this carriage, one a lady in deep mourn-

ing, the other a man with a keen sharp face. The sound of their passage did not disturb the young people, but the travelers looked out at them with eager interest. The lady was a pale little woman between forty and fifty, wearing a widow's cap like Mrs. Scudamore; she was in a tearful condition, and leant half out of the window. "Oh, Tom! Tom, there are the children, you may be sure, and how can I do it! how can I do it," she said with excitement. "Nobody wants you to do it; you must keep still and keep your papers ready, and I'll look after the rest," said her companion. He was a man of about thirty, rather handsome than otherwise, but for the extreme sharpness of his profile. He too was in mourning, and in his hand he carried a little letter-case which he gave the lady as they alighted at the door. He had to give her his arm at the same time, to keep her from falling, and he pulled down her crape veil almost roughly to conceal her tears, which were falling fast. She was very much frightened and quite dissolved in weeping. Her poor little dim eyes were red, and so was her nose. "Oh, please don't make me! for the last time, Tom dear, don't make me!" she cried as she stumbled out of the carriage. He seemed to give her a little shake as he drew her hand through his arm.

"Now, Auntie," he said in her ear, "if there is any more of this nonsense I shall just go right away and leave you here; how should you like that? You foolish woman, do you care nothing for your rights?"

"Oh, Tom!" was all the answer she made, weeping. This conversation was not audible to the servant, who stood amazed watching their descent, but he could not help seeing the little conflict; it gave him time to recover his wits, which had been confused by the novelty of this unlooked-for arrival. When he had watched the two unknown visitors descend from the green vehicle, which was the only hackney carriage of the neighborhood, he made a step in advance and said calmly: "Missis receives no visitors at present. Not at home, Sir," and held the door as with intention to close it in the new-comers' faces.

"Your mistress will receive this lady," said the stranger, pushing unceremoniously into the hall. "There, there, I understand all about it. Go and tell her that a lady wishes to see her on very particular business—*must* see her, in short—on business connected with the late Mr. —"

"Oh, Tom, don't say that, please."

"Your late master," said the stranger. "Now come, quick; the lady can't wait, do you understand? and if you keep her waiting it

will be the worse for you. Tell your mistress, your present mistress, that we must see her at once."

"Oh, Tom, don't be so—My good man, if you will be so good as to give the message, we can wait here."

"You shall not wait here," said the other. "Show us in somewhere; your late master would never have forgiven you for leaving this lady in the hall, neither would your present mistress, you may be sure. Show us into some room or other; now look sharp. Do you think we can be kept waiting like this?"

Jasper was a young footman not long entered upon his office, and he turned from the strange man to the weeping lady with absolute bewilderment; and probably if the butler had not at this time made his solemn appearance, he would still have been standing between the two in consternation. But Woods, who was the butler, was a very serious and indeed alarming person, and I have always thought that the sharp stranger took him for the moment for a clergyman visiting at the house, which subdued him at once. Woods received their message very gravely, and then without a word, with only a move of his majestic hand, put them into a little room off the hall and shut the door upon them.

His gesture and look were so serious that the lady shook more than ever; she turned about in alarm when Woods shut the door. "Oh," she said with a start, "he has locked us in; what are we to do?"—"Hold your tongue," said Tom, "and take care of your papers and keep up your courage. Well, I must say it's worth a little struggle to have such a place as this. What use you will be able to be of to all your relations—Hallo! there are the pictures of the two we saw on the lawn."

The lady turned with an exclamation of interest to two small photographs which hung over the mantel-piece. As she gazed at them the tears came trooping down her pale cheeks. "Oh Tom! and I never had any children; I never had any children," she said, looking affectingly into his face.

"So much the more reason to be spiteful at this one," said the man roughly. "She has everything she wants, money, comfort, good reputation, and the children besides. By Jove, Auntie, if it was me I'd flash up and pluck a spirit from the sight."

"Oh Tom! how little you understand," said the poor lady; and she was standing thus in spite of all his endeavors to seat her majestically in a chair, gazing at the photographs with the tears upon her cheeks, when the door opened and Mrs. Scudamore, like a white ghost



enveloped in her mournings, came into the room.

## CHAPTER II.

"A LADY and gentleman?" Mrs. Scudamore had said, starting from her reverie. "Who are they, Woods? Did you say I saw no one?"

"They were positive, ma'am, as you'd see them," said Woods, solemnly. "I think I would see them, ma'am, if it wasn't too much trouble. I was to tell you it was something about my master—"

"Mr. Scudamore, Woods?"

"My late master, ma'am. I would see 'em, ma'am, if I might dare to give an advice. Master had to do with a many things that had best be seen to by one of the family, and Master Charlie is so young—not meaning no offense."

A momentary flush of irritation rose to Mrs. Scudamore's face, but it passed away almost as quickly as it came. "I will see them," she said, "in a moment," waving him away with her hand. But when he had gone she sat still in her chair, holding her book with a strange reluctance to move. In a moment a cloud seemed to have sprung up over her firmament, which looked so peaceful just now. What did she fear? She feared nothing—her thoughts took no shape—she only felt that some new and unknown calamity was coming. She had thought her troubles were over, and with a bitterness which she could not have put into words, she felt she had mistaken.

Here was something new—something he had left behind him for her to bear. After a while she gathered herself up painfully out of her chair, she put away the book carefully into the place it belonged to, and then she went to the window, she did not know why, and looked out upon her children.

They were both seated upon the grass, Amy talking eagerly, with her animated face bent forward—her brother putting up his hands laughingly, as if to put her away; they were disarming the poem which he held open in his hand. Never was there a prettier picture of the sweet idleness and peacefulness of youth. Mrs. Scudamore looked at them a full minute, and then she turned slowly and went to her visitors. When she entered the little room she was very dignified, very pale and still. She had not the least idea what she was going to meet there, but she felt that it was certainly pain and trouble. These as a matter of course, but what else she could not tell. She was tall, with a handsome, colorless face; a woman of no small resolution, as

it was easy to see; and there was something even about the crispness of the crape, and the spotless purity of the long white pendants of tarlatan from her cap, which imposed upon the little weeping, disheveled woman to whom she addressed herself.

This unhappy stranger turned with a start and a little cry from the contemplation of the photographs, wiped her tears with a crumpled handkerchief, and did her best, though she trembled, to meet the lady of the house with something like composure. But she shook so that her pretense was a very poor one indeed, and at sight of the humble little figure and deprecating looks Mrs. Scudamore recovered her courage—nothing very tragical, she felt, could be involved. A smile even came to her face.

"You wished to see me," she said, with grave politeness; "I do not receive any one at present, except my old friends; but as I hear it is on business—"

"Business of the most important kind," said the man, of whom Mrs. Scudamore had taken no notice. She turned now and looked at him, and somehow her very glance, the quiet grace with which she heard and accepted what he said, irritated him almost beyond bearing. He was the sort of man of whom people of Mrs. Scudamore's breeding say: "He is not a gentleman." He might have been much poorer, less educated, lower in the social scale, and yet not have called forth that verdict; he was himself so conscious of the fact, and so determined to screen it with audacity and pretension, that he saw the words on everybody's lips and resented them to begin with. When the lady turned from him, and with her own hand gave the insignificant little woman a chair before she herself sat down, he felt already that there was some plot against him. "By Jove! she's begun her little game too soon. She thinks she can do anything with Auntie," he said to himself. As for Auntie, she looked more and more ready to drop as she received this simple courtesy. She sat down a very image of guilt and suffering, her eyes red, her nose red, her handkerchief too damp to be graceful, or even useful, in her hand, and from time to time lifted her weeping eyes with a deprecating glance to the stately Mrs. Scudamore's face.

"Might I ask you to tell me what the business is," said that lady politely. "I need not say that in my present circumstances I refer to my lawyer everything that does not require my immediate attention."

"I am quite willing to refer it to your law-

yer," said the man. "Perfectly willing—indeed, he is the proper person. We don't come as beggars, ma'am, I assure you. Our rights are very clear indeed. It was solely, I believe, out of consideration for your feelings—"

"Oh, don't, Tom, don't!"

"I must take my own way, if you please. We thought it best and wisest—and kindest—to come to you first—feeling that there was some hardship in the circumstances, and that something might be done to soften the blow; but if you don't wish to be troubled, of course the simplest course is the solicitor—I am a solicitor myself."

Mrs. Scudamore looked from him to his aunt, and then at him again. The cloud returned to her with a vague gloom, and yet it seemed impossible that any serious evil, any real harm could come to her from the homely little personage sobbing under her breath in the chair beside her, or from this underbred man. The woman even, she felt sure, had no evil intention; and as for the man, what power could he have? It was money, no doubt; some old debt, some liability more or less disgraceful, but which might be disposed of.

She said, "Go on, please, I am ready to hear," with the faintest little tone of weariness in her voice. But the weariness disappeared from her face as he went on. The man with his underbred air, his pretension and audacity, became to her like one of the terrible Fates. After the first flush of instinctive rage and indignation with which she refused to believe, the certainty that, horrible as it was, it was the truth, sunk into her very soul and overpowered her. She preserved her immovable resolute face, and heard him to an end—heard the documents which he read—saw these documents carefully collected and replaced in the case—saw the miserable little woman, the wretched creature who was the cause of it all, weeping over that case which she held in her hand; and then rose majestic to reply. To them she seemed the very personation of indignant unbelief and scorn, but the firmness that inspired her, that gave power to her voice and majesty to her figure as she turned to them, was sheer and conscious despair.

"Is that all?" she said. "Now I have heard you to an end, may I ask what you have come here for, and what you mean to do?"

"What we have come here for?" said the man with an assumption of surprise.

"Yes," Mrs. Scudamore said quickly, feeling that her sight and voice began to fail her.

"What have you come here for? You must feel that we cannot remain under one roof if your story is true—not even for an hour. If your story is true—I need not say that I give it no credit, that I—refuse—to believe."

She had got as far as this when the sight and the voice both failed, a sound as of a hundred rushing wheels came over her brain, and everything else died out of her consciousness. She dropped on the floor before the two who had been looking at her almost with awe, so proudly strong had she looked up to the very moment when she fell. The woman gave a great cry and ran to her. The man sprang up with a loud exclamation. "Ring the bell, for God's sake—get water—call some one," said she. He, half frightened, but resolute to do nothing that was suggested to him, stood still and gazed. "She'll come round—never fear, she'll come round," he said. "By Jove, Auntie, that proves she felt it more than she would allow."

"Ring the bell! ring the bell!" said the woman. The servants, however, outside had heard the fall and the cry, and came rushing in without being called—Mrs. Scudamore's maid, hastily called by Jasper, following the butler into the room. They lifted her upon a sofa,—the visitor taking command of the situation, as if it had been natural to her. This little weeping woman, so helpless before, was at once elevated into a rational being by the emergency. "Lay her head down flat; take away the pillow, poor dear, poor dear!" she murmured, keeping her place beside the sufferer. "Give me the water—oh, quickly, quickly—give it to me."

"Aunt, come away, this is not your place—let her come to herself," said the man. She turned round upon him with a certain momentary fury in her poor, red, tear-worn eyes. She stamped her foot at him, as she stood with the *eau de Cologne* in her hand. "Go away, sir; it's all your doings," she said in a sharp, high-pitched voice—"go away."

And he was so completely taken by surprise that he went away. He had not known that it was possible for his poor little aunt, whom everybody snubbed and ordered about as they would, to turn upon any one so. She had been absent from her family most of her life, and now when she came back it had been in all the excitement of a great discovery. The man was so bewildered that he went out and stayed about in the hall, with his hat on, looking curiously at everything.

While he was thus occupied, Charlie and Amy came in, and gazed at him with wondering eyes. He returned their look with a

stare; but either some tradition of good-breeding, or else Amy's fresh young beauty moved him. He took off his hat with a kind of stupid instinct. The two young people, who did not know there was anything amiss, had a momentary consultation with each other. "Nothing of the sort," said the brother, turning his back. "Then I will," said the girl, and before either knew what she was about, she made a sudden step towards the stranger. "Did you want mamma?" she said, with her soft child-like smile, looking fearlessly into his face. "Perhaps my brother or I would do instead; mamma is not well; she has been very much tired and worried. Is it anything, please, that you could say to me?"

Anything that he could say to her! He was not sensitive, but a thrill went through the man, proving at least that he was human. Say it to her? He shrank back from her with an agitation which he could not account for. Amy's utter ignorance of any reason, however, made her slow to perceive the effect of her words upon him; and before she could repeat her question, Jasper rushed forward with that zeal to communicate evil tidings which belongs to the domestic mind. "If you please, miss, your mamma's took very bad and fainted, in the little library."—"Mamma! fainted?" said Amy, and she rushed into the little room, forgetting all about the stranger, who, however, did not forget her. He stood half bewildered, looking after her. He was a young man, and the sight of the girl, her sweet courtesy to the enemy she did not know, the look she had given him, her innocent question had moved him as he never had been moved before. He was vulgar, pretentious, and mercenary, but still he had blood left in his veins, and something that did duty for a heart. He stood looking after her till Charlie turned round upon him, a very different antagonist.

"May I ask if you are waiting for any one?" he said, with some superciliousness. He had not heard Jasper's message about his mother.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the stranger shortly.

"Oh, you are," said Charlie, somewhat discomfited, and then, not knowing what better to do, angry and suspicious he knew not why, he strolled into the great library, leaving the new-comer master of the field. He smiled as the lad went away. He was neither afraid of, nor affected by Charlie, who was to him simply a representative of the wealth and rank which he envied and which he hoped to grasp; but the other, the girl, to say what he had to say to her,—for the first time Mr. Tom Fur-

ness faintly realized what might be the effect upon others of a matter which he had regarded solely from his own side of the question. That girl! and then he drew a long breath, and the color flushed up on his cheek. It was a new thought which had gone through him like an arrow, piercing his sharp commonplace brain and the organ he supposed to be his heart.

Mrs. Scudamore was recovering from her faint when Amy rushed in and ran to the side of the sofa, pushing away, without perceiving her, the little woman with the bottle of *eau de Cologne* in her hand. "Oh, mamma, dear! oh, Stevens, what is the matter?" cried Amy, appealing naturally to the maid; but to her astonishment a strange voice answered—"Don't ask any questions, my poor child; oh, my poor, dear child!" said the unknown speaker, and to her wonder Amy saw a pair of eyes gazing at her,—poor dim eyes, with a red margin round them and tears rising, but full of wistful kindness and pity, which she could not understand. She had not recovered from the shock of seeing some one whom she never saw before at her mother's side at such a moment, when Mrs. Scudamore herself, opening her eyes, stretched out a hand towards her. Amy tried to take her mother's hand and kiss it; but to her consternation her intended caress was rejected, the hand clutched at her dress and drew her close, turning her towards the strange woman. Looking at her mother's face, Amy saw with inconceivable surprise that she was not looking at her but at the stranger, and that some dreadful meaning, a meaning which she could not divine, was in her eyes. Mrs. Scudamore held her, presenting her as it were to this strange woman, whose eyes were red with crying. Then she spoke, with a voice which sounded wild to the amazed girl: "Look at this child," she said, dragging Amy into a position to confront the new-comer. The little woman began to cry. Then Mrs. Scudamore rose slowly from the sofa; she was ghastly pale, but had perfect command of herself. She waved them all away except the stranger. "Go! go!" she said imperiously. "Leave me; I have some business. Leave me, Amy, Stevens, go now. I have some business to do."

"Let me stay with you, mamma; oh, let me stay with you," said Amy; but even she was frightened by her mother's look.

"No: go, go all of you!" said Mrs. Scudamore, peremptorily. Then she raised herself with difficulty from the sofa, and tottering across the room, softly locked the door.

## CHAPTER III.

WHAT passed within that locked door nobody knew. Amy would have remained in the hall to wait for her mother but for the presence of the stranger, who gazed at her with eager and intent eyes. But for his presence I fear the servants would have listened, though in that latter case the attempt would have been in vain, for the two women within spoke low, and had no intention of betraying themselves. Amy joined her brother in the great library. She did not know what she was afraid of, but she trembled. "Mamma looked so strange," she said; "not like herself; and there was such an odd, funny woman—no, not funny, Charlie; don't laugh; quite the reverse of funny—but so strange, with red eyes as if she had been crying. Oh, I don't know what to think."

"Don't think at all;" said Charlie, "that's the best thing for girls. My mother will tell you, I suppose, or at least she will tell *me*, if it is anything of consequence," said the young man, with a sense of his own importance which was beautiful to see. He was writing a letter, and he had not seen nor heard anything to alarm him, so he pursued his way with much calm. Amy stood by the window, or roamed about the room from book-case to book-case with an agitation she herself could not understand. Her mother's despair had communicated itself to her in some wonderful, unexplainable way. In the same mesmeric fashion a thrill of wonder and sharp curiosity had run through the entire house. Half the servants in it made furtive expeditions through the hall to see Mr. Tom Furness marching about with his hat on his head and a scowl on his face, looking at the various ornaments, the hunting trophy hung up on one wall, the pictures on another, the bits of old armor which Charlie had furbished up and arranged with his best skill, and of which he was so proud—all these things Mr. Furness scowled at; and then, to the horror and excitement of the household, he strode forward to the door of the little library and knocked loudly. There was no answer. He stood waiting for about five minutes, and then he knocked again. By this time Woods was roused to interfere. He came up with a look of solemnity which again for a moment impressed the stranger with the idea that he must be a dignified clergyman residing in the house, an impression unfortunately put to flight by his words. "Sir," said Woods, "begging pardon for the liberty, but Mrs. Scudamore is in that room, and I can't have my missis disturbed."

"— your missis," said Mr. Furness. It was perhaps just as well for him that the first word was quite inaudible; and he knocked again. This time there was an immediate reply. The door was opened slowly, and Mrs. Scudamore appeared. She had been pale before this, but her former paleness was rosy in comparison with the ghastly white of her countenance now. The little woman with the red eyes was clinging to her arm.

"We have kept you waiting," she said, with a calmness in which there was something terrible, "which I am sorry for, but I was faint. Woods, send the dog-cart and a man to the Three Miles Station for Mrs. Scudamore's luggage, and tell the housekeeper to get ready the West Room. As we have both been a good deal agitated with this meeting," she went on, turning to her strange companion, "perhaps you would like to rest before dinner. It would do you good to rest."

"Oh, yes, please," faltered the stranger, half hiding behind Mrs. Scudamore's shoulder, and casting glances of terror at her nephew's face.

Mr. Tom Furness looked on confounded—he gazed from one to the other with a face of consternation. "Oh," he said, "so you have made it all up between yourselves."

"Yes," said Mrs. Scudamore; she looked him full in the face, not flinching, and he regarded her with rising wonder and anger. "Sold," he said to himself, and then he laid his hand roughly upon his aunt's arm. "Look here, this won't do," he said; "you can't keep me out of it—I don't go for nothing in this. I can tell you, Auntie, you had best not try to cast me off."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!"

"This lady is under my protection," said Mrs. Scudamore. "Leave her, please. She is a member of this family."

"Under *your* protection," said Furness, with a coarse laugh which brought the blood to the ghastly pale face of the woman he insulted. And then he added, with angry jocularity, "I should like to know since you are so ready to adopt her, what you mean to call her now."

Mrs. Scudamore made a momentary pause. It was so instantaneous that perhaps nobody observed it except Amy, who had come to the door of the great library when she heard her mother's voice. Then she answered firmly, "She is Mrs. Thomas Scudamore, my sister-in-law. I accept her on her own statement, which I have no doubt is true. We shall make all inquiries to substantiate it, of course, in which you, I am sure, can help us—"



"Mrs. Thomas Scudamore, her sister-in-law," said the man, and then he rushed at the unhappy little woman who was his aunt, and shook her violently before any one could interfere. "Do you mean to say it's a conspiracy," he said, "or—you—have you made a mistake?"

"Oh Tom," said the poor woman, "oh Tom, don't murder me! Oh, I beg your pardon! I beg you ten thousand pardons!—I have made—a mistake."

"It's a lie," he said with another oath.

Mrs. Scudamore put out her hand imperiously and pushed him away. "You will touch her again at your peril," she said. "There are men enough in the house to turn you out—"

At this the man grew furious. "To turn you out, you mean," he said, "you impostor—you—"

Here Amy appeared, pale and scared, with her hand held up as if to stop the words, whatever they might be. He stopped short, struck silent as by magic. His eyes fell before the bright, innocent, indignant eyes. Say it to her! How could he? for when all was said that could be said against him, he was still a man.—He stopped short, and Mrs. Scudamore took that moment to lead her faltering companion away.

"You have made a mistake," she said as she went, "what might have been a terrible mistake—but, thank Heaven, we have found it out—"

The spectators stood speechless, and watched her as she turned along the long corridor to the great drawing-room. This passage was very long, paved with tiles, and had a tall window at the end. The two figures were clearly outlined against the light: the one tall, straight, and full of elastic strength, as upright as an arrow, and as unwavering; the other hanging upon her, a limp heap of drapery. As if they had been under a spell—the man who was left in the lurch, the girl whose heart was beating with a sore sense of mystery, the gaping and wondering servants, stood silent, gazing after them till they disappeared; and then—

What Mr. Tom Furness might have done or said had he been left, it is impossible to say. Mrs. Scudamore, it was clear, had made up her mind to brave him, but chance had provided her with quite an unexpected auxiliary. His eyes, as he withdrew them from following the two, who moved like a procession against the light, encountered those of Amy. Hers turned, to him almost appealingly. She seemed to ask—What is it? What

do you think of it? She, except in that one moment when she had put up her hand to stop his words, had looked at him in no hostile way. Now there was nothing but wonder and uneasiness in her look. And that look seemed to appeal to him—to him, who knew himself the enemy of the house. He was vanquished; he could not tell how. He took off, with a muttered apology, the hat which all this while had been on his head.

"I suppose there is nothing left for me but to go away," he said bitterly, "and leave them to settle it their own way. By Jove, though —"

"Mamma can never mean you to—to feel that there has been no courtesy, no—hospitality at Scudamore," said Amy. "I am sure that must be a mistake; she has been ill and something has agitated her. Would you mind staying here one moment till I—till I—call my brother?" said Amy.

To call her brother was the last thing to do, she felt convinced, but it was the first thing that it occurred to her to say. She ran into the great library where Charlie was sitting, rushed past him, paying no attention to his languid "What's the row, Amy?" and went out by the window which opened on the terrace. It took her but a moment to rush round to the drawing-room window, calling softly, Mamma! Mamma!

Amy knew very well that something was wrong, and her heart was aching with curiosity and pain. But she had forgotten that she was rushing into the heart of the mystery by thus following her mother. She was suddenly recalled to herself by hearing Mrs. Scudamore's voice in such a tone as she had never heard before—very low and passionate, almost too low to be audible, and yet with a force in it which could (it seemed to Amy) have extended the sound for miles.

"I put myself out of the question. For myself I can brave anything; but I have four children, and to save them from shame, look you, I will do anything—anything, lose my life, risk my soul—"

"Oh don't say so," said the other voice.

"I could, I will — and you can save them."

Amy crept away. She could not face her mother after hearing these words. What did they, what could they mean? She stole back again, dispirited, to the hall in which that man still awaited her. He knew all about it; he could clear it up to her, whatever it was, if she dared ask. But Amy felt that the secret which was her mother's, her mother only must reveal. She went up to him timid-

ly, not knowing what excuse to make, and totally unaware that her pretty, embarrassed, troubled look was stealing to his very heart.

"I am so sorry," she said; "they are all so engaged I can't get hold of any of them. You are a friend of—of that lady who is with mamma, are you not?"

"Her nephew," he said.

"And can you tell me?—I have not a chance of speaking to mamma,—is she a relation of ours?"

He gazed at her with a look she did not understand; then catching once more her innocent, wondering gaze, grew confused—and red—and faltered. Say it to her he could not for his life.

"Your mother says so," he answered gloomily.

He was a young man, though Amy did not think so; he was not bad-looking, and his natural air of audacity and assumption had vanished in her presence. He stood softened almost into a gentleman by her side. Amy looked at him doubtfully. She had thought she saw him resisting her mother; she had heard him begin to say words that he ought not to have said. But he had stopped short, and he was injured, or seemed so, had been left here alone and neglected, and looked as if he wanted some notice to be taken of him. All the natural instincts of courtesy were strong in the girl; even if he were wrong he could not be allowed to leave the house with a sense of having been neglected; and then he was quite middle-aged, she was sure, thirty at least, and the nephew of some one who was a relation. When all this train of thought had passed through her mind, she felt that it was time for her to act. She could not help her mother, but she might do the duty she had no doubt her mother would have done, had her mind been sufficiently at leisure to think of it. "Mamma is occupied," she said simply, "and so is my brother—there is only me, but if I could show you the Park? or if you would take some luncheon?—I will do the best I can in mamma's absence—since you are a relation of our relation it does not matter," she said with her fresh sweet smile, "that we never saw each other before."

It would be impossible to describe the effect of this little girlish speech; it went through and through the person to whom it was addressed.

The very different passions which had been strong in him were somehow lulled to sleep in a moment; he did not understand himself; the very purpose with which he had come to the house went out of his mind. "I will be proud if you will show me the—the grounds, Miss Scudamore," he said. In his soul he had fallen prostrate at Amy's feet.

And she went with him in her simplicity, leading him about the garden and the conservatories, and out to the Park to see the best views. She took him even to the terrace. Everywhere she led him about, half pleased after a time at the interest he took in all he saw, and which was indeed no simple sentiment, as she thought, but a maze of indescribable feeling which subdued and yet stirred him. The child did not know what she was doing. In her own consciousness she was but occupying a weary hour or two, which otherwise would have hung heavy on this visitor's hands, and making up for the something like rudeness which her mother had shown him. In reality she was winding about the man a whole magic web, the first dream of his life. When they had gone over everything and returned to the house there was still nobody to be seen, and Amy's wits were at full stretch to know what to do further with her strange guest. Should she ask him to stay to dinner?—what should she do? perhaps her mother would not like it—perhaps Charlie—

"Look here, Miss Amy, you have been very kind and nice to me," he said suddenly, "for your sake I'll go away. Tell your mother for me that I've gone away for your sake. I'll wait till I hear from her. If I don't hear from her I shall take my own way; but in the mean time I am not a worse man than other men, and I am going away for your sake."

"Oh that is very kind," Amy said unawares, and then she recollected that what she was saying sounded uncivil. "I mean it is very kind to say you will do anything for me, but I am sure mamma would never wish—"

"Tell her I'll wait to hear from her, or if not I'll take my own way, and warn my old fool of an aunt that she'll be sorry for her humbug—I don't believe a word of it, and I'll prove my position," he said with growing wrath; then added suddenly, dropping his voice, "but at present I'll go away—for your sake."

(To be continued.)

## FROM SEA TO SEA.

## I.

SHAKE hands! kiss hands in haste to the sea,  
 Where the sun comes in, and mount with me  
 The matchless steed of the strong New World,  
 As he champs and chafes with a strength untold,—  
 And away, to the West, where the waves are curled,  
 And kiss white palms to the capes of gold!  
 A girth of brass and a breast of steel,  
 A breath of fire and a flaming mane,  
 An iron hoof and a steel-clad heel,  
 A Mexican bit and a massive chain  
 Well tried and wrought in an iron rein;  
 And away! away! with a shout and yell  
 That had stricken a legion of old with fear,  
 That had started the dead in their graves whilere,  
 And startled the damned in Hades as well.

## II.

Stand up! stand out! where the wind comes in,  
 And the wealth of the seas pours over you,  
 As its health floods up to the face like wine,  
 And a breath blows up from the Delaware  
 And the Susquehanna. We feel the might  
 Of armies in us, and blood leaps through  
 The frame with a fresh and a keen delight  
 As the Alleghanies have kissed the hair,  
 With a kiss blown far through the rush and din,  
 By the chestnut burs and through boughs of pine.

## III.

O! seas in a land! O! lakes of mine!  
 By the love I bear and the songs I bring  
 Be glad with me! lift your waves and sing  
 A song in the reeds that surround your Isles!—  
 A song of joy for this sun that smiles,  
 For this land I love and this age and sign;  
 For the peace that is and the perils passed;  
 For the hope that is and the rest at last!

## IV.

O heart of the world's heart! West! my West!  
 Look up! look out! There are fields of kine,  
 There are clover-fields that are red as wine;  
 And a world of kine in the fields take rest,  
 And ruminate in the shade of trees  
 That are white with blossoms or brown with bees.  
 There are emerald seas of corn and cane;  
 There are cotton-fields like a foamy main,  
 To the far-off South where the sun was born,  
 Where the fair have birth and the loves knew morn.  
 There are isles of oak and a harvest plain,  
 Where brown men bend to the bending grain;  
 There are temples of God and towns new-born,  
 And beautiful homes of beautiful brides;

And the hearts of oak and the hands of horn,  
Have fashioned them all and a world besides. . . .  
. . . . . A yell like the yell of the Iroquois,  
And out of Eden,—and Illinois!

## V.

A rush of rivers and a brush of trees,  
And a breath blown far from Mexican seas,  
And over the great heart-vein of earth!  
. . . . . By the South-Sun-land of the Cherokee,  
By the scalp-lodge of the tall Pawnee,  
And up the La Platte. What a weary dearth  
Of the homes of men! What a wild delight  
Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,  
Where the seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!  
What dust and taste of quick alkali!  
. . . . . Then hills! green, brown, then black like night,  
All fierce and defiant against the sky!

## VI.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,  
Born strong of the will of the strong New World,  
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,  
Of the mounts of Thunder,\* where the clouds are curled  
Below in a splendor of the sun-clad seas;  
And a kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze  
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,  
And a faint, sweet fragrance from the far-off seas  
Comes in through the gates of the great South Pass.  
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,  
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,  
And the brown deer hies to the tamarack;  
And afar to the South with a sound of the main,  
Roll buffalo herds from the peaks to the plain.  
We are over the summit and on again,  
And down like the sea-dove the billow enshrouds,  
And down like the swallow that dips to the sea,  
We dart and we dash and we quiver and we  
Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

## VII.

Thou "City of Saints!" O! antique men,  
And men of the Desert as the men of old!  
Stand up! be glad! When the truths are told,  
When time has uttered his truths and when  
His hand has lifted the things to fame  
From the mass of things to be known no more;  
When creeds have perished and have passed away,  
Opinions that lorded their little day,—  
A monument set in the desert sand,  
A pyramid reared on an island shore,  
And their architects—shall have place and name.

\* The telegraph poles along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with scarce an exception, are splintered and torn by lightning.



O! sea, land lost! O! desolate land,  
Made brown with grain, and made green with bay;  
Let mock who will, gainsay it who may,  
No little thing has it been to rear  
A resting-place in the desert here,  
For Fathers bound to a fatherland;  
No little thing with a foe at hand  
That has known no peace, save with these strong men,  
And the peace unbroken with the blameless Penn.  
Let the wise be just, let the brave forbear,  
Forgive their follies, nor forget their care.

## VIII.

The Humboldt desert and the Digger land,  
And the seas of sage and of arid sand  
That stretch away till the strained eye wearies  
Are far in the rear, and the grand Sierras  
Are under our feet, and the heart beats high,  
And the blood comes quick, but the lips are still  
With awe and wonder, and all the will  
Is bowed with the grandeur that frets the sky.

## IX.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,  
A song of birds and a sound of bees  
Above in the boughs of the sugar-pine;  
The pick-axe stroke in the placer mine,  
And the boom of blasts in the gold-ribb'd hills,  
The grizzly's growl in the gorge below  
Are dying away, and the sound of rills  
From the far-off shimmering crest of snow,  
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,  
And brown bent hills and the shepherd's call,  
And hills of vine and of fruits, and all  
The sweets of Eden are here, and we  
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

## X.

We have lived an age in a half-moon-wane!  
We have seen a world! We have chased the sun  
From sea to sea, but the task is done,  
And we descend to the great white main—  
To the King of Seas; and with temples bare  
And a tropic breath on the brow and hair,  
All hushed with wonder, and apart: the knees  
Go down in worship, on the golden sands;  
With faces seaward, and with folded hands  
We gaze on the beautiful Balboa seas.

## NOT A PLEASANT STORY:

BEING PASSAGES FROM THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

SINCE you've been so good, sir, thank you. It's not over-often I get the chance. I like the Common too. It isn't so much the grass, nor it isn't the gravel, nor the water-spirts. It's the elbow-room. Why, when you come to see the world, as I did down to Virginny, then plump down in this town, leastways my parts of it, for a lifetime, sir, if there's any one thing more than any other thing a man's conscious of, it's elbows. Though maybe I might be taken a bit sensitive on that point, natural. It's the singular number that's the rough of life, to my thinking.

How did I lose the arm? One question to once, if you please, sir. I'm an aging man, and easy put awry in my mind in conversation. You'll remember that you settled for a morning's job,—very generous, sir,—and brought me here in the character of a Public Nuisance. Begging your pardon, maybe you didn't use them language exact: "How now?" says you; "shut up that instrument and come to the Common with me, and tell me, in Heaven's name, what you grind it for." That's all you says; but I see it in your eyes you'd take no grudge to see me shut up in it, and ground out of the way myself. No offense, sir. I'm used to't. Hear it off and on every day: "Public nuisance!" sometimes quite loud and meant for me to hear, and again soft-like and dainty, from gals in white fur wraps, and leaving little puffs of sweet smells along behind 'em. Sometimes from folks that pay me someat too, dropping in occasional a piece of currency, which isn't frequent, with their eyes looking straight ahead, as they didn't mean to see themselves caught in the act, with twitches about the mouth. Soldiers' friends, I take it. There's generally Andersonville or someat like that's to pay, there. Then there's 'tother kind that stops and says, "What's your tax-report?" says they, meaning, I make it, to mock me for a rich beggar, which Heaven knows isn't so agree'ble for an okky-pation as to make it likely. I won't say but organ-grinders and easy cash (folks has said, wicked cash) have seen each other's faces, since that's the talk, and I'm not over-much acquainted in the trade myself personal. All is, fur's my experience goes, it's a g-r-i-n-d-i-n-g slow trade.

Blithe thinks so too. Blithe is smart to see pints of a thing. She'll talk betimes of setting me up in the candy line, but molasses is proper dear, and there is the sinking of

the instrument, which we've got a mortgage on the cook-stove for, in which case, you see, you'd be under some difficulties in respect to boiling down of your stock in trade.

Blithe is my little gal.

Did you ever go out oyster-dredgin', sir? No? Well, you'd ought to. That's a line of business very well to take in a fancy way, say for an afternoon. I can't say as I'd recommend it from a perpetooal point of view. I owned an oyster-boat once.

That was nine—ten—that was eleven years ago. Now it seems to me every day of twenty-five. I wasn't a young man when I married; and if I was put to't to choose, sir, for aging, between merridge and rheumatism, I'd take my chance on rheumatiz any day. There's that peccolality about merridge to my mind.

Yes, sir, it was just eleven years ago this year I left the oyster-boat. This was the way of it.

There's times I think I'd like to go back. I declare I do. There's advantages about an oyster-boat, more especial when you come to live in it, as I did. I lived in my boat three years. She was nothing for craft, you know, a low-necked, clumsv creetur, with her cabin so small you had to go out to turn round in it; and a habit of taking fire in her middle whenever I broiled sarsingers. She did that reglar on sarsinger day, from the week I boarded till the week I cleared her. But I never laid it up agin her very much, for she was a water-tight, warm-ribbed, sensible kind of hulk, who understood her business, and held her anchor in a high tide anywheres down the flats you'd a mind to try her.

A lonesome way of life? Maybe. On the whole I don't know but it was. Seems so now. Seemed so then. But bless you! there's been times, a looking back on't, when it was a Paradise to think on. Sir, there was never a Paradise without its swoird o' flames turning which way and what. If so be that the lay of it runs in a dredging-boat, turn your back on Paradise, and you've seen the last on't. You can't crawl in, nor you can't creep under, nor you can't hist over, nor you can't peck round. You've seen the end on't. Make your blunder and stick to't. Go your ways and bide by 'em. Hold your tongue, and heft up your heart, and work in the sweat of your brow, and keep your mind to yourself, sir, but never go sneaking back to beg into a garding as you've trod the flowers on, and

shut the gate on, and shook the dust from your feet upon, of your own free will and pleasure.

Not to say that a dredging-boat is so much like a garding as may be, but a cosy place, more especial in a storm, a oyster-boat is. What with a pipe, and the fleck of fire in the cook-stove, and your dreadnought hanging on the wall, and the cat—I kept a cat. Her name was Venus die Medicine; oncommon name for a cat, I thought; I got her from a house-and-sign painter who drowned himself, with a wife and nine small children, owing, they thought, to a sunstroke of a July day. So what with the cat a cleaning of the spider for you with her clean pink tongue (I washed it arterwards when I wasn't too busy), and the shade and warmness along in the corners of the cabin, and the stoopid, sleepy swashin to the boat. Considerin, too, that you hadn't hasped the cabin door, and that the tide splashed in, dropping down, and that the cat would leave the sarsinger dish to run and lick the drops up. Considerin a lurch to the old hulk now and then, heels over head like a tipsy log, and viewin the wind from a cheerful point.

I think, sir, I must be of a curious turn of mind. It used to trouble me now a great deal, in that boat, about the oysters. Not the dredging, by no means, for what would be the sense in being a oyster, if you *wasn't* dredged? It must be a great satisfaction, it seems to me, *being* a oyster, to live under a dredging-boat. But what, now, *is* the sense of being a oyster? If the Almighty made one set of living creeturs for no purpose nor no reason under the canopy of Heaven but to slip easy down another set of living creeturs' throats—but there, I've lost it; I had it once as slick as a whistle. I most forget the way it went. But it was a curious turn of mind, and made either me or the Almighty a sight of trouble; I don't clearly remember which.

Well, it come one night of a December. It was an ugly night, too; you don't often see an uglier, in a dredging-boat. It sleeted thick, and blew. It was dark as a pocket. My pipe got out and my fire got down, and it got wet and spattery below; and lonesome—well, yes; oncommon so. I'd come upon deck, and stuck myself into the storm for company; I was setting half over the gun'ale, looking down.

I was setting on the gun'ale, looking down. I know; for the tide was at the turn, and I was wondering about the oysters and how they took it in their minds of a stormy night;

and considering the look of the town against the sleet. Ever notice it? Off the oyster-beds there, it spattered about, you might say, like the broken pieces of a great gilt chiny cup. Of a clear night, it winked.

How did it happen? The dark, I suppose, or the blow and noise, or all together; but I never saw nor heard it till it came thud! against the boat's shoulder, me setting over the gun'ale there, and the sleet in my face and ears.

I'd rather the thing would have gone to hell than to have touched it; I jumped and said so, screechin.

Yet there's my arms up to the shoulder-blades in water after it, next minute. Maybe you can explain that, sir. I can't.

It slipped from me like an eel, sir; it squirmed and screwed; it wriggled in under the slimy boat. I never had hands on a uglier thing.

"I hope to God it's a puppy!" says I.

Well, sir, it wasn't; not to say that I haven't wished it had been, since; more than once I've wished it had been a stark dead puppy before ever I went over the gun'ale after it.

"I hope it may be a puppy!" says I. And that living minute there squirms through my fingers a great swash of limpsy, long hair.

With that I has it up on deck before you could say Jack Robinson, head foremost. It lies as stiff as a bowsprit. The cat comes up, fore-paws on the hatchway, and she puts up her back and spits at it.

"Venus," says I, "we've got a dead woman aboard!"

And I went as cold as a frog, sir.

Howsomever, I got the body below, best way I could, by the fire.

It lay very pretty for a dead woman. I really wish you could have seen it. Her hair was down her back, and her clothes—she wore a red calico dress—had frozen to her.

I did the best I could, sir, being as there were no women-folks but Venus aboard. I blowed up the fire, and I blowed out the light, and I got her out of her sloppy clothes and under a blanket, and the dreadnaught, and this and that, as if she'd been my mother; and I rubbed her feet, and Venus she licked her about the face and arms, and between us and a sip of brandy and camphire that I put aboard in cholera times, we did it.

Yes, we brought her round, sir, sure as life.

She set up very pretty for a live woman, too; she was all of a heap in my great-coat; and her hair began to dry; I can remember to this day thinking how exactly it was the color of a good middlin'-sized gold-fish, when

I'd lighted up again, and see her setting there, in my dreadnaught, by the cabin fire.

Sir, she set up very pretty, very pretty. She was a youngish woman. It seemed a curious thing to me to see a woman in the cabin.

I can't say accurate which began it, nor how we got to it, but in fifteen minutes or thereabouts it was as good as done.

"Where did you come from?" said I; I remember saying that. She had just drunk the last of the cholera mixer, and put the bottle down behind the stove.

"From the devil," says she.

"What was you about in the water?" said I.

"Going to the devil," says she.

"You'd pretty nigh got there," said I, "when you hit *this* boat."

With that she sighs and lays her head agin her hand. "I've tried it three times," says she. "Twice it was police, and once it was a ferry-boat, and now it's you," says she. "I'm most discouraged," says she.

"And where be you going *now*?" said I.

"To the devil," says she, just the same, with her head upon her hand. "There's no where else to go," says she.

Now, being a lonesome man who hadn't had a woman in his oyster-boat for three years, that made me feel kind of bad. I don't know why, neither.

I remember getting up to walk the cabin, and stepping on the cat, to think how bad I felt.

As I tell you, fifteen minutes, and it was all done. I'd been a rough man, and a restless and a solitary, and I hadn't done a useful thing by my kind before, I couldn't remember when; and so it came over me: Why not? Here was this poor young creetur, and here was me; I could pay the parson, and she could broil the sarsingers; why not?

"Suppose," said I to the young woman, "that you married me, instead?"

"Instead of what?" says she, starting round.

"Instead of going where you was mentioning," said I. The young woman looked at me, I can tell you, pretty sharp. Pretty soon she runs her hands through her long hair, and then she takes a lock of it, and draws it once or twice across her eyes.

"It would be a chance," said she. "I never had much chance," said she. And I tell you, she set up very pretty, drawing her hair across her eyes.

"You'd ought to know," says she.

"No, I'd oughtn't," says I. "I don't want

to know nothing about you. If so be that you're my true and honest wife, I don't want to know. You've asked me no questions, and I'll ask you no more. It ain't much I can say for myself," said I, "but I reckon I can do a peg better by you than the other gentleman you was speaking of," said I.

"Well, then," said the young woman.

"Well, then," said I.

And so, in fifteen minutes it was settled between us, and how it happened, or why, or which of us did it, or if it was both, or neither, I never could say. All is, it happened; and I turned up on deck to think it over, and the young woman she went to sleep by the cabin fire.

The storm was blowing off, a fold or two to once, like tissue paper, rolling down the harbor. I always like to watch a storm blow off. I kept the deck till dawn to see it, and not wishful to be a disturbance to the young woman, and for thinking of the young woman, and of what I'd done.

I told you, sir, I was of a curious turn of mind. Now I had some curious thoughts that night, after the blow set in, and the city lights cleared out before me, winking all along the shore.

It was the first useful thing I'd done, you see, sir, for so many years, that I took it strange and anxious; and I wondered what would come of it; and I had a strange and lonesome feeling very suddenly. It was about the oysters, sir. It seemed to me as if the young woman and me was very like the oysters, shut off there all alone. And there was that look about the city like some tremendous dredging-boat at anchor to draw us in. And so I had it over to myself: What is the sense in being a oyster if you *wasn't* dredged? And what is the sense in being a oyster anyhow? And so it went, till morning.

The cat came up on deck, and was a deal of company. I felt bad when that cat died. She Died of Medicine, too, most appropriate, that very day week, the day I quit the dredging-boat, on account of a taste for the cholera mixer. If the bottle hadn't been broken, I don't suppose she'd have swallowed the glass.

Come morning, when the young woman had dried her red calikker dress, and pinned up her curious hair—it looked like a whole shoal of gold fish, a twisted up. She says:

"I'll be honest by you," says she, very soft and very pale—she was very pale; and looked so young! And stood up so pretty, sir!

Well, maybe she was; I never knew to the contrary, in the way she meant; I suppose she was honest by me; but look here!



How was I to know anything about it? She said she took it for neuralgy. First three months after we were married she held off very well; next three, I found out as she'd always took it, since her mother fed her on it, a six-weeks baby, so she said; perhaps she did; I don't know, nor care.

Well, sir, you see I'd left the dredging-boat, seeing as I must have a decent house for a decent wife. I hoped to God she'd make me a decent wife, sir!

I'd left the boat and set up in the city; it's small choice you have in the city, sir, if you've not a trade. I never had a trade, and so I picked my way in the odd job line; hired to a head-porter one week; driv an express the next; had a fish-stall; made corn-balls; blacked boots; run a hack; took a contract on dough-nuts; and set up in fancy literatooor at the graveyard corner with a blind beggar who sang a song continual enough to wake the dead; besides a little puppy tied to his boot-leg.

To make a long story short, sir, she led me A LIFE. Yes she did. She led me A LIFE after the first three months was over.

Now that was what I couldn't explain to myself nor to another man. Why, *when* a man had undertook for the first time in his born days to do a useful thing, he should be led A LIFE for it. Not that I meant to put the young woman under obligations in my mind, but I had that feeling as if she'd see the sootability, as you might say, of making a man comfort'ble after it.

Fur's I could see, I done the best deed of my life, and they wasn't so many that I could have much choice, and it was an awful blunder. That's what perplexes me.

I think you'll remember, sir, that I spoke about a swoird of Paradise? Fur's the young woman went, I'd a been back to my boat before the year was out, a dozen times.

But then, there come the little gal. *She* was the swoird of flames—God bless her!—that turned me and kept me, which way and what, from my old ways, and my lonesome ways, and my reckless.

I don't quite understand, sir, clear, how a man can ever be what he been before, after he's had a little gal.

Now I have that confidence in what you may call, meaning no onrespect, the sense of the Almighty, that I take it how He blessed that little gal of mine from the first on't. And that's more than I did myself.

"It must never be a gal," said I. "She'd be like her mother."

Sir? I don't quite understand ye. Why,

yes; I suppose so; kind of a pity—her own mother—yes; but I'd got used to that, you know.

"She'd be like her mother," says I. "It must be a boy. Of course it will be a boy," said I.

You wouldn't believe it, sir, but the night that little gal was born, I took my hat and cleared. I never came nigh her for a week, and when I did, I wouldn't so much as touch her, nor look upon her little face.

"She'll be like her mother," says I. How soon I found it out, I can't say; it couldn't have been three months; long before ever the little creetur spoke a word, I found out as plain as day how she wasn't that. There was that in her eyes when she speared into my face, and that in her little fingers when they twisted into mine. I can't explain it, sir, onless to a man who'd had a little gal of his own that he'd feared would be like her mother.

If I was a younger man, maybe I should know how to make a long story short, but fact is, the more I think on't the longer it grows; I'm so easy put awry in my mind since war-times come and gone. And I come to set a sight by that little gal. And all that come and went seems to me to come and go for the little gal. And all was and wasn't, seemed to be and ben't, because of the little gal. And mostly all that I can remember—since war-times and since I took to aging—is the little gal. Somehow, it's a very long thing, sir, to love a little gal.

I used to rock her to sleep o' nights; she'd rather have me nor her mother; and I always brushed her little hair down for her mornin's, better nor her mother; and I used to slick up her little apron-strings, and ontie her little shoes; and I used to heft her softly in my arms, and lay her little arm agin my neck, and thank the Almighty for that she'd turned out onlike —; but I never told *her* that, sir; no.

"My baby," says I, soon's ever she could talk, "marm's sick."

"Marm's sick," says Blithe, first thing she ever said. That's all I said to my little gal about her mother. "Marm's sick," says Blithe over after me; always said it, sir, innocent and prompt.

My little gal is a gentle little gal, sir, with a pretty way.

I don't know how I ever come to leave her to 'list, I'm sure; but times was hard, and odd jobs slack, and—was I drafted? No, I wasn't drafted; and I don't think I was drunk, and I'm sure I wasn't pat-riotic; nigh as I can remember, I just went; come home one

day to dinner, and I'd done it; to tell the truth, I don't remember much about it but a-standing in the doorway of a rainy day, to bid my little girl good-bye.

Well, I went in early and I come out late; not that I was much of a Hail Columby man; but it's a sight more easy to keep on doing a thing than it is to stop, in general; and I sent the pay home reglar, and marm got the house and sign painter's widow of nine small children to write occasional, as she took in fine folks' washing, for she couldn't write herself; and Blithe, she promised to write me a letter of her own when she'd schooled long enough; but it never come; and so I staid along.

I went in under Little Mac, and I come out under Sherman down to Atlanta, with this here arm,—by which I mean to say the one that ain't here,—in the trenches. Clipped off by a shell. You never see anything slicker in your life.

"What'll Blithe say," thinks I as I goes down, "when she sees it's the right un!"

Nigh as I can recollect, that's pretty much all I thinks till I get back to her.

So one day I come along home, weak for a bit, and faintish. And I sat down on a little step outside the dépôt, on account of being dizzy with the cars. It was sunshiny on the step, and sunshiny everywhere.

There come along a little gal, I remember, with the sun on her, and a two-armed father that lifted her over the mud.

The little gal had a stick of red candy half in her mouth, and she held it out to me, all wet, and it was much as ever I could see it, for the sun. But I eat a piece of it to pacify her (God bless her!) and a piece I kept for Blithe.

I sat for a little upon the step, with the noise of the city kind of whirring about me, and it was kind of queer now, how I sat a thinking it was all made by two-armed men. Maybe it was because the jam in my elbow ached; or maybe because I had to walk such a long piece to get home; or maybe because I wished it was longer.

To tell you the truth, sir, it had been a kind of an awful thing between Blithe and me—leaving her with marm. And it was an awful thing coming back and finding her with marm, and spekkylating, and wondering, and considering if it would be one of marm's days, and if Blithe would be much knocked up,—by which I mean it mental and moral, sir; take marm at her worst she never struck that child—and for wishing in partikkular that Blithe and I could set down in the Common or somewheres alone, at the first.

It was such a sunshiny sort o' day, as I said; that sort of day when a man with a smashed elbow and a little gal feels as if he'd like a place to set in quiet.

So when I come along home, there come out a man with a little slate in his hand.

"How now?" says I.

"Any orders?" says he; and with that he hangs up his slate agin my door-post; he was a furrin-looking man, with a yellor face. "I have a Venus die Medicine," says he, "which I think would suit ye; likewise a Gen. Grant of a most delicate shade of pink; and a Sister Madonna in gray clay," says he.

"I didn't come after my sister," says I, "and as for Venus die Medicine, I buried her myself under a lumber pile of which the contract was lost, to the wharves. But I'll take my wife and little gal, if it's all the same to you."

"There's nobody's wife and gals here but my own," says the furrin chap, "nor has been this ten month. You're welcome to some o' them," says he; "I've got ten," says he; and with that he hangs up his little slate, and is off.

I set down right there on the side-walk to get my breath and my wits together, for I felt as if I'd been struck in the heart. If I'd been hit by a Minie-ball I couldn't have choked, for a minute, more suffocating.

It was walking so far, I suppose; and so weakly; and for the disappointment and distress.

Well; that was nigh ten o'clock of the morning; and it was seven of the night before I found her; it was owing to the furrin chap, after all; he turned out of a little alley along about seven o'clock, plump agin me. He had a board acrost his head of them little yaller statoos, and he nods as well as he could beneath it, and goes his ways. So I thinks to myself, why not turn down here? for I'd tracked them in so far as that a old woman three blocks back wouldn't take her oath to't, but she thought she'd heern tell once of a woman as took it for neuralgy very bad, answering to my name, go up and down along here somewheres. So I turned down the little alley, and I met a squint-eyed youngster which went along with me, and offered to show me the house for twelve cents to run after the furrin chap and a green plaster puppy who had a yellow tail.

I waited till the squint-eyed youngster was out of sight, hollering at the top of its wind around the corner, before I could make up my mind to go in.

And then I couldn't make up my mind;

and I felt a kind of sickness, suddenly, and a blur about the eyes.

It was a little house the squint-eyed young one had pointed out, a standing by itself, quite along by the water. I left my little gal in a decent place, and I thought, please God, I'd always have a decent place for her, and when I saw that house, as well as I could see it through the dark, for it was a growing dark, I couldn't tell you if I was to try, sir, how it come upon me.

Maybe you don't know, sir, what them living-places are like along the shore. Living-places? dying-places more like! Maybe you wouldn't feel acquainted with the smells and slime, and leavings of the tide? I never meant my little gal should be. She is such a gentle little gal, with such a pretty way.

It was a growing dark, I told you, sir, and my eyes was blurred, and altogether I could hardly see my way. First I knew I was ankle-deep in water.

"It's the tide," says I, "and I've lost my way. It was the tide indeed, sir; but I hadn't lost my way;" the house stood dead ahead.

"The child will drown," says I. Next thing I had the door smashed open, and another door, and another, and I come into a little back room, and I heard a little scream, and I stood stock still, knee-deep in the water, a staring like one dead.

There was my little gal, sir, a setting on the bed. She had a little candle on a table, and she set up close to it, and I see her plain. It was a little room, and the spots of mould stood out all over it. All around the bed's legs, and the table-legs, and the stove, and all the miserable little furnitoor, the dirty tide come swashin in.

In a minute I'd splashed acrost it, two foot deep, and I'd got upon the bed, and I'd got her in my arm, and she had her little hands about my eyes, as if she'd shut the sight of her away from me till I could make my mind up to't. For I shook, sir, and I felt cold, and I'm a heavy man, and I s'pose I scairt her.

"Father!" says she, with her hand across my eyes. "Father! father! father!"

And then says she again, "O father! father! O father! father! father!" till I thought my heart would break, she cried and sobbed so: "Father! father! father!"

"I never thought you'd come!" she says. "O father! father!" till I was sure my heart would break.

"But you'll drown!" said I, a pulling of her little hands down from about my eyes to look around.

"Oh no!" says she, "the tide comes into

the house twice a day, you know.\* I get upon the bed. It's never soaked the bed but twice. I get upon the bed and stay." With this she dries her eyes and tries to laugh, a looking round. "I am very comf'tble on the bed, I'm sure," says she. "I can stay till it goes down. Now it's so much warmer I don't mind the fire going out. Don't you mind. Why, father, don't!"

For all I could do I just set shaking, and all I could do I couldn't speak, for to think of my little gal—my little—

Well, well, sir, I come round presently, and I says:

"How long have you lived in this hole?" says I.

"Six months," says Blithe. "Now father, don't mind!" says Blithe.

"Alone?" says I?

"Mostly alone," says she, "except for the woman up-stairs. She cooks for me sometimes. She's very good. You have to pay a dollar'n a quarter for up-stairs," says she. "Now father don't!" says Blithe.

"And what was you doing up to the table?" says I.

"I curl," said Blithe, takin' up a lot of little feathers from the table. "I curl to the shop all day, and so I bring 'em home besides, when I ain't too tired. Now father, don't mind *that*! Why, how should I have had something twice a day to eat if it wasn't for *that*?" said she.

And, sir, when she turned her little face agin the light, I could well believe her. I never see such a little old, old face. I never see such a grave, grown-up, little thin old face. I never see such a planning, thinking, wise, and patient little face. I never see a face on a child's shoulders that would have went to the heart of a quarry o' stone, like the face of that there little gal of mine the night I found her curling of her little feather by her little candle on that bed.

It wasn't till the dirty tide began to fall that I could bring myself to dare to speak it, for there was that passion in me, and that tremble, and them curses, that I darsent try before the little gal. At last I brings it, slow.

"And where," says I, "is *her*?"

"Marm," said Blithe, "was sick."

"Where," says I, "is *her*?"

"She took it, father," said my little gal, in her patient little voice, "for neuralgy, father. We come from one house to another, and the more we come the more there

\* A fact.

was no money; and so we come to this one. And I curled the feathers; for I couldn't go to school. "Marm," said Blithe, "was sick, you remember, father. O father, *don't!* I've always got along. She wasn't very bad. I don't mind it now. One night, you see—"

"Well!" said I, sharp, for I felt I didn't dare say what awful feeling, like the rising of an awful hope within my heart.

"One night," said Blithe, "she fell over."

"Over where?" says I, quick enough.

"Don't hurry me," said Blithe, and she put down her little feathers and drew up her little breath. "She fell—over—the bed, you see. The tide was in. I was to sleep, father, in the night, and come morning I set up, and the tide was out, and there she lay. The floor was all sloppy, and there she lay. I don't like to remember that," said Blithe.

Yes, sir, I went on my knees. Right down in the horrid wet on that horrid floor. I couldn't have helped it, not to save me. Down I went, and I hid my face, and I thanked the Almighty for His unexpected favors to myself and a little gal who wasn't like her mother. It was wuth the parting and the longness. It was wuth the arm and the misery. It was wuth a coming home to find her curling feathers for a livin' in a two-foot tide upon a island—by which I mean a bed—beside a little candle. It was wuth bein' led A LIFE, sir, a hundred times.

There was nobody in the world now but me and the little gal. I'd do it all through agin to have nobody in the world but the little gal and me. It was wuth the blunder and the punishment. It was wuth a being useful and a repenting of it. It was wuth so much, sir, that I declare I didn't feel as if I'd ought to take it onrequited, for a sense of obligation come upon me very sudden. I'd never felt obligated, not even to the Almighty, in my life before. It was a very curious feeling.

But bless you! no; I never told my little gal. "Marm was sick," said I, the same as ever. "Maybe it come too late," said I.

"What come?" asks Blithe.

"The chance," says I. For I remembered being on my knees upon the sloppy floor, how the young woman had drawn her hair across her eyes, and what she said about her chance. So "Marm was sick," said I; and I felt a kind of gentleness in my mind to-wards her, seeing now that she was dead, and from feeling obligated to Almighty God, I suppose, so unexpected.

"But you've lost your arm!" says Blithe.

"But what of that?" says I.

And what of that indeed, sir? Or of this or 'tother? Or of anything gone or to come, or that might be or that mightn't, to the little gal and me?

So I thought that night, sir; and so I've thought a many times. But yet it was curious, now, sir, how it come upon me when the tide was out, and Blithe got down upon the slimy floor to light the fire for tea, how like we was to them oysters that have troubled me so many times—stranded there alone among the weeds and mud.

And then and many times I've thought it over. There's things I'd like to be for the sake of the little gal. And there's things I'd like the little gal to be for the sake of me. And though a man has nothing to complain of, sir, who is obligated to the Almighty for a little gal, yet I wonder sometimes why it is they come so hard and slip so easy; and why it is that, do my best, I can get my little gal just her dinners and her suppers, and just her bonnets and her aprons; and why it is that if you was to want the kingdom of heaven come on earth for *your* little gal, you've just to raise your finger for her, and it'll come to time, express. I don't know if I make my meaning clear, and I'm meaning no offense. But that and the oysters have given me a great many curious turns of mind.

And there's the instremunt? Why, yes, and there's the instremunt. A one-armed man can't pick and choose; and what's the pension, come to think on't? A man is often lucky, sir, to get the *chance* to be a public nuisance in this ere world. Never thought o' that, now, did you? I bought out an I-talian just setting up in poetry 'tother end the city; your choice for five cents, and a large blue margin, sir, besides. There's one toon I like. Ever hear it? It goes:

"Bonny Jockey, Blithe and gay."

I play that toon a sight. I like to strike it up, as a kind of compliment to her when she crosses over at the crossing there to school. I don't play that toon so much for pay. Yes, she's going to school. When we get into a pinch, she takes her little feathers home o' nights; but I mean she shall go to school. She can cipher now, and write in capitals quite plain.

Did I undertake to tell a tale about the instremunt? I most forgot. Perhaps I've wore your patience, sir, a talking of the child. It's pretty nigh one thing, you see, sir.

Did you ever hear me play "The girl I left behind me?" Yes? I thought so. I play



that very often. That's beefsteak. I get her a little piece of steak with that. And Champagne Charley? That gets her little shoes. She wears out a sight of little shoes. When she wants a little Reader, or a little pencil, or a little slate to school, I gener'llly depend, sir, on Old Dog Tray. That's a fine toon, I think, don't you? Old Dog Tray? When you come along, and I'm to work on "The pretty girl dressed in *blew*," you'd know if you knew much that her little bunnet was most wore out. But when it comes to quarter-rent, there's nothing for't but John Brown's Body. How I should ever have got along over quarter-day if John Brown's Body *didn't* lay a mouldering in the grave, I don't see.

Sir!

I don't think you understood me, sir. I beg your pardon. Don't I never find her a burden to me, in my crippled state? Do you thing as Hagar found the Angel of the Lord a burden, when she set a chokin' in the wilderness? You don't know my little gal. She is growing up a very pretty little gal, with a pleasant way.

I'd ask you to call and see us if you wasn't quite a stranger. I'm particular about the acquaintances I make for Blithe. Meaning no rudeness, sir, I'm sure you'll see. It's quite a decent tenement, though I'd like it quit of the grog across the way, with a pink curtain to the window. You'd know it from

the corner by the curtain. Blithe made that curtain, and hung it up herself. She made a little apron too, out of what was left.

It is high time I was at my stand, sir, for she'll be coming home from school. Perhaps we'd better walk a little faster. I shouldn't like to have her miss me unexpected. She'll come around the corner in a minute, in a kind of quiet way; you'd know her for that sort of quietness there is about her. Come night, I should get kinder bothered out, I own, on a hot day, or a chilly, if it wasn't for that sort of way she has. I'm not so strong as I was once.

What, sir? Bless you, sir! what's a man good for if he isn't worried more nor less? I reckon I can stand it. What would Adam have been wuth, now, if he'd staid to Eden, loafing round among his plants and greens? I've thought, this long while, I wouldn't have owned him for a grandfather.

There, sir! If you turn your head now—a little more. Do you see a little gal with a little book under her arm away around the corner? The one with the pink apun and the little brownish hat? The one that's looking round surprised to listen for her old father striking Bonny Jockey up? The one with such a kind of happiness about her little face? Are you sure you've got the one?

Not a bit like her mother, sir! Not a bit. That's my little gal.

## THE CLUBS OF PARIS.

DURING the siege of Paris, the questions of Catholicism and many others emerged from the limits of administrations, to be debated in the turbulent discussions of the clubs. The clubs were the popular expression of that instinct for social intercourse, which is so imperious in the organization of the Parisian. Whatever the circumstances, he must have an opportunity to speak, to expand himself, to communicate his ideas. The desire to listen to his neighbor's ideas is much less developed. It is speech that is necessary to the Parisian, just as pedestrianism is to the Englishman. In the one case as in the other, the exercise rises out of the vulgar domain of utility, to be classed with physiological functions, for which a mediocre philosophy alone would seek a teleological signification.

The bourgeois, more habituated to the exercise of this function, were for that very reason better able to interrupt it for a time, as a man who has taken a long breath is able to remain

long under water without breathing. Hence their clubs and conferences did not begin, as I have said, until November. But it was otherwise with the people, whose momentary outburst in 1848 had been followed by twenty years of silence. Immediately after the 4th of September the long pent up torrent gushed forth with impetuosity. Clubs sprang up all over the city, taking possession of ball-rooms, lecture-halls, dancing saloons, and amphitheaters, in the name of the sovereign people, extremely conscious, for the half-minute, of its sovereignty. There was the Club of the College of France, of the École de Médecine, of the Salle Valentino, of the Pré aux Clercs; the Club of the Deliverance, of Vengeance; the Folies Bergère; the Salle Favié at Belleville, destined to be among the most celebrated of all. Blanqui, of course, had his club, but the majority were directed by new men, unknown in 1848. In these clubs were discussed everything, from the government of the National

Defense to that of Divine Providence. Both were treated with equal freedom and severity. Thus, a special reporter sent by the *Journal des Débats* gives a curious account of a meeting held at the Salle Favié, shortly after the surrender of Metz. An orator offered a proposition to pronounce sentence of death upon Bazaine. This proposition had already been voted unanimously by all the clubs of the Fourth Arrondissement, and was enthusiastically ratified by Favié, where the entire audience sprang to their feet to confirm the verdict. Thereupon the orator, abruptly abandoning Bazaine and his "accomplices," entered upon the higher themes of social and religious philosophy. He declared the moment had come to replace theology and metaphysics by geology and sociology, and he embarked on a dissertation whose luminousness at first failed to inundate the intellects of his auditors. Presently, however, he became more intelligible, indeed too much so. "I do not dread the thunder," exclaimed this modern Ajax; "I hate God, the miserable God of the priests, and I would, like the Titans, scale the heavens to assassinate him."

This second condemnation to capital punishment had less success with the audience than the first. A few fanatics applauded; a voice cried, "You should take a balloon!" The *citoyennes* on the benches exchanged terrified glances with one another; but the orator, satisfied with this explosion of Titanic wrath, abandoned God as he had thrown over Bazaine, and, redescending the heavens he had scaled, alighted in the midst of the National Guard, of whose organization he recommended the criticism.

For the criticism of the clubs extended to more practical themes, and, during the first period of the siege, was especially clamorous for the manufacture of cannon. To compensate the slackness of the Government, the most astounding schemes were proposed night after night in the popular *conciabules*, and placed at the service of the Defense. Was especially applauded the preparation of all manner of machines, more or less infernal, constructed quite in defiance of the Convention of Geneva, but any one of them warranted capable of annihilating the entire Prussian army. The *Feu Grégeois*, and some unknown potency baptized *Dynamite*, held a conspicuous place among these inventions.

But regular strategy was not disdained by the Scipios and Fabii of the clubs, who, though inglorious, were far from mute. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the seething popular brain hastened to fill the place left vacant,

in the absence of any more distinct plan than that which Trochu had deposited with his notary.

"Two points are essential," observed to an admiring audience an orator whose military genius was nothing unless Fabian. "In the first place, we must destroy the Prussians; in the second place, we must prevent them from destroying us. To effect this double object, I propose that our troops emerge from the city in a mass disposed in the shape of a pyramid. The apex of this pyramid should make a furious assault on the Prussian lines, and immediately withdraw into the main body. The sides of the mass, closing together, should form a new apex, destined to repeat the original manœuvre. It should, in fact, be repeated until the entire pyramid of troops should have been advanced like a wedge across the circle of investiture. Hardly any loss of life would occur upon our side, because our men would retreat so soon as attacked."

That the manœuvre of the attack could occasion any loss of life previous to the retreat,—that the Prussians could bring any forces to bear on the flanks of the moving pyramid, or interfere with the reconstruction of its apex,—these considerations were passed over in silence by the orator, either because he considered their discussion superfluous, or because they had never entered his head.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* established a volunteer police to watch over the proceedings of the clubs, and to report their *naïvetés*, crudities, ignorance, and absurdities with malicious exactitude, not unflavored by terror. Denunciations of proprietors, who, notwithstanding the siege, pretended to claim the full payment of rents; of speculators, who attempted to buy up and conceal provisions; of bourgeois, whose lukewarm affection for the Republic threatened to resign France to the manœuvres of the Orleanists,—here was abundant material wherewith to maintain in a state of chronic alarm the ferocious timidity of the "enlightened classes." The *Journal des Débats* sent a special reporter to attend the meetings, and to chronicle the bad grammar and *naïve* vanity in which "the poison of sedition and Socialism was poured out upon the people."

"Paris is to be regenerated by the floods of wisdom that descend nightly from the heights of Belleville and Montmartre." Thus quotes M. Molinari, in the *Revue*; and M. David, of the *Débats*, re-echoes the indignation of his *frère*. "It is thus that these

insolent spokesmen of the vile multitude dare address *us*,—us, members of the Institute, professors at the Sorbonne,—in a word, the *élite* of Paris! Such language is in extremely bad taste, is expressed in shockingly bad style, is atheistical, and, above all, extremely dangerous to the interests of property and of the family."

M. David's reports of the meetings at the clubs were so amusing that every one read them and laughed, greatly to the astonishment of their writer. "It is no laughing matter," he declared seriously, "but calculated to awaken a far-sighted terror (*terreur prévoyante*). It is necessary to watch over these clubs with the most ceaseless vigilance. These denunciations, *innocent to-day*, and only directed against God, contain the seeds of [social] hatred, which to-morrow, favored by some accident of the siege, may spring up and bear bitter fruit."

Thus, on M. David's own showing, the offended taste and virtuous horror of atheism manifested by the bourgeois were traceable simply to a "far-sighted terror" of the chaotic masses of the people that surged beneath them. Denunciations of religion were only to be denounced because they tended to prepare the way for denunciations of property. The reputation of the Deity was to be defended, on account of the services it was supposed to render to the interests of proprietors. Times had changed since the decadence of the Roman Empire; it was the people who considered all the gods equally false, and the philosophers who joined the magistrates in maintaining them as equally useful. An impartial bystander, who, by dint of listening open-eared in both camps, had learned to hate the bourgeois whenever they mentioned the people, and to detest the people whenever they declaimed, ungrammatically, against the bourgeois, might attend the clubs, like the theaters, with the same impartial interest in the piece that was to be played. Everything was strange and grotesque. The room where the meetings were held was generally small compared with the audience, filled with wooden benches, and dimly lighted with petroleum lamps. On the benches a motley crowd of men, women, and children,—of which each individual was inflated with the consciousness of his newly recognized dignity as a sovereign people. The men were in blouses, or arrayed in various degrees of the uniform of the National Guard,—which was constructed gradually from the union of detached fragments, like bodies coming together in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here the entire cos-

tume was represented by the regulation cap—there by a red stripe on the pantaloons; now a coat with epaulettes of red flannel, now another whence the epaulettes had fallen, or whither they had not yet arrived, but had been preceded by a plentiful efflorescence of silvered buttons. The women were in caps and aprons, a simplicity befitting the "*bourgeoises patriotes*" eulogized by the Père Duchêne. Their feminine ignorance of technicalities reinforced the technical ignorance which characterized their class, and they added all the voluble excitability of their sex to that which already distinguished their race. Many times a shrill female voice was raised to applaud the somewhat incoherent vociferations of the orator at the tribune, or, still more eagerly, to denounce a neighbor suspected of concealing cheese or potatoes. To their aprons clung the children, alternately wide-eyed or sleepy, but even in their sleep becoming saturated with the principles of the future that thundered about their ears. It was as easy to imbibe the doctrines of Socialism asleep on the benches of the clubs, as to become instructed in the less intelligible doctrines of the catechism while sleeping on the benches of the church.

The singular mixture of sense and nonsense displayed in the irregular eloquence of the orators,—the profound instinct and insane absurdity that equally characterized their speech,—the irresistible need of expression that seemed to agitate the assembly below the consciousness of the speakers, and to bear them to the tribune like straws floated on a current far mightier than they,—from all this the observer derived a peculiarly complex impression, strange, pathetic, absurd, foreboding unknown destinies.

Such an impression is made by a human foetus scarcely formed,—with its immense head,—its exaggerated nervous system,—its shapeless, powerless limbs,—its huge uncouthness,—in which, like pearls hidden in a mantle of rough skin, lie concealed unlimited possibilities of power, and beauty, and grace.

These possibilities revealed themselves frequently in the midst of the chaos of the clubs, by ideas and propositions far more appropriate and just than those which emanated from the official authorities. Even in regard to the military defense of Paris, the three points upon which public criticism constantly insisted were most eminently reasonable. From the beginning of the siege the clubs demanded—1st. The general levy of the entire adult population of France. 2d. The immediate separation of the National Guard into

its sedentary and active sections, and the energetic preparation of the latter for service. 3d. Activity in the fabrication of cannon, to supply the deficiencies that had been officially recognized.

The persistent refusal of the members of the Provisional Government to act in the sense of these propositions, can, as we have seen, only be explained by their skepticism in regard to the possibility of defense, and their consequent indifference to the means needed to render such defense effectual.

But the clubs, offspring of the social necessities of the situation, occupied themselves much more enthusiastically with social questions, than with those, much more transitory, at issue between Paris and the Prussians. I have said that in almost every circle the war was regarded as a secondary affair, in comparison with the interests for whose development it afforded an opportunity. The clubs represented the classes who were the most eager to profit by this opportunity, and the majority of their resolutions were framed with a just appreciation of the extraordinary possibilities latent in the circumstances of the siege. Thus it was voted: that henceforth no police commissioner should be named without the consent of the municipality, itself elected by the people; that the government should decree the impeachment of the Emperor and of his accomplices, with the confiscation of their shamefully acquired property; that another decree should interdict French territory to all the members of the rival dynastic families of Bourbon, Orleans, or Bonaparte; that the negotiations of Thiers with monarchical governments in favor of the Republic should be repudiated, since they could lead to no other result than the humiliation of France and an ignominious peace, itself destined to prepare the way for royal restoration; that public instruction should be rendered gratuitous, and its control withdrawn from all monastic communities; that priests and nuns, having weakened the ties which bound them to their country and repudiated such as should create for them a family, were necessarily unfit for the training of citizens, to whom both these ties should be paramount; that all priests and seminarists, qualified by their age and health for military service, should be enrolled in the army, since their lives, instead of being more precious, were infinitely less valuable than those of men with families to support.

We have said, in speaking of the claims urged upon the Provisional Government at the beginning of its career, that its anxiety to

avoid "exciting discontent" was fully equal to the popular impatience to profit by the situation. This solicitude for a negation greatly tended to weaken all attempt at positive action. The leaders of an immense revolution, more intent upon stifling than upon utilizing its forces, conducted their affairs to a most lame and impotent conclusion. Its inanity was only compensated by the eulogies bestowed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "the rare mansuetude" with which the dictators had let the people alone, and turned a deaf ear to their protestations.

The people, who really wanted something, were less charmed by this urbanity than the writers of the *Revue*, who asked for nothing except the repression of those who seriously demanded anything. Toward the end of December, the Club of the École de Médecine drew up a formal act of impeachment against the Provisional Government, couched in the following terms:—

"Considering that the men who seized the dictatorship on the 4th of September have been and remain visibly inferior to the exigencies of the task, whose responsibility they assumed with so much presumption;

"Considering that, nevertheless, they insist on preserving a power which they do not know how to employ for the public welfare;

"Considering that, instead of relying upon the revolution at home and abroad, they have only tried to ingratiate themselves with jealous powers, or to flatter the egotistical instincts of a class necessarily hostile to the Republic;

"Considering that, at a moment when public safety demanded the greatest unity of action, they abandoned the provinces to the sterile preoccupations of personal defense, so that they are now unable to march to the deliverance of the capital;

"Considering that they have encouraged Legitimist, Orleanist, and clerical influences, and reserved all their severity and enmity for the staunch friends of the Republic;

"Considering that tardy and uncontrolled requisitions have favored the operations of speculators; that after four months the armament remains insufficient, the equipment incomplete, and the military organization vicious;

"Considering that, after the failure of military expeditions, chiefs are promoted instead of being submitted to inquest;

"Considering that these chiefs remain in almost absolute inaction, when 500,000 troops of the line, the Mobile and the National Guard, are clamorous to be led to battle;



"Considering that such inertia is criminal, in view of the daily diminution in the stock of provisions ;

"Considering that the resolution 'never to capitulate' is an absurd bravado, unless combined with the measures capable of making it good :

"For all these reasons, the members of the Government of the pretended National Defense are culpable toward France and toward the Republic, and their culpability increases every hour in proportion to the singular tenacity with which they cling to their places."

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## IN MEMORIAM.

We are glad to make room for the following tribute to the late Mr. Scribner, from an author with whom he held business relations through a long period of time, and in whom he found one of his choicest personal friends :—

MR. EDITOR : *My Dear Sir*—I cannot tell you how deeply I am pained to hear of Mr. Scribner's death. I think no man ever lost a truer friend than I have lost in him.

It seems only a little week ago since I met him, travel-stained and weary, upon the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and shared a seat with him from Somerville, or thereabout, on through the growing suburban towns to the Jersey City Ferry. We whiled away the time with talk of old days—when his sign hung out over the Brick Chapel by the Park, and when his home was in one of those modest houses on the southern side of Eleventh street, scarce a stone's throw out from Broadway. And there came up in review in that pleasant chat all the enterprises in which he had been engaged since. We went back over the billowy floors of that swaying building where his books were piled, upon the corner of White street, and to the cosy retreat which he at a later day made for himself in a back corner of the long basement floor under the "Brooks Brothers'" palace (as it seemed in those days), upon the corner of Grand street.

[There it was that his brother, long associated with him as book-keeper, and whose rotund figure and beaming face a great many patrons of the house well remember, dropped away from life.]

Then we talked of the final change to the present locality, "high up Broadway," and of the magazine enterprise just then taking a new form, which was to bear his name, and which—to that extent—with a modesty that was natural to him, he accepted with reluctance. We talked of old writers and of new, and of changes in popular taste ; and of what books now current would "hold their own," and of what others would be permanently shelved after five or ten years ; and in all his judgments was conspicuous that love he had for what was natural, and true, and pure.

At dusk we parted upon Broadway, and I recall now perfectly his face and his expression as he waved me an adieu and took his place in the Madison avenue stage. He was not strong at that time (a little more than a

year since) ; he had been with the water-cure people, and, I think, had a feeling that he had pushed their regimen a little too far. He rallied, however, and twice again I met him afterward. On each occasion he seemed to have gained in strength and hope. His last letters, as his son, Mr. Blair Scribner, tells me, were full of confidence, and amid the new scenes of travel in Switzerland he had taken on again all his old hopefulness, and was eagerly planning his work for years to come.

But a little of over-fatigue, a little of undue exposures (who can count the causes of our fate!) brought his old weakness back upon him, and with it new and unexpected shapes of ill ; and under access of these, there, in the pleasantest region of that ever-pleasant country of Switzerland, with the snowy mountains hemming the horizon, and the Lake of Lucerne shining under them, he died. Tranquilly. No one who knew him could doubt that. Without excess of pain, too ; for which God be thanked !

When I think of his serene faith, and of his honest heart, I know he was ready enough for any such change, come where and how it might. But when I think of those—many of them in tender years—whom he was to leave behind, I know he must have yearned for a little lengthening of days.

I knew Mr. Scribner first, somewhere about the year 1847, through the good offices of Geo. H. Colton, the founder and editor of the old *American Review*. I remember that it was upon the steps of the old Brick-church Chapel (where were the offices of Baker & Scribner) that I first met him. His countenance was such a mirror of honesty and frankness and modesty, that he won upon me at once. I could not doubt, and I never doubted, any profession that he made. There was no room for guile in any corner of his soul.

I had published a little time before, with the Messrs. Harper, a small book of travels, which he was pleased to speak very kindly of ; and when, on a subsequent venture in book-making, the Messrs. Harper declined the manuscript, I took it unhesitatingly to my friend of the Brick-church Chapel.

He accepted it without any demur, saying to me, that if it was not a success, he had a faith that I might some day write something which the public would welcome.

The non-success of the book confirmed the business

judgment of the Messrs. Harper; but my good friend Mr. Scribner was not disturbed by it, and in the more fortunate ventures that followed, I am sure that he, apart from all business considerations, rejoiced as sincerely as any friend I could claim.

It is with a tender and melancholy interest that I look over his letters of that date. His encouragement, his kindly suggestions, his advices, all seem to me to be colored by such brotherly and tender tone, that they are to me the record of a friend, rather than of an associate in business enterprises.

How much I wish now that I had done things that he urged me to do! How much I wish that I had not done things that he questioned!

Without excess of literary culture, his instincts were all good, and in business matters, his judgment most sound. Then he was so constant, and so faithful, and so true to all the capabilities that lay in him, that he, if any man, deserved success.

There were one or possibly two occasions, in our long intercourse of more than a score of years, in which a little petulance crept into our talk; but I am sure the recollection of it never dwelt with him; and equally sure that I am as free of any galling memory of it, as the winds that swept on that fateful day over the mountains by Luzerne.

He was altogether honest, frank, true, and tender-hearted as a woman. I feel a chill creeping over me, whenever I recall the fact that in all my wanderings henceforth in the great Babylon, I shall nevermore have the friendly grasp of his hand, never look on his kindly face again!

I somehow feel that I would like to make public record of my regard for Mr. Scribner and his memory, yet have a reluctance to press this hastily written letter upon your over-crowded columns.

Pray use your own judgment in the matter, and believe me

Very truly yours,  
DONALD G. MITCHELL.

WE present below the resolutions adopted at the meeting of publishers and booksellers, held at the store of Messrs. Sheldon & Co., Sept. 22d, and the remarks of Mr. Putnam on that occasion:—

*Whereas*, By the death of Mr. Charles Scribner, one for so long a time and so prominently associated with us as a member of the publishing fraternity has been removed from us, as well as from a large circle of literary and personal friends, it seems fit and proper that we especially should express our sense of his loss, and render a suitable tribute to his memory; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That Mr. Charles Scribner, by his rare literary judgment, his ripe scholarship, and his generous culture, was eminently well fitted for the high and commanding position which for a quarter of a century he has occupied as a leading American publisher—a position which has reflected honor upon himself and upon the world of letters, and in which, by his cordial relations with other publishers, with his business associates, and with eminent authors at home and abroad, he surrounded himself with a large circle of friends, who regarded him with profound esteem and fraternal affection, and who will ever tenderly cherish his memory.

*Resolved*, That the business sagacity, the discriminating literary taste, the industry and unusual integrity which enabled our friend, Mr. Scribner, to build up one of the most useful and important publishing-houses in America, are qualities which, however remarkable in themselves and in so rare a combination, still appear to us not more estimable than those characteristic traits of mind and heart by which, to all who knew him, he stood

forth as the signal representative of the noblest manliness, of every gentlemanly attribute, and of the highest Christian virtues.

*Resolved*, That to the family of the deceased, whom a few months since he left in comparative health and vigor, but to whom, from beyond the sea, only his material form can be returned, we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathies, hoping that the remembrance of the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, may in some degree alleviate the sense of irreplaceable loss occasioned by his death.

*Resolved*, That upon the occasion of Mr. Scribner's funeral we will, by our presence at and participation in the ceremonies, render to his memory those tributes of respect and affection which his eminent position and worthiness, as well as our own feelings, must inevitably suggest.

Mr. Geo. P. Putnam moved the adoption of the resolutions, with the following remarks:—

GENTLEMEN:—I am sure that all present, and especially those who were personally acquainted with Mr. Scribner, are united in feeling that the expression of this meeting should not be a cold formality—a routine task, simply decent, and properly in unison with time-honored custom; but that we all feel sincerely in earnest when we thus come together as members of a business fraternity, from various States in the Union, to express our heart-felt sorrow in our common loss—well knowing that it is a loss of more than ordinary magnitude. Mr. Scribner, by his well-earned honorable place in the guild of book-publishers; his well-earned and conspicuous success and eminent position as a business manager; the exceptionally pure tendency and high importance of the numerous publications issued by the prosperous house which he founded; and, above all, his own personal character—so proverbial not merely for sagacity and sound judgment, but for liberal culture, for his kind and considerate disposition, and his sensitive integrity, were all so marked and distinguished, that his departure from us seems to be to each of us a personal affliction. It may be described as, in some sense, even a national calamity. For is not the nation itself influenced for its best welfare by the books which our late friend has been the means of scattering broadcast over the country?

In a brief but judicious notice of our friend, in the printed circular of the house, his business associates speak of him as "a man to whom meanness seemed impossible; he was high-minded, generous, genial; a friend, the very soul of sympathy and tenderness; a Christian, devout, humble, and sincere. But his tenderness never turned to weakness, and he was ever quick to detect shams. Gentle and modest as a woman, there was a manliness and nobility about him that embarrassed subterfuge and commanded the instant respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact." I quote these words because they are peculiarly fitting, and I am sure they will be adopted and indorsed by every one of us who had the best opportunities to test their truth.

Mr. Scribner's singularly modest, quiet, retiring manner did not, perhaps, encourage much personal intimacy, except with a few chosen friends and associates; but, so far as any of us were privileged with his acquaintance, I do not doubt that we can all share heartily in the genial tribute of his friend Dr. Holland—"one of many who can speak understandingly about our late friend." "Few publishers," says this very popular author, "have been able to bring to their business the education and culture which enabled Mr. Scribner to achieve his large success. . . . The relations that existed between him and those authors for whom he published, were the most cordial that can be imagined. Every author who had these personal relations with him must feel personally bereft by his death, for he was social, and brotherly, and considerate almost beyond parallel. . . . His literary judgment was remarkable—probably no other publisher living who has done an equal amount of business has done it with fewer mistakes. . . . While disliking the details of business, and shunning contact with the superficial of trade, his ideas and plans of business were large, far-sighted, and liberal, in an eminent degree." I am told also by one of his partners, that he almost invariably read the entire MS. of every book published by the firm; and though he always declined everything that he thought might possibly do harm, he sometimes accepted others as likely to serve a worthy cause rather than for pecuniary results. The remarkable success of that very serious undertaking, the great Biblical Commentary of Lange, was a source of very great satisfaction to him, which he frequently dilated upon—more, I do not doubt, because it was a substantial service to Biblical literature than on account of its profits in money, large as they may have been.

In his last letter from Switzerland to his partners he uses these words, which I have been permitted to quote:—

"Having been so long connected with our publishing business—a quarter of a century—and having seen its present magnitude and usefulness, I desire with you to consecrate it to the service of our Saviour."

I have reason to know that Mr. Scribner declined tempting offers of a very profitable connection with another branch of business, because he desired to use this more congenial trade in good books, in conferring a substantial benefit on the community. My friends, is it not worth our while to derive some practical benefit

in this brief contemplation of such an example? Cannot those of us who are engaged in the responsible vocation of publishers learn some useful lessons by looking back upon the business career of Charles Scribner? As one of the least of the fraternity—though one of those longest connected with it—I feel humiliated when I consider how much permanent benefit has been conferred upon his fellow-men by the liberal enterprise and conscientious judgment of our late friend, while so much time and money and influence may be wasted in printing books, not including those positively harmful, but those which are simply *indifferent*; which add nothing to the common stock of sound knowledge, which contribute nothing to elevate the intellectual, moral, or religious character of our fellow-men. I do not mean that we must publish only dogmatic theology, or religious homilies; for there may be “religious books,” so called, which are as useless in their way as the many insane or “so-so” attempts in other departments. But may not the community as well as our own pockets be benefited, by greater care in avoiding any and every book that is not *both* morally pure and intellectually worthy to *claim* public attention? I hope these remarks are not tainted with Pecksniffian cant: none of us are so innocent as to be worthy to cast the first stone. But for one, I simply suggest, with all deference, the query, whether this occasion may not be practically useful to us all, and whether the character and career of our eminent friend who has gone to a better world may not serve for the encouragement and example of those of us who are left.

It is often evident that we do not sufficiently appreciate the high responsibility resting upon men who disseminate, if they do not create, the intellectual food of a nation. Let us imitate Charles Scribner; and while we work for honorable independence, let us, at the same time, seek to serve the cause of sound literature, pure religion, and public morals.

#### THE SINS OF AMERICAN GOOD-NATURE.

AN intelligent foreigner, traveling in America, was asked what he regarded as the most prominent characteristic of the people of the country. He replied: “The Americans are the best-natured people on the face of the earth.” His judgment was entirely just. There is no other people, of anything like equal intelligence, that so absolutely refuses to be irritated by the impositions and annoyances of life. If an American is cheated in a shop, he simply refrains from entering the shop again. Instead of returning and demanding his rights, he pockets his bad bargain, because he does not like a quarrel, and cannot afford to take the trouble of it. After paying for a seat in a horse-car, the American holds himself ready to yield his right to any lady that enters, and to continue yielding his right until he is packed, standing like a bullock in a cattle-train, with fifty others, one-half of whom, in England or France, never would have been permitted to step foot upon the platform. The American consents that there shall be no such word as “*complet*” attached to any public conveyance. If a railway conductor, or a hotel clerk, or a shopkeeper’s clerk, or any other person whose business it is to be courteous to the public, puts on airs and snubs the American customer, it is the ordinary habit of that customer to “stand it” rather than protest and insist on the treatment which he ought to receive. Rogues get into office, and, with big hands in the public purse, help themselves to its contents, and continue to do this year after year, the owners of the purse all the time knowing the fact, yet being too easy and good-natured to make even an outcry. Everybody is busy, nearly everybody is prosperous, and so the evils that would stir the blood of an Englishman to boiling, and arouse all his combativeness, are quietly ignored or carefully shunned.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, or to reflect upon, but the plain truth is that there is something cowardly

and unmanly in all this. We have no special admiration of the touchiness of an Englishman regarding the sacred rights of his personality. The hedge-hog is not an agreeable bird, and we have no wish to see it substituted for the American eagle; but a bundle of quills is better calculated to command respect than a ball of putty. The man who stands stiffly in his tracks and says, “Touch me not!” presents a very much more respectable appearance than the man who dodges him and every other obstacle which he encounters in his way. We are all very much afraid of hurting the feelings of somebody, when we know, or ought to know, that somebody’s feelings ought to be hurt, and that nothing would do somebody so much good as to have his feelings hurt. We forget that there are things of infinitely greater importance than bad people’s feelings—things to which we owe infinitely higher duty. A man has no moral right to permit himself to be robbed or cheated. If he tamely submits to such a crime he becomes accessory to it, and encourages the rascal at whose hand he has suffered to make a victim of the next unsuspecting customer.

The characteristic American good-nature not only encourages and confers impunity upon all sorts of wrong, but it seriously reacts upon American character. It begets a toleration of every kind of moral evil that brings at last insensibility to it. There cannot be a very wide moral difference between the man who commits crime and the man who weakly tolerates it. The active sinner is, if anything, the braver and the nobler of the two. He at least manifests a courage which the other does not. There is nothing that America needs more than the bold and persistent assertion, in every practical way, of its sense of what is fair and honest, and right and proper and courteous, between man and man. If every good man would stand squarely by this, even at the sacrifice of his reputation for good-nature, he would find himself growing better day by day; he would find that the good elements of society were rapidly gaining influence, and that rogues were growing careful and getting scarce.

Corporations like those which manage our railroads will impose upon the public just as long as the popular good-nature will permit them to do so. Their primary object is to make money. They will furnish to the public just such accommodations as the public will be content with, and those accommodations will be insufficient and mean unless the public demand more and better.

There are more evils than we can count that grow directly or indirectly out of our national good-nature. Our hearts need hardening, and our backs need stiffening. We ought to possess more manliness, and we ought to exercise it. To insist upon our rights in a manly and temperate way, is to give a lesson in Christian civilization. It makes us stronger and more self-respectful, and restrains the spirit of lawlessness around us. One prominent reason why crime thrives and the public morals go from bad to worse, is that they meet with no rebuke. The good people bemoan

the facts in a weak way among themselves, but they refuse to meet the evils they bewail, front to front, with open challenge and bold conflict. Crime is a coward in the presence of courageous virtue, and shrinks and crawls whenever it boldly asserts itself. Now, virtue shrinks and crawls, while crime struts the streets and deals out such privileges to retiring decency and cowardly good-nature as it can afford. It even imitates our good-nature, and smiles upon us from the high places of its power and privilege, and laughs over its profits—and its joke.

#### THE TORTURES OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

In the space of twenty-five years we have heard twenty-five men, more or less, make successful dinner-table speeches. Of these, ten were sensible men who entertained their companions by trying to talk like fools; ten were fools who were equally entertaining in their endeavor to talk like sensible men; and five—the only persons of the number who enjoyed the eminence and the exercise—were drunk, and neither knew nor cared whether they talked sense or nonsense. As a rule, the successful dinner-table orator is a shallow man—one whose thoughts are on the surface, whose vocabulary is small and at quick command, and whose lack of any earnest purpose in life leaves him free to talk upon trifles. We all remember what earnest, strong, logical speeches Abraham Lincoln used to make, when he stood before the people in the advocacy of great principles and a great cause; and we remember, too, with pain, how tame and childish and awkward he was when he appeared before them to acknowledge a compliment, or to say something which should be nothing. Inspired by a great purpose, he could do anything; with nothing to say, he could say nothing. It is thus with the great majority of our best men. There is nothing in which they succeed so poorly as in a dinner-table speech, and there is nothing which they dread so much. The anticipation of it is torture to them; the performance is usually a failure. At last, they learn to shun dinner-tables, and to tell weak lies in apology for their non-attendance.

There is something very absurd in the submission of so many men to this custom of speech-making. There is never a public dinner, or a dinner which may possibly merge into formality of toast and talk, without its overhanging cloud of dread. There is probably not one man present, from him who expects to be called upon for a speech to him who is afraid that the demand will at last reach him, who would not pay a handsome price to be out of the room and its dangers. To multitudes of men, the viands of a feast are gall and bitterness, through this haunting dread of the moment when, with bellies full and brains empty, they shall find themselves on their feet, making a frantic endeavor to say something that shall bring down the fork-handles, and give them leave to subside.

Why a dinner-table should be chosen as an oratorical theater, we cannot imagine. There could not be selected a moment more inauspicious for happy speech

than that in which all the nervous energy centers itself upon digestion. A man cannot have even a happy dream under such circumstances. Dancing the sailor's hornpipe with dumb-bells in one's coat pockets is not advisable, and it is possible that it is not advisable under any circumstances. It is very rare that a dinner party prefers to sit and listen to interminable speeches, for it is almost as hard to listen as to talk when the stomach is full of the heavy food of a feast. Nothing but stimulating drink loosens the tongue under such circumstances, or puts a company into that sensitively appreciative mood which responds to buncombe and bathos. The drinking which is resorted to for making these occasions endurable, is often shameful, and always demoralizing. Not a good thing ever comes of it all, nobody enjoys it, speakers and hearers dislike it, and still the custom is continued. It is like the grand dress parties, which nobody likes, yet which all attend and all give, to the infinite boring of themselves and their friends.

The discourtesies often visited upon gentlemen at public dinner-parties, deserve an earnest protest. Men are called to their feet not only against their known wishes, but against pledges, and compelled to speech that is absolute torture to them. The boobies who thus distress modest and sensitive men ought to be kicked out of society. No one has a right to give an innocent man pain by compelling him to make of himself a public spectacle, or summoning him to a task that is unspeakably distasteful to him. No man ought ever to be called upon at such a place, except with his full consent previously obtained, and he who forces a modest man to a task like this in the presence of society, fails in the courtesy of a gentleman. The truth is that no dinner is pleasant unless it be entirely informal. The moment it takes on a formal character its life as a social occasion is departed; and those who foster the custom of speech-making drive from their society multitudes of men who would be glad to meet them—whose presence would give them pleasure and do them good. Let us have done with this foolishness.

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS ONCE MORE.

THE few words of criticism on "American Sunday-Schools" which were printed in the September *Scribner* seem to have been timely and useful. There is hardly anything which our Sunday-Schools so much need—there is nothing except an increase of devout earnestness and fidelity that they so much need—as wise and honest criticism. Something has been done already to check the flippancy and ostentation which were getting to be too frequent characteristics of the management of them. The songs which are sung in them are, on the whole, more decorous and worshipful, the tunes less jig-gy, and the literature of the libraries has a greater residuum of wheat amid its vast and chaffy emptiness. But there still remains much to be done "to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin" (as some one has felicitously defined the function of criticism), before the excesses, the charlatanism, the



defects and abuses of the Sunday-School work are remedied. How far we are from perfection, in our aims and in our methods, may be seen from the fact that there is even yet dispute, not without acrimony, concerning questions the most fundamental, involving the very existence of the Sunday-School as a permanent institution.

While we repeat, with more confidence than before, the statement made two months ago, and insist upon "Christian nurture as that which is, undeniably, the first object of a Sunday-School," there seems to be occasion for adding a few words which may serve to modify and expand that statement.

There are, perhaps, three distinguishable theories concerning the end to be sought in the operation and management of Sunday-Schools. The first, and worst, and most pernicious is that which makes this end to be the mere *amusement* of the children, or (if amusement be too strong a word to use) their delectation, in a goodish, religious-looking, jovial way. Above all things, the school, according to this theory, must be attractive. What it must attract the children to is with difficulty apparent; but it must attract. The management assures its patrons that it likes to see them happy. It gushes with amiable diffuseness of sentiment, in ditties and ballads which set forth the varying delights of Sunday-Schools; and invites the children to gush also in maudlin ecstasy of admiration, and in vows of undying attachment to the concern. It has its vast array of tickets and of toys, of bribes and of rewards, of banners and of badges. Its feasts and festivals, its exhibitions and its concerts, fostering the small ambitions and the jealousies and vanities of the children, are frequent and famous. The machine-like exactness of its conduct, the flourishing and vulgar ostentation of its management, indicate that it is in the hands of the professional "Sunday-School man,"—a live man, Sir, with snap to him, who does not mean to be behind the times. In a word, the end of the Sunday-School which we are describing is presently seen to be—*itself*! Not avowedly, of course, but really, its poor, empty, flippant, ostentatious self.

Another theory, every way more worthy of consideration and respect than this which we have noticed, is that which makes the chief end of the Sunday-School to be *instruction*. This view, as we understand it, is maintained with intelligent earnestness and force by the gentleman whose name, in New England at least, stands highest among the names of those who make our Sunday-Schools a matter of especial and even exclusive study. It is affirmed that the pulpit not only does not, but from the nature of the case cannot, instruct the people as they need to be instructed in the knowledge of the Scriptures; that however the voice of the preacher, standing as prophet, speaking in God's name—but speaking with some formal and unbroken current of continuous speech—may arouse, inspire, exhort, impress, it cannot properly, certainly it cannot sufficiently, instruct; that in order to instruc-

tion there must be colloquy, question and answer; the truth not only uttered by the teacher, but uttered also by the hearer, and so, by utterance and active process of thinking and speaking, made the hearer's own.

According to this theory, which we have not space to set forth at greater length, it follows, of course, that the Sunday-School is not a place for children only, but for adults as well—that all who are bound to any public religious service whatever are bound to this. Upon this theory it is intelligible why the demand for greater opportunity—more time and better room and costlier apparatus,—a demand which is so clamorous, and sometimes so menacing, is urged upon the churches; requiring that there shall be but one such public service of worship and preaching as our churches are now accustomed to, and that half a day, if not more, shall be given to the Sunday-School. It is easy to understand, also, the symptoms of a willingness to frown upon—and may we say, to bully—those Christian people who prefer, as things now are, to withhold their children from the Sunday-School, and intrust their religious training to the pulpit and the home.

But there are some things which make it impossible to accept this theory just yet, and which show it to be a mere theory, with the double disadvantage that the groundwork of historic fact to which it refers, and on which it would establish itself, is insufficient; and that it is impossible, and seems likely to remain impossible, to put it into practical operation. That there can be teaching without schools; that the pulpit teaches,—not so much as it might, and not so much as it ought, but that it does teach; and that the Christian community of America was tolerably well taught before anything like the present system of Sunday-Schools was in operation,—all this can hardly be denied. Admitting that the learning which is received by listening to continuous discourse, as to a sermon or a lecture, or that which is received through the eye by reading, as from a book or newspaper, is less precise, less certain to endure, less orderly and clear in its arrangement than that which is acquired by colloquy, by methods more Socratic, or by Pestalozzian specimens and blackboards, and object illustrations,—admitting this, it will still be true that the Church has thus far relied for her instruction mainly on the pulpit and the press, and certainly has not relied on these in vain.

Moreover, there is a serious danger, which is not imaginary, but very real and very present, that, by this device of schools with many teachers, the Church will come to know not more, but less. Not the least of the grand memories of the New England fathers is that which tells us how and why, almost before themselves were sheltered from the wilderness, they planned their college for "Christ and his Church," "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, after our present ministers shall lie in the dust." We should be paying somewhat too dearly for our experiment, if, by means of it, what our fathers "dreaded" and planned against should in any measure come to pass.

It is pretty generally believed that what has given the New England churches their just renown for two hundred years, has been, in a great measure, their educated ministry. It is proposed now that the chief reliance of each church for its instruction shall be, not upon the ministry of one learned man, but upon the ministry of ten, or twenty, or fifty men and women, whose ministry must needs be more or less illiterate. For although it is by no means proposed to exclude the educated minister from the school, yet, if it is to be a school, and the advantage of colloquy and detailed individual interrogation and reply is to be secured, something like the class-system, with its many teachers, seems inevitable. But when it is so difficult to fill the thinning ranks of our learned ministry, and to support them in their labor, even now, will it be at all possible to supply and to sustain ten times the present number, which, according to this theory, is likely to be needed. The average Sunday-School teacher of today—we say it with all respect—is not a learned minister. He does not pretend to be. One of his most frequent causes of discouragement is his scholarly unfitness for the work he has in hand. He takes to himself in many an instance (when he understands it) that solemn caution in the Epistle of James: "My brethren, be not many masters (teachers), for in many things we all offend." Skilled instruction, beyond a certain varying point, he cannot be expected to give. And therefore, to make instruction the chief end to be aimed at in the operation and management of the Sunday-School is, certainly for the present, impossible.

Even if it were not impossible, it would not be desirable. For, after all, when the instruction has been given, however skillfully and earnestly, the work is not done. One may have all knowledge and not have charity. One may be made to memorize the Bible, page by page, and to understand the doctrine of it, wisely and well, and yet be most un-Christlike in one's spirit,—dry, dead, and fruitless in one's life.

Therefore we say, with more explicit emphasis than before, that the end to be aimed at in the Sunday-School is *influence*. And upon this theory, the opportunity for usefulness which these schools afford is of very great value. The worship of the children, uttered in simpler forms and easier methods, with a cheerful lightness—not levity—such as befits their age and temper, will be, we may be sure, most welcome to the Lord, who loved to hear them sing "Hosanna" in the temple; and it may become to them, as well, such a religious power as all their maturer years shall feel the impress of. The fellowship of the children, as they sing together, as they pray together, as they read the Bible together, and listen together to the words of teacher and of pastor, will be as great a power upon their

lives as is their fellowship in study or in play,—and how great a power that is, many a man, remembering the sins of his youth, can sorrowfully testify. Children need comradeship in things distinctly religious, as much as their seniors do; and it is well if they can find it in the Sunday-School.

But, of course, the strongest and best influence of the school should be that which is exerted on each child by his teacher. It is not necessary that the teacher should be very learned or very skillful, if only the child is sure of having in him a religious friend. How often is it true that a boy, whose tongue will cleave to the roof of his mouth when he tries to talk to his father on some theme of personal religion,—and this not because he loves his father so little, but likely enough because he loves him so much,—will find speech, on such a matter, easy with some one to whom he is bound by friendship rather than by kinship. It is impossible to discuss the reasons of a fact which must have come often under the notice of all careful observers. Many a child makes his first verbal confession of his need of Christ's forgiving and purifying love, to some comrade older than himself, to some friend who has won his confidence and attachment. Now what we are saying is that he ought to be able to find such a friend—in many instances we are glad to know he does find such an one—in his teacher at the Sunday-School. Very likely the teacher has not taught him anything but what he knew before, or might well enough have known before. And as he grows older he will forget even what little of positive instruction he has received; but he will not forget the teacher. And the power of his influence on the child's life will be a lasting power for good. Thus there is added to the influence of home, and to the influence of the church and its ministry, another influence, special, direct, distinct in kind, co-operating with these others in a natural and most important way.

Whatever, now, will tend to make this influence more great and good is welcome in our Sunday-Schools. Let us have the best instruction possible; let us have the wisest methods, and the most attractive that do not in their attractiveness cease to be wise and good; the best books; and the blackboard if we choose, and if we know what to do with it after we have it. But whether we have any of these, or all of them, or none of them, let us have good men and women, honest and earnest in their endeavor to exert upon the little ones committed to their care a wise, efficient, Christian influence,—living before them the lives which will make them better boys and better girls, which will help them to grow up as strong and manly Christian men, as pure and womanly Christian women. Then there will be no need to talk about our Sunday-Schools; their own works shall praise them in the gates!

## THE OLD CABINET.

PERHAPS it is right. Or, at least, perhaps it may not be otherwise, while gray hairs are sensitive and old hearts are proud,—while young blood beats loud and pushes hard, and old blood runs slow; while the rising rather than the setting sun is worshiped in high places. And yet to us who are ignorant as to the grave public (or political) exigencies whence arise the individual hardships; who see only the brave hearts bent and crushed; the years of querulous discontent and shame following life-times of heroic devotion and noble service; to us it does seem sadly strange that the best and bravest of our officers, the men who,—relinquishing all possibilities of building up a competence for themselves and their children, submitting to be bereaved of their homes and daring imminent dangers,—give the strength of their youth and the full vigor of their manhood to their country, have nothing to which they can so confidently look forward as an old age of disappointment, neglect, and penury. The land was startled a few weeks ago by the suicide of an eminent officer, who had read the news of his retirement as if it had been the brand of a court-martial. But there is something sadder than this—the hundred broken hearts feebly beating to-day beneath the worn and faded uniforms of a service the proudest upon earth.

THERE is no better fun than that of finding your way to a place when you don't know where it is. If, as in the case of the North Pole, the place or thing sought is itself intangible and airy, the charm of the pursuit is irresistible; among perils imminent and vague,—through terrors of cold, starvation, and loneliness, men push eager faces toward that bodiless and unattainable goal in the death-bound seas. But it was on a Sound steamer, amid the music of Strauss and the songs of "blithe canaries," that we set out on our voyage to Marion. By means of what changes of conveyance, propitiatory purchases of peanuts from uncommunicative refreshment boys, browbeatings by ticket-venders, waitings and adventurous wanderings at way-stations, we came at last thereunto, need not be told. Of this we are quite sure—and the thought has in it we cannot tell what of mystery and romance—we are sure that we could never reach there again without experiencing anew the pleasures of discovery. Yet we know now where and what it is: a straggling village of a thousand inhabitants, at the head of Buzzard's Bay—a boarding-house, a few strangers' cottages, two or three churches, a school-house and town-hall combined, a combination post-office and grocery, a store or two beside, a shoemaker's shop, a liberty-pole, a few snug New England homes, and many huckleberry bushes. Then there are the abandoned salt-works, and there is the Sippican Seminary! Or at least there used to be; now it is the repository of the Natural History Society, where you may find many exquisite varieties of

mosses, the jaw-bone of a whale, the *Life, Campaign, and Services of Lieut.-Gen. Grant* (pamphlet edition), Buzzard's Bay shells, store-keeper Hadley's dog Carlo (stuffed), and Nathaniel Ames' *Almanack, 1744*, in the January of which year (O doubly wise Nathaniel!)—

"If roses should blow  
They'd make a strange show'  
As a crown in a poet's pocket."

The public library we must call an institution of the past, for no longer on Saturday afternoons clangs the accustomed bell calling the gentle villagers to the weekly exchange of books. The institution of the present is Pete's confectionery. There, all day long, his poor useless legs curled up under him, sits Pete, behind his row of glass-lidded candy-boxes, dispensing not only divers nondescript sweet lumps and lozenges, but ice-cream, note-paper, knick-knacks, light literature, and—unconsciously—many a blessed lesson of contentment and cheeriness.

And Marion has its millinery,—which must be called an occasional institution, for it moves over from a neighboring town at stated intervals only, and therefore cannot be said to belong exclusively and permanently to Marion. But then the fashions are principally imported by the guests at the Bay View House, where—not without a view to their readier acquisition,—some of the nicest girls of the village "go out to service" during the season. There is no aristocracy—rather, everybody belongs to the aristocracy, for everybody is as good as his or her neighbor, if not a trifle better. The bright girl in blue and white who waits on you at the breakfast-table with such gentle grace and kindly interest, who, a little later, presents herself with broom, bucket, and smiling courtesy at your chamber-door, is certainly a lady, and may be an heiress. Nor would she (the more's the pity!) go one step beyond the Marion town-limits in any menial capacity.

Furthermore, let it be said that Marion has no dram-shop. A drunken man would be as rare a bird in these sedate streets as an emperor or a whale. And as for thieves—folks leave their houses for days without even turning the key in the front door, and come back finding them just as they were left.

As you look over the quiet town, your ears assailed by no busier sound than the thud of the shoemaker's hammer and the lazy drone of a blue-bottle fly, you wonder whether it is perpetual vacation with these good people. Nobody seems to be doing anything; no farms, no factories, no bustle. One old fellow, gone daft with an early disappointment in love, sits out yonder in his boat, waiting patiently for a bite, and he and Beeswax represent the principal industries of Marion. If they neither toil nor steal, what do they live on? Their means, it would appear; and these have generally been made at sea by themselves or their

fathers. That sleepy old chap watching you there over his garden fence has chased many a spouter in the northern seas, and made four times the circuit of the globe. No place this for young blood and muscle,—they must go far from home to make their way and mark,—but a royal good place for old salts who have won fortunes in their wanderings, and are content to settle down to the solid enjoyment of them in a serene old age. A "sailor's snug harbor," indeed.

It was at Pete's ball that we beheld, as in a burst of glory, the youth, beauty, and fashion of Marion. The same was given in the town hall, situate in the second story of the school-house, approached darkling by a steep and uncertain stairway: a large, low-ceiled room, dimly illumined by means of kerosene, and made still more mysterious by relics of a secret lodge—a tattered canopy dangling from the center of the ceiling, and cabalistic symbols plastered upon the grimy walls. On the left, as we entered, sat the seller of tickets,—curious bits of card-board, on which Pete had placed his signature, diagonally, so as to prevent counterfeiting,—Pete's neighbor, the shoemaker, having ingeniously punched them for the same prudential purpose.

The company gossip in groups along the benches ranged around the sides, while perched up on a little platform at the other end of the room sits Pete, with anxious brow and mien portentous. Still they come—young men with freshly dyed moustaches, shiny-greasy hair, light pantaloons, and an embarrassed swagger, as one should say: It's all very fine, no doubt, but I'll show you I'm up to snuff!—now girls who glide in quietly, in couples, leave their hats in the dressing-room, and take seats on the benches.

The hour for the opening is long past. Why begins not the festive dance? The floor-manager moves about uneasily; consults this one and that in solemn murmurs, strains his eyes out into the darkness. A dire whisper reaches us—the music has failed. Here, to be sure, are the bassoon and the cornet in B flat; but what, alas! can these do without the fiddle? and the fiddler lives out at the light-house, and may have upset in making shore. A messenger is sent for Long Bob's instrument, but comes back with the message that it is broken, and there is no other fiddle in Marion. The dancers must needs possess their heels in patience.

At last there is a flutter about the door; the light-house fiddler has come! He hurries to the stand, wipes his brow, draws his bow across the strings; turns a screw—and something goes snap! Another long wait, while the string is adjusted; and finally the good-natured, grumbling crowd about the stand scatters. Pete rises on his knees and clears his throat: "Choose partners; Take places for quadrille." The violin gives a squeal, the cornet a flourish, and the bassoon a growl—then all three start together in a sort of sack-race, now one ahead and then another—the dancers step off—the room is alive with noise and motion—and over all rings Pete's clarion voice—"Right and Left," "Ladies'

Chain," "Balance Partners!"—poor Pete, with his limp legs, the center of all this revelry!

It was none of your city dancing—no listless walking through the figures here—no slurring and sliding about. Every dancer took every step, kept time with toes and heels to the music, knew his and her duty well, swung partners with a will. Ah! you should have seen the belle of Mattapoisset, with jimmer-jaw and blue dress, whisked through the giddy mazes by the beau of Marion, in broadcloth and cassimere, and shoes turned up at the toes. You should have seen the stately steppings of Miss Jane of our table at the Bay-View House, or of the serene beauty in black silk, white muslin, and eye-glasses. You should have beheld the graceful movements of the Portland Fancy and Money Musk, and the grand array and sweeping flights (as of bomb-shells curving from ship to ship) in Hull's Victory.

O THAT midnight corn-bake on the beach of Buzzard's Bay! The fire glaring between the rocks; the figures, as of bandits and their wives, flitting among the shadows; white arms curved over the flames in blushing service; ears of corn set arow against the blaze;—the hot, sweet-bitter taste of the half-burned grains; the dark smoke floating up against the glittering stars; the chirp of the inland frog; the near swash of the tide among the pebbles; the rote of the distant sea; the rich quartette, with its

"Row, brothers, row—the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past—  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,—"

and, sweeter than all, that girlish voice, making, we thought, a listening hush on sea and shore:—

"Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The Father watcheth thy sleep,  
The Mother is shaking the Dream-land tree,  
And down falls a little dream on thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep."

"SHALL not the ladies of the present age have such lovely pictures to gaze upon, that the ladies of the next may be improved by theirs: and even in country towns, that they may shine as the nymphs in days of yore in the valleys—I wish all the ladies in America that have shone might be noticed. They would form, I trust, a beautiful galaxy, which might be viewed by every sensible mind with as much pleasure as we view the milky-way when it shines the brightest. It would dispose the softer sex to labor after every female accomplishment; and incline the males to repair to the springs and the lawns, to seek them in their retreat in the noon-day breezes, that they might be charmed with the melodious sound of their enchanting voices, and with that sterling sense that would flow from their lips when their ideas were formed into words. They would smooth every roughness in the males, and remind them of that sweet harmony which subsists in the angelic spheres, and tune their voices in praise of



their Maker, that he had formed such creatures to dwell upon the globe, to sweeten the drops which distilled from their brows when they were making the necessary preparations for life; yes, they would remind them of their mother Eve in her State of Innocence, and when she shone in the walks of Paradise, before the serpent made his appearance."

Thus quoth the New England chronicler of the eighteenth century, by way of preface to certain words of appreciation and praise anent a superior woman of those days: to wit, the amiable relict of Captain Caleb Page, Dunbarton, State of New Hampshire. Let us read:—

"This lady had weighed about three hundred weight. Her stature was eligible—her visage comely. There was a beautiful symmetry in the features of her face; and her shape was neatly proportioned. Such was the majesty and natural elegance of her appearance, that the eye that saw her gave witness to her. Her eyes beamed such a luster as bespake the greatness of her mind: her outward form was lovely, her inward not less exact. The God of Nature had blessed her with a capacious mind, which she greatly improved by reading (or having read to her by her friends, while she laid her hand to the spindle, and her hand held the distaff) some of the best writers in polemical and practical divinity.

"She was religious without the least tincture of enthusiasm or superstition, and never thought religion consisted in grimace. Her invention was sprightly, her wit ready and of the keenest and most brilliant kind; her temper fine and agreeable; her judgment sound beyond what was common to her sex; she had a mind formed for friendship, and was capable of giving counsel and advice.

"She despised all low cunning. She never said one thing when she meant another, which rendered her a most endearing friend; and would never forsake her friend in the day of adversity; and nothing but the basest ingratitude could wean her affections where

she had once placed them, though some beasts in human shape may be so base sometimes as to give occasions for it, especially if they are of the crocodile kind.

"Her liberality if not boundless was most extensive. The poor and needy were her care, and the distressed of every kind. Of this she has left a witness in the breasts of hundreds, if not thousands. She was peculiarly fitted for the social life. When I see some little flirts, how great the contrast! Yet I adore (it is not meant with divine worship) a female mind that is great, though it be contained within a little casket. How uncommon soever the above character may appear in any age, especially in the present one, it is not exaggerated, *verbum sacerdotis*."

The chronicler is right. The world is richer for graces like these, and for the record of them. Well indeed may the males repair to the springs of Saratoga and the lawns of Newport, if by any means such beauty, virtue, and helpfulness may there be found and won in the noon-day breezes. And to this end let all the ladies in America that have shone be noticed. But let it be remembered that this glowing tribute to comeliness and sterling worth, this minute description of charms of mind and person, was not made in the daily paper, while Mistress Sarah Page was a girl in her teens; not, indeed, till she had "departed this life after a short illness of the bilious kind, in the 62d year of her age." If even the marvelous Sarah had been taken from boarding-school to Long Branch, and the chronicler had been, instead of a grave and discreet scholar, a scatter-brain but industrious lady correspondent of a city newspaper; and if all the artless grace and virgin beauty of the child had been paraded before the world by the impertinent pen of the hireling gossip, how long, think you, would the males have been reminded, in their intercourse with the girl, of their mother Eve in her State of Innocence, and when she shone in the walks of Paradise, before the serpent made his appearance?

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

## "SHE."

It is said that in the rural districts of our beloved land, whenever a woman is heard to use the pronoun "he" without prefix, it may safely be taken to mean her husband; and whenever the pronoun "she," to mean her "Help."

To a degree this holds good of other localities not so strictly rural. With American femalehood in general, wherever housekeepers do congregate and caps and bonnets nod toward each other in eager converse, "she says," "she did," "is she's?" "does she's?" rustle each other like leaves in Vallambrosa, pronounced, now sadly, now inquiringly, now in tones of wrath, and again with that little accompanying click which speaks such a volume of sympathy. And no

wonder—for upon this all-important "she,"—this pronoun which might be classed as "possessive," so does it hold our thoughts and anxieties,—depend half our usefulness and all the comfort of our daily lives.

It is "she" who peoples hotels, and drives happy families to the shelter of the dingy boarding-house! "She" is a depopulator of neighborhoods. Affix this stigma to any spot,—*"you'll never get a girl to stay with you,"*—and vain henceforward are the wiles of the house-agent, charm he never so wisely. In the arrangement of a home "she" takes share in the council.

"When would Bridget go to church?"—"Is Ann likely to be satisfied without anybody to drop in of an evening?"—"I don't like to ask Catharine to go so

far away from all her friends." Such are the communings of the would-be householders. And thus, amid the plans and wishes of persons infinitely her superiors in refinement, taste, and breeding, the inevitable "she" plays her part, a weight in the balance, an unknown quantity for whose sake many known advantages are foregone, a mote in that sunbeam which else might freely shine.

No longer do we ask merely, "Has Angelina got a good husband?" No, indeed. The Edwin of to-day is but one feature of the social problem. "And has she got a good cook?" is a question almost as important. Edwin may be an angel—but while the herb and fruit question presses, Angelina cannot but sigh occasionally at the thought of the untrammelled palmer's weed she put off when she consented to share his hermitage. And looking at the ill-supplied scrip and the care-worn Angelina, Edwin may scarcely be blamed if now and then longings for his bachelor cell visit him. It is sorry ending for a poem, but many poems end so, and for the broken rhythm and the jangled measure we must make responsible that worm in our domestic bud—the all impossible "she."

This "little rift within the lute," whom for convenience sake we will call Bridget, has on the other hand a stand-point of her own which it behooves us to consider. True, it is never easy to perceive another's stand-point, but woe to that nation or that individual to whom it is impossible.

Let us therefore imagine ourselves for the moment shorn of all bright beams of education, precedent, training, and incorporated with the twenty-year old body and the immature unlettered mind of a Bridget. Senses, selfishness, a tendency to shirk work, a desire to "better ourselves" (natural to all at twenty) contend in us with some shyness, much awkwardness, and a considerable capacity for impulsive affection—principally expended on old things and friends, but in some measure elicited by kindness whenever met with. We are, let it be observed, a newly-landed Bridget. Of the Bridget of ten years later, she of the brazen voice, the artificial flowers, the intelligence-office, there is little to be hoped and less desired. But Bridget indeed is a creature of possibilities; her flowering depends much upon the quality of cultivation in fine, and it is greatly to our advantage that it should be of the best.

How do things go with us after we and our poor little trunk are landed on the star-spangled shore? Well, first we stay with a "friend" for a night or two, and collect many improving facts as to missuses and wages, and then we get a place. As we dive into its basement kitchen, and survey the wondrous apparatus of faucets, ovens, wash-tubs, boilers, no snipe of our native bogs could feel less at home than we. We give furtive stares hither and yon, and gasp inwardly, but far be it from us to confess ignorance of anything that is asked. Our new mistress, longing to get out of the kitchen and be saved trouble, crowds us with rapid orders.

"There will be a pair of ducks for dinner. Do you know how to stuff ducks?"

"Yes m'm."

"Put a great deal of summer-savory in, Mr. Smith is fond of it; and be sure and have the gravy smooth. Potatoes, and tomatoes, and macaroni will be the vegetables. You can cook macaroni?"

"Y—is—plaze m'm."

"Don't forget the cheese for the top. It just spoils macaroni to leave out cheese. And for dessert we'll have some sort of a pudding. What kind can you make?"

"I'd be after making bread-puddens oncet"—and we grin over the remembered accomplishment.

"Bread-pudding! oh, I don't fancy that. Make a plain rice-pudding—that's easy, I'm sure. And have dinner at five *exactly*, for Mr. Smith is very particular. I think that's all. I shall be out, but Jane will tell you where things are if you don't know."

Whereupon the new Missus sails away, leaving us to blank confusion. We do our best if we are a pretty well-disposed Bridget, but our best is very bad. The summer-savory goes into the pudding and the cheese on the ducks, potatoes are singed, the mysterious tomato drives us wild, the fowls—half raw, half burnt up—are put on the platter in the "now I lay me down to sleep" attitude, and reprobation loud and dire is heard from the upper regions. So it goes on day by day. We blunder, we destroy, we learn a very little and forget a great deal; no one plans clearly, explains fully, or undertakes the educating process in our behalf. Worse—there is an unkind side, which our warm heart feels and resents. "Followers" are forbidden in the kitchen. That seems hard; but, harder yet, our female friends are darkly frowned on when they drop in. "I like a quiet kitchen," the "missus" says,—but above—a great deal of noise goes on in the parlor! There is no provision for our pleasures—no sympathy for our pains; we do not attach ourselves, we strike no roots in the unfriendly soil, and by and by it is easy on some occasion of special discontent to give the usual warning and remove to another place. As time goes on, habits of restlessness and discontent grow chronic; one kitchen after another receives our afflicting ministrations, and we become that public pest, the ill-disposed, shifting, shiftless Irish servant.

Now, suppose instead of this that we are so lucky as to make our *entrée* into American life in the household of a mistress sagacious enough to comprehend us and our ignorance, and unselfish enough to be willing to grapple wisely with both. Perceiving the perplexities of our new surroundings, she gives up some days to careful and patient explanation of the uses and places of things. She does not content herself with general orders, but goes into minute detail, as to a child, illustrating each with practical experiment. She practices us first on simple dishes, being exact as to the manner in which each is to be cooked and served; when we fail she blames gently, and she never forgets

to praise when we succeed. Day by day we feel that we are learning, and that heartens us. There is none of the irritating "let up, let down" system in her house; every rule is strictly enforced, but the rules include provision for our comfort and well-being as well as hers. She explains clearly and kindly why such and such things are prohibited or enforced. We see reason in what she says, and feel that the sway of a friend is over us. By and by sickness comes, or a bad letter from home, and then the mistress proves a real friend. We learn to love her, and our Irish hearts take hold of the new home. Then, and not till then, we become of real use to our employer, and, despite our oft stupidity and occasional tendency to sulk, a comfort and reliance. Other housekeepers marvel and speculate over Mrs. So-and-so's "knack with girls," but we could tell them what it is—simply observance of the old-fashioned golden motto, "Do as you would be done by," or that other, still more golden, "Let every man look not on his own things, but on the things of another."

And this is the moral code for all classes—and all pronouns—not for you and me merely. Not ourselves and yourselves, but likewise for it, for he, and himself, and for herself and—"SHE."

#### HALLOW-EEN.

HALLOW-EEN, vulgarly known in England as "Nut-crack Night," is the vigil of All Saints' Day, or November 1st, and so falls inevitably on the last evening of October.

Ever since the Holabird girls gave that hallow-*een* party last year, in Mrs. Whitney's pretty story, certain young friends of ours have been determined to do the same. So, for their benefit and that of other girls who are readers of HOME AND SOCIETY, we append a list of old charms and customs peculiar to this night. We warn them, however, that it is "thought to be a night when devils, witches, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful errands; and particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary." Wherefore, dears, look well to your behavior!

First in order are the dream-producing charms. "She who desires to know to what manner of fortune she will be married, will grate and mix a walnut, a hazelnut, and a nutmeg. Mix them with butter and sugar into pills, and swallow them before going to bed. If her fortune is to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be full of golden dreams. If a tradesman, odd noises and tumults. If a traveler, then will thunder and lightning disturb her."

Or, there is the lemon-peel charm. Carry two lemon-peels all day in the pocket, and at night rub the four

posts of the bed with them. The future spouse appears in sleep and presents the dreaming girl with two lemons. If he does not come, there is "no hope!"

Then come the spells for waking hours.

The cabbage-pulling charm:—The maiden walks backward till she gets to the cabbage-bed, and pulls the first she stumbles over. If large, it is a good omen. If much earth clings to it, he will be rich; if it is straight, he will be well-favored; if crooked, he will be ugly or deformed; if the stem tastes sweet, his temper is an easy one; if bitter, it is cross-grained.

The lime-kiln charm:—Steal out all alone to the lime-kiln and throw in a clue of blue yarn. Wind it in a new clue (or ball) off the old one, and toward the latter end *something* will hold the thread. Demand, "Who holds?" and the kiln-pot will reply by naming the Christian and surname of your future husband.

The next is for the use of gentlemen.

The shirt-sleeve charm:—Dip your shirt-sleeve in the water of a spring running south, and go to bed, leaving it hanging before the fire. Some time near midnight the apparition of your future wife will come in and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it.

The glass and candle charm can be practiced by both sexes. Take a candle—go before the looking-glass and eat an apple—*combing your hair all the time*. As you gaze you will perceive the face of your future husband or wife peeping over your shoulder.

Apples play a prominent part on Hallow-*een*. Apple-parings flung over the shoulder *always* fall into the mystic letter on that night. Apple-seeds may be named and stuck on either cheek, the one which sticks longest indicating the decree of Destiny.

Nuts too. The nuts are named and laid in pairs on the embers of a wood-fire. If one nut snaps and flies away from the other it means separation. If it returns, re-union is indicated. If both burn together, the course of true love will run smooth.

The "Lady-Bird" charm is one of the prettiest, though it could hardly be adapted to an evening party. One of the cunning, winged things is caught and held tenderly, while this rhyme is repeated:—

"This lady-fly I take from off the grass,  
Whose spotted back might scarlet-red surpass.  
Fly, Lady-bird! North, South, or East, or West—  
Fly where the man is found I love the best."

The insect is then released, and flies at once where it—and Fate—has willed.

Lastly. Three times round the house backward, and you walk into the arms of the man you are to marry. All of us who have read *We Girls* recollect what befell sweet Leslie Goldthwaite when she tried this charm.

And so we end—wishing each maiden who tries the spell this Hallow-*een* as fair a fate.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE dove with the olive-branch is again hovering over the literary waste of Paris, and the learned world is appearing on the scene of life and action. The publishers' announcements are beginning to assume form and regularity, and we are treated to a very delicate gift from the pen of the son of the whilom famous Madame Desbordes-Valmore. The son has inherited the love of the mother for the heights of Parnassus, and during the clash of arms has been engaged on the translation of the best of the poems of the celebrated Hungarian poet Petöfi. In this work he has been assisted by a Hungarian *littérateur*, Ujfalvy, and the success of the enterprise is largely owing to this fact. The only way to obtain a perfect translation of so lofty a genius as Petöfi is to have the work done by pairs, that there may be one of each nationality. Thus only can the original be comprehended in all its depth, and its counterpart made to convey the peculiar essence of the native poet. Ujfalvy is also said to be engaged on the translation of a Hungarian tragedy, which will be brought out on the Parisian boards the coming winter, if its title, *Danton and Robespierre*, is not a little too revolutionary for Thiers. It is quite a significant circumstance that Hungarian literature should contain anything of sufficient merit to claim a place on the French stage.

THE PARISIANS cannot yet be reconciled to the loss of the composer of "Fra Diavolo" and the "Dumb Girl of Portici." They committed his remains to the Cemetery of Montmartre with great solemnity, and no less than seven addresses were made over the tomb of the pride and glory of France. And still they talk of the witty dinners and cosy suppers of Auber, and the many gatherings of the most sprightly and refined artists of Paris, and affirm that he died during the siege, out of sheer *ennui* at the loss of his accustomed haunts and associates. As the Prussians were approaching Paris, he met one evening a German correspondent and musical critic in the *foyer* of the *Opéra Comique*, and anxiously inquired whether it could be possible that the invaders intended to attack Paris. "Maitre," was the reply, "remain quietly in your favorite Paris, and if the Prussians come near you, simply tell them your name; they know you as well as your own countrymen, if not better." The maestro smiled and returned to his now lonely home, for nearly all of his boon companions had fled or were in the service, and it is asserted that he virtually grieved himself to death. He was fond of life, and had always said that he would see his hundredth year. He was ninety years of age, and had already helped to bear to the grave many of his younger colleagues, such as Meyerbeer, Halévy, Rossini, and Berlioz. He was in the habit of consoling himself regarding his few infirmities by saying that 'the only way to become old was to live long.'

THE WHITE BANNER of France has again been brought to the memory of the present race of Frenchmen, by the significant allusion to it in the recent appeal

of the Count of Chambord. It is the banner of the Bourbons adorned with the golden lilies. An edict of Louis the Fourteenth made it the banner of the nation, while the company-standard was composed of the three colors of the royal house—red, white, and blue. The first flag of France was blue, and then came the red oriflamme; and when this fell into the hands of the English, white was the color adopted. According to legend, the white flag was first carried at the coronation of Rheims in the hands of the Maid of Orleans. The Tricolor arose in 1789, from the colors of the city of Paris—red and blue; to these Lafayette added the white, because these were the colors of the House of Orleans. This flag led the republic, the empire, the monarchy of July, the second republic, and the second empire, and a return to the white flag would mean the restoration of the Bourbons and a return to the monarchy by divine right; and it was just this feature of the case that made it a very unhappy allusion on the part of the Count of Chambord, and one which has given him a new lease of private life.

THE LITERATURE OF TRAVEL has been in great demand this year, from the fact that the interruption to pleasure travel was so great last season. The watering-places have seldom been more thronged or more gay than during the present season, and in Germany most of the resorts are filled with strange faces. This proceeds from a desire to become better acquainted with the many charming summer retreats of Southern Germany, which new political relations seem to make more congenial and accessible to the Germans of the North. Responsive to this desire, we chronicle the timely appearance of another volume of the famous hand-books of Meyer; it is devoted exclusively to the plains and cities, streams and mountains of South Germany, and bears the name of Berlepsch as author, an authority already most favorably known to travelers in Germany. It is so thorough in all its appointments regarding the needs of the intelligent tourist, with its maps and plans, panoramas and views, that it is a model of its kind, and will exert a wholesome influence in bringing up the standard of travelers' guides to a higher level than the stereotype affairs that have long been the plague and the grief of the critical traveler.

THE SAVANS OF BELGIUM are still in great doubt as to their future development, and hardly know into which side of the balance to cast their influence and attachment. Previous to the war they were wholly French, although in continual antagonism with French interests and influence. During the conflict, both nations complained of her breach of neutrality, although it is clear that her people leaned on the side of the French. Brussels was so filled with French refugees, exiles, and criminals, that the Germans gave it the name of the "Spittoon" of France. But it now seems to be turning towards the German phase of civilization and progress. The Provincial Council of Brabant recently held a session in Brussels, at which



the principal discussion was concerning the necessity of introducing compulsory education. In the course of the debate, Professor Leo declared that the history of the world had taught them that the first rank among nations was no longer to be accorded to levity, ignorance, and immorality. The honor of leadership would belong in future to Germany, for it has earned it by its learning, moral power, and strength. We should never forget, that for a nation moral health is as necessary as physical health, and for these combined the world must look to Germany hereafter. Belgium, according to the orator, has already traveled too far under French guidance, and it is now time to turn to its Germanic mother and receive sounder teachings.

A FAIRY LAND on the roof of a royal palace is the last creation of the young and enterprising King of Bavaria, who, besides being an enthusiastic musician, seems to have a rare taste for the beautiful in Nature. He has recently gratified this desire by the creation of a garden, which is described as a miracle of beauty, on the roof of his palace. In the cold north one wanders among splendid palms; luxurious vines send their tendrils of rich green trailing around the frame-work that supports the immense glass roof and ingeniously conceals it from the eye. Through the rich, green foliage is seen the brilliant surface of a lake, on which float swans and various aquatic birds among the broad-leaved and rankly-growing water-plants. There lies a little boat, into which you may step and rock on the clear, limpid surface of the flood, and see fishes in the depths, and put your hand into it and convince yourself that it is cool, sparkling water, and not a mere illusion. In astonishment you wander farther, and perceive in the distance a broad blue sea, and beyond it mountains whose snowy peaks, of greater heights than the German Alps, rise into the deep blue sky from the base of the waters. All near you is so real that you would not be surprised to see a steamer plowing the waves. This time, however, you are fairly cheated, for the view owes its existence to the ingenuity of the machinist and the magic art of the painter.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS returning to the Fatherland are winning golden opinions on all sides for their excellent behavior. When the war proved so long and bitter, and finally in many instances so cruel, it was feared that the warriors themselves would degenerate, and become coarse and arrogant, so that their habits and manners would ill fit them to again enter and take their old positions in social circles as loving brothers and fathers. These were also our fears regarding our own soldiers; but we know how pleasantly the reality deceived us, and how many returned to assume their places in society, developed and strengthened by their experience. And thus the Germans to their great joy find it. Even the workmen return to their shops and employers better disciplined, and with a keener sense of their responsibilities and the necessity of mutual confidence. Before the war, strikes were the order of the day; now but little is heard of them.

The workingmen seem to have sounder views of social questions, and greatly to have extended their field of vision. They appear also to be more contented with their lot, and less inclined to foster strife between capital and labor. The sorrows of war have taught them to appreciate the blessings of peace.

LADIES' HOTELS are the latest demand of the fair sex in Europe. The wish is expressed in the columns of the *New Paths*, the organ of the General Association of German Women, that ladies traveling alone may be able to find ladies' hotels, where they will be free to go without the least danger of being looked at askance. Ladies' coupés are now in vogue on some of the railroads, and are greatly esteemed by quiet ladies whom circumstances force to travel alone, and it would be a great boon if they could find orderly and well-kept hotels for their special accommodation. This is a greater necessity in Europe than here, where ladies seldom step out of the door without attendance. But with the traveling facilities of the period the number of ladies traveling alone is daily increasing, and the reception which they receive in hotels from guests and the *employés* of the establishments is not always very satisfactory or encouraging. For such lady travelers, no matter from what quarter of the world, ladies' hotels would be a blessing, and might be a source of occupation and profit for a goodly number of the women and girls who are eager for opportunities for gaining a livelihood.

WILHELM, the composer of the famous melody of the "Watch on the Rhine," is not likely to live long to enjoy his rare good fortune of having given birth to the successful strains that almost lent wings to the enthusiastic warriors who sang their way into the heart of the enemy's land. He is remaining at a German "cure" with a view to regain his health, though with a very poor prospect of so doing. He kindly receives all who call on him, but his gait is weak and his words are faltering. In speaking of his renowned composition, he frequently sheds tears when told that it aided in effecting German unity. It seems a tragic fate that the days that witness the rising of the German sun should see this thoroughly German man in the fetters of palsy, and at times scarcely able to enjoy the charming scenery of the valley which is now his retreat. He seems at times borne down by melancholy, and even the joyful tidings conveyed in the message of Prince Bismarck, that the government had bestowed on the national composer a pension that would make him comfortable for life, had little effect on him. He left the letter lying beside him twenty-four hours before he showed it to his physician or friends.

A SHOWER of French histories of the war is now overwhelming Paris. Chanzy has given his story of the campaign of the Loire, and Count Latour-Dupin that of the French army in Metz. Bazaine is just out with his defence, as are several other generals. Palikao has announced a report of his twenty-four days' régime in the Ministry of War, and even Benedetti

has come to life again in the threat to publish the history of the later part of his activity as French ambassador at the Court of Berlin, and the true causes that led to the disastrous war. In the flood of treasonable accusations that streams from these pages, we can only advise every Frenchman of the least note to come in out of the rain.

THAT portion of Sir William Thomson's inaugural address before the British Association, in which he suggested that the first germs of life might have been brought to the earth by meteoric stones, which derived them from the globes of which they were fragments, was ingenious, if improbable, and has attracted considerable attention. But this yet leaves unexplained the source of life on those globes, and he would probably refer it to a Divine Cause. Sir William Thomson, himself one of the ablest physicists in Great Britain, quite scouts the idea that it is possible to produce life except from a living germ; but when that germ is given he is willing to accept a process of development. But the Darwinian theory of development, which makes

"natural selection" the only origin of species, he utterly repudiates, and quotes Sir John Herschel's remark that it is too much like the Laputan method of making books, and does not take into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. He well says: "I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoological speculations. Reaction against the frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found, not rarely, in the notes of the learned commentators on Paley's 'Natural Theology,' has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overwhelmingly strong proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie all around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler."

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

### THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE Fair of the American Institute is hardly up to the mark this year. True, the exhibition has little more than passed the formative stage at this writing; still, it has been running long enough to give a reasonably fair intimation of its scope and character. The spacious Rink is full without crowding, but it contains little that is new or specially interesting, while there is a noticeable lack of many of the later evidences of "Progress at Home," which ought by right to be there. Not that the managers have failed in aught of their duty; they have no doubt made the best disposition possible of the materials provided them. We were only deploring the absence of certain material that we had hoped to find there.

For example, the first thing one sees on the floor of the main hall is a boy cutting glass in the old-fashioned way—with a wheel. It is a good thing to have him there. The operation is new to many, and it attracts attention to the display of crystal in the case close by. Not far off is the ever-present glass-blower twisting his colored rods into impossible birds and such like trumpery for the amusement of the children. But we look in vain for an exhibition of the new mechanical agent, blown sand, so successfully applied to glass-cutting, and really one of the most valuable applications of natural processes to the requirements of art that man has hit upon of late.

It is to be regretted that so many inventors and manufacturers are indifferent to competitions of this sort, not for their own sakes—their indifference is reasonable enough from a business point of view—but for the sake of the masses to whom such exhibitions are a cheap, enjoyable, and effective means of industrial education. The printing-press has well-nigh usurped the

office of the public fair. Facilities for making known one's wares, and for bringing their merits directly and cheaply before those most likely to buy, have been so multiplied that it is only in exceptional cases that it pays to make use of public exhibitions. If an inventor has a patent-right to sell, or wishes to dispose of territorial rights, or if he has to compete with many rivals, or has some little thing that everybody needs, then it will be worth his while to present his invention personally to the crowd; but in most cases there are ways of advertising that are much cheaper and more direct. The consequence is the fair is only a partial exposition of the industrial progress of the time, and the part represented is not by any means the most important. We took pains to get a card or an advertising circular from every exhibitor. The greater part of them have reference to old and well-known rival articles—sewing-machines, reapers, mowers, washing-machines, and the like—or trivial objects that are sold on the street, as paper birds, needle-threaders, clothes-line holders, and similar knick-knacks. The proportion of the latter seems to be greater than usual.

### HODGE'S "SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY."

THERE are at least two sorts of people to whom the appearance in print of Dr. Hodge's System of Theology will be a matter of uncommon interest. (*Systematic Theology*: By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol. I. C. Scribner & Co.). Those who accept his teachings with the reverence which all Princeton students feel for his high character and great abilities, will be glad to have his works in a convenient and accessible form, and will give them an honored place on the shelves of their libraries and on their study-tables. And, on the other hand, those to whom the Princeton theology is

a name of terror or offense, will be interested to see for themselves, in an authoritative statement, what it is from which they suppose themselves to differ.

Probably both sorts of readers will be conscious of some feeling of disappointment when they come to read for themselves, with studious care, what hitherto they have only heard, or heard of, by the hearing of the ear. The disciples of the Princeton school will recognize more clearly than before, and with something of surprise, how nearly their honored teacher is in accordance with systems of truth popularly considered to be newer and more liberal than his own. And, on the other hand, those who have cried out against this old theology as dry and stereotyped and severe, will notice, with something of admiration, the freshness with which the discussion keeps abreast of modern criticism and controversy, the acuteness with which the argument assails the more subtle forms of modern unbelief, and the liberality with which the intense orthodoxy of this system, cautious and conservative though it is, and narrow though it may seem to some, still makes concessions which strict logic does not require, and which a rigorous dogmatic severity would decline. We trust, for example, that the old slander against orthodoxy, which attributes to it, with varying coarseness of accusation, the damnation of infants, will be completely silenced, now that the oracle of Princeton has spoken with such frankness and Christian tenderness and charity, concerning this matter, in the very first pages of the volume (pp. 26, 27).

Undoubtedly the theology of this volume is of an old-fashioned sort, tenacious not only of the spirit, but of the form of ancient dogma. It is above all things Biblical, scrupulously endeavoring to get from the Bible not only its matter, but even its methods also. It will use the book of Nature also, in its study, but only as subsidiary to the book of Scripture. But it is honest and fearless. Whatever conclusions it finds it does not dodge or twist, whether the natural man will hear or forbear. The revelation contained in the Bible, he declares, is what theology has to deal with. Whatever facts or principles a careful inductive process shall discover in the Bible are to be boldly asserted in the face of whatsoever consequences. No student of physical science, in our day, shows greater recklessness of consequences in the affirmation of his scientific dogma drawn from the facts of Nature, than does this student of theology in the affirmation of his theological dogma founded on the facts and assertions of Scripture. No compromise, and no surrender of truth which he believes the Bible to contain, is for a moment to be thought of.

It is evident, therefore, that as a standard theological work Dr. Hodge's volumes must occupy an important position. If the position shall be thought an extreme one, that fact gives to his work all the more significance and interest. It is certain that he does represent and express—better than they could express it for themselves—the doctrinal opinion of a very large number of ministers and laymen in the Church

in which he is an honored teacher. He is, and for years to come will be, an authority, quoted by friends and foes as such. And no theological library will be complete without these representative volumes in it. The first volume only has appeared; the work will run through three volumes only, and there would seem no reason why the second and third should be long delayed.

#### THE "BIBLE COMMENTARY."

It looks at least as if the coming commentary,—long wished for, but not found,—which should combine in itself the complete results of modern learning, with a spirit of genuine reverence and faith, and which should be, withal, such a miracle of condensation and inexpensiveness that what Mr. Walt Whitman calls "the average man" could afford to own it and could find a place to put it,—had at last arrived. The first volume of what has been for years expected in England as *The Speaker's Commentary*, has made its appearance here under the simpler and better title, *The Bible Commentary* (C. Scribner & Co.). Some impression of the scale on which the work has been planned, and is being executed, may be given by the fact that the entire Pentateuch is contained in a volume of about the size which in Lange, for example, is given to the book of Genesis alone. Making allowance for the difference in type, which in "The Bible Commentary" is admirably large and fair, and for the space occupied by the text, which is most ample, the amount of letter-press in the two volumes is about the same, although the number of pages in Lange is somewhat less. In the quality of paper and press-work the new volume leaves nothing to be desired.

Of course the proof of a commentary is in the using of it. It cannot be tested by the examination of a few hours. But whatever assurance can be given, by the names of men the most eminent in Biblical learning and scientific research, is given here, that the student of the Scriptures, who wishes to turn on any obscure or difficult passage the full light of modern investigation, can do so with the help of these volumes. There is no better scholarship anywhere than the scholarship of the best English scholars. They have German thoroughness without German obscurity. They have German fearlessness without German irreverence.

A spirit tolerant, broad, honest,—an exegesis which interprets (to use the phrase of the Bishop of Ely) "largely and fairly,"—a reverent and devout willingness to receive the teaching of the Bible in its practical bearings upon the life and conduct of men in our own times,—all this is clearly to be recognized, even by the brief examination which only has been possible to us during the few days since the book appeared.

Always in an enterprise so vast as this, where the labor requires much division and subdivision, there is danger that the completed work may lack unity of style or spirit, and may exhibit painful inequalities of merit, and of course it may appear, before this work

is finished, that not all its parts show equal skill and faithfulness. But just as a good Providence watched over the translation of our English Bible, so that, although the translators were many, one style and one spirit governed all its parts and welded them together, so we may hope that in this not dissimilar undertaking a similar success may be achieved.

For this *Commentary* is expressly designed as a popular work. The clergyman, the professional scholar, is not expected to find in it all the apparatus which he requires for critical study. But for English-speaking Protestant Christians, whose privilege and whose duty it is to search the Scriptures for themselves, and who wish to study them with understanding heart, the *Commentary* will prove, as it was intended, a most useful and a most welcome help. It is only in the expectation of a large and popular sale that the publishers are justified in putting forth the work in a style so costly at a price so reasonable. But probably many professional students will also find in these volumes a welcome and substantial addition to their critical and exegetical apparatus. Especially the distinct essays upon separate themes, too important to be treated fitly in the explanatory comment on the same page with the text, cannot be overlooked by any scholar who would keep abreast of the most advanced Biblical criticism. The note, for example, on the "Route of the Israelites from Rameses to Sinai," gives, with great distinctness and compactness, the results of the latest explorations of that most interesting region, and is so illustrated with maps and engravings, that for freshness and vividness it reads almost like a story of to-day.

It is understood that the other volumes of this great work are well advanced towards completion, and will appear at no distant day. It is supposed that eight volumes will complete the work. Of course, as the work makes progress, we may discover some points at which we should differ from its conclusions,—some details to which we might take exception. But already it is pretty safe to say that whoever owns these eight volumes will have, all things considered, the most satisfactory commentary on the whole Bible which is thus far accessible to the English student.

#### "ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE."

THE briefest announcement of a class-book of the elements of mental science by the President of Yale is enough to arrest the attention of every laborer in that department of instruction. *The Human Intellect* settled President Porter's rank as one of the foremost students of the mysteries of metaphysics. The severest opponents of his views freely accorded that embodiment of his life of hard labor and close thought a place in the front rank of treatises on Mind; and it stands a solid bulwark to the Christian conception of the soul, and an acknowledged barrier to the soulless philosophy that had well-nigh become a characteristic of modern thought.

The great size of that work, however, due as much to the thoroughness of its critical discussions as to the comprehensiveness of its scope, made it much more fit

to serve its secondary purpose as a manual for advanced students of psychology and speculative science, than its primary object as a text-book for schools and colleges. Beginners might well be dismayed by the sheer bulk, let alone the toughness of the new world of thought set before them to conquer. To remove this difficulty, the author has prepared an abridgment of his great work. *The Elements of Intellectual Science*, he calls it—retaining all the leading positions with many of the illustrations, and so much of the historical matter as seemed appropriate to a strictly elementary manual. The language has been condensed occasionally, and the order and method of the argument changed to adapt the work for its intended use. Topics not suited to an elementary work have been omitted, while the controversial and critical observations have been dropped or greatly abridged; but the discussion of the important speculative questions that occupy the concluding chapters of the original work are retained in all their thoroughness. For the convenience of teachers and students who may wish to consult the larger work while using this, the leading divisions and titles in both volumes are the same. (Charles Scribner & Co., publishers.)

#### BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.\*

THE benediction of the first Psalm appears to have fallen upon Mr. Bryant. No countryman of his, whatever might be his literary school, or his political party, or his religious sect, would deny to the venerable translator of Homer the possession in a good degree of the severe and the benign virtues attributed to the ideal man described in the Psalm. And certainly the blessing pronounced on such a man is Mr. Bryant's in a pre-eminent degree. He is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth doth prosper.

It is no commonplace felicity merely to choose wisely what one will do. English readers of Homer will never doubt that Mr. Bryant has chosen wisely to use these latter years in translating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It is, perhaps, almost an equal felicity to abide contentedly in a happy choice once made. This, also, the present volume is fresh proof that Mr. Bryant is harmoniously constituted to do. His fruit drops from him as if it were simply after its kind, and could not be other than it is.

Mr. Bryant's preface is a charming bit of prose writing, full of ripe and easy literary art, and of a noble and gracious personal character. Classic is a word that seems to befit Mr. Bryant in every regard, and classic certainly is everything that comes to the public from his pen. His place is well assured among the fixed stars of the American literary firmament, whatever other lights there may be burning brightly for a moment, destined to be unsphered and to fall by and by. A touch of manly pathos makes his allusion to himself and to his advancing age tender and sweet to us

\* James R. Osgood & Co., publishers.



all, with a communicated sense of our imminent loss. But such a living example as his is so inestimably precious and so rare, that we gladly hope to hold him back yet a decade or more from his hastening return to the skies.

Mr. Bryant manifestly finds the *Odyssey*, with its pacific details of travel and romantic adventure, more congenial to his humane genius than the truculent and bloody episodes of fight which make up so much of the story of the *Iliad*. His mellifluous verse flows on in the *Odyssey* like a long bright river drawing slowly its waters from the purple hills—so sweetly, evenly, musically, and liquidly does it move, as if from a fountain that could never fail. His faculty of verse, in truth, is so consummate that, but for a certain indefinable but unmistakable quality of genius in it, one might be tempted to find it mechanical.

It is hard to refrain, as our space importunately admonishes us that we must, from specimen citation, and from comment. It must suffice to pronounce this portion of Mr. Bryant's work almost ideally felicitous alike in its achievement and in the good augury of its achievement. We are now precisely as secure of a complete and satisfactory *Odyssey* in English, as we can be of Mr. Bryant's life and health for just a few more fruitful months to come.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CENTURIES of critics have not defined what poetry is. In every century critics have quarreled, loudly asserting what it is not. Meantime, men sing who choose; and men listen who choose; and the singers and the listeners are better off than the critics.

Joaquin Miller is a singer. "Poetry is with me a passion which defies reason," he says in the preface to the London edition of his poems; a preface of which W. M. Rossetti says, "it would command sympathetic respect, even if his verses did not." We think his American publishers have made a mistake in not reprinting this preface. Some sentences in it are keys, such as many of Mr. Miller's American readers appear to need.

In this remarkable little volume (*Songs of the Sierras*, Roberts Bros., Boston) there are only seven poems, six of them narratives, but narratives so full of scenic effects, so overlaid by vivid description, that it is only after repeated readings of them that the stories stand out in connection and relief: in fact, in no one of them does the narrative or its telling seem to be the leading or conscious motive of the writer. They are the impulsive reproduction of a series of pictures; vivid, sharply defined, swift, as if stamped by the sun. In every one of them, especially in "Arizonian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua," this panoramic succession is so remarkable, that one feels on laying down the book as if the eye had been looking at pictures painted in colors, rather than in words. This quality, this result, which it is easier to feel than to define or to describe, seems to us the most remarkable point in Mr. Miller's writing. It is also a quality which by its very nature defies analysis, and is independent to a

certain extent of law, appealing as it does to an instinctive first-sight sort of recognition, rather than to close observation and study. Close observation and study may even discover that the effects cannot be explained by admitted laws, cannot be reconciled with them; but the effects remain; just as the wonderful Japanese in their interpretative art make triumphant color override distance, shape, perspective, and compel us by a higher law of delight, which measures and weights have little to do with.

"With Walker in Nicaragua" seems to us the best of the poems. In vividness of portraiture, and intensity and genuineness of feeling, few poems have equaled it. That history has stamped Walker as an unprincipled filibuster, and that we have never thought of him except as a vulgar villain, ought not to affect our judgment of this poem. To the yellow-haired boy who rode by his side Walker was a hero, and it is the passionate boy's tribute to his hero dead, to his friend lost, which we are to read in this poem. We give the account of Walker's death, and of the visit to his grave:—

"To die with hand and brow unbound  
He gave his gems and jeweled sword;  
Thus at the last the warrior found  
Some freedom for his steel's reward.  
He walked out from the prison-wall  
Dressed like a prince for a parade,  
And made no note of man or maid,  
But gazed out calmly over all;  
Then looked afar, half paused, and then  
Above the mottled sea of men  
He kissed his thin hand to the sun;  
Then smiled so proudly none had known  
But he was stepping to a throne,  
Yet took no note of any one.  
A nude brown beggar Peon child,  
Encouraged as the captive smiled,  
Looked up, half scared, half pitying;  
He stooped, he caught it from the sands,  
Put bright coins in its two brown hands,  
Then strode on like another king.

"Two deep, a musket's length, they stood,  
Afront, in sandals, nude, and dun,  
As death and darkness wove in one,  
Their thick lips thirsting for his blood.  
He took their black hands one by one,  
And, smiling with a patient grace,  
Forgave them all and took his place.

"He bared his broad brow to the sun,  
Gave one long last look to the sky,  
The white-wing'd clouds that hurried by  
The olive hills in orange hue;  
A last list to the cockatoo  
That hung by beak from cocoa-bough  
Hard by, and hung and sung as though  
He never was to sing again,  
Hung all red-crown'd and robed in green,  
With belts of gold and blue between.—

"A bow, a touch of heart, a pall  
Of purple smoke, a crash, a thud,  
A warrior's raiment rent, and blood,  
A face in dust, and—that was all.

"Success had made him more than king;  
Defeat made him the vilest thing.

In name, contempt or hate can bring :  
So much the leaded dice of war  
Do make or mar of character.

" Speak ill who will of him, he died  
In all disgrace ; say of the dead  
His heart was black, his hands were red—  
Say this much, and be satisfied ;  
Gloat over it all un denied.  
I only say that he to me,  
Whatever he to others was,  
Was truer far than any one  
That I have known beneath the sun.

" Sinner, saint, or Pharisee,  
As boy or man, for any cause ;  
I simply say he was my friend  
When strong of hand and fair of fame ;  
Deaded and disgraced, I stand the same  
To him, and so shall to the end.

" I lay this crude wreath on his dust,  
Inwove with sad sweet memories  
Recalled here by these colder seas.  
I leave the wild bird with his trust,  
To sing and say him nothing wrong ;  
I wake no rivalry of song.

" He lies low in the level'd sand,  
Unsheltered by the tropic sun,  
And now of all he knew, not one  
Will speak him fair in that far land.  
Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,  
Disguised, his grave one winter tide ;  
A weakness for the weaker side,  
A siding with the helpless weak.

" A palm not far held out a hand,  
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,  
And bent like some great bow unstrung,  
And quivered like a willow wand ;  
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,  
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,  
A bird in rainbow splendor sang  
A low sad song of tempered grief.

" No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,  
But at his side a cactus green  
Upheld its lances long and keen ;  
It stood in hot red sands alone,  
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears ;  
One bloom of crimson crown'd its head,  
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,  
Yet redolent as roses' tears.  
In my left hand I held a shell  
All rosy-lipped and pearly-red ;  
I laid it by his lowly bed,  
For he did love so passing well  
The grand songs of the solemn sea.  
O, shell ! sing well, wild, with a will,  
When storms blow loud and birds be still,  
The wildest sea-song known to thee.

" I said some things, with folded hands,  
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,  
And eyes beld humbly to the ground,  
And frail knees sunken in the sands,  
He had done more than this for me,  
And yet I could not well do more :  
I turned me down the olive shore  
And set a sad face to the sea."

We have preferred to give this one long extract,  
showing the power of Mr. Miller's simplest and best

style, rather than to present a selection of shorter ones,  
which would perhaps have given wider evidence of his  
variety of expression and brilliancy of coloring.

We wish we had room for both—for more lines such  
as these:—

" Birds hung and swung, green-rob'd and red,  
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,  
Rainbows reversed from tree to tree."

Or,

" Oh, passion-tossed and bleeding past,  
Part now, part well, part wide apart,  
As ever ships on ocean slid  
Down, down the sea, hull, sail, and mast."

Or,

" The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,  
A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell,  
While a partridge whistled the whole day through  
For a rabbit to dance in the chapparal,  
And a gray grouse drummed 'All's well ! All's well !'"

Of these last lines it is not too high praise—high  
praise as it is—to say that Thoreau is the only other  
American besides Miller who could, or who *would*  
have written them.

To offset against lines of such freshness and simpli-  
city as these, such intensity and genuineness of feeling  
as the description of Walker's death, such vividness of  
local coloring and treatment as are to be found on  
every page of Mr. Miller's volume—to offset against  
these the irregularities, the immaturities, the mistakes  
of an unpracticed hand, an uncultured ear, and an  
almost wholly uneducated mind, seems as ill-natured as  
shallow. When a man still young, who has lived all  
his life on the frontier with Indians, and who has read  
few books beside Byron's works and the Bible,  
gives us seven such poems as these *Songs of the Sier-  
ras*, we owe him praise rather than censure, accept-  
ance rather than distrust. Most of all, we owe him  
the fairness of not demanding from him that which it  
was impossible he should have, *i. e.*, culture, finish,  
conformity to standards. Many will go farther than  
this, and say that we may congratulate ourselves on  
having a poet whose style has been stamped by the  
faults of only *one* other poet gone before ; that we  
have had enough of men who were ninety-nine parts  
other men and only one part themselves ; that the Ad-  
dition Table of aggregate result in poetry is about  
long enough already, and that there is refreshment and  
a long new breath in the sight of a unit once more !

Our own point of misgiving in regard to Mr. Miller's  
ultimate and permanent place as a poet is one which  
seems to us far more radical than any question of cul-  
ture or finish, of ignorance or defiance of standards.  
It is a misgiving as to his true recognition of and true  
sensitiveness to humanity. Warm and vivid as are his  
mention and suggestion of human relation, it seems  
thus far mainly the warmth of a passionate sensuous-  
ness of nature. Love is hot, and life is intense, but  
loving is not helping, and living is never the giving up  
of life, in Mr. Miller's pictures.

The hero of the Arizonian lets his mistress run out, frantic with jealousy, into a fatal tempest. He swings in his hammock all night, does not go to look her up till morning, and then, as might be expected, finds her dead.

Another hero sleeps tranquilly through his first night on board the ship which bears him away from his mistress. She, pursuing, drowns, unobserved by anybody but the mate at the wheel.

A third lover, well mounted, rides alive, though singed, out of fires which devour his bride just behind him; and a fourth does not succeed in preventing his mistress from killing herself with a knife before his very eyes.

Now it is no doubt true in all these cases that it is simply a dramatic narrative which Mr. Miller is giving; and nothing would be more unfair than to infer that either of these four gentlemen was intended as his ideal of a lover. But the uniformity of their conduct is unpleasing, and all through the poems we are conscious of an under-current of dominant materialism, or rather animalism, which jars and chills. This may be simply the misfortune of the type of story, the accidental preponderance of the barbaric and the brutal. When we recall the tenderness shown in the description of Walker's grave, and in the mention of

"A round, brown, patient hand,  
That small, brown, faithful hand of hers  
That never rests till my return,"

and in the dedication to Maud, we feel almost guilty in our misgiving. But the misgiving is *there*; and it will not disappear until Mr. Miller has given us other glimpses of living love and loving life than these.

And the English poets who have stretched out such friendly hands of greeting to him are not the men from whom he will learn—if he needs to learn—this love. They too, great and true poets as they are, are the poets of the body, who turn soul to sense, instead of turning sense to soul; bring heaven to earth, instead of lifting earth to heaven; and not all possible fire and color in the most gifted child of nature, not all possible grace and finish in the most gifted genius of culture, shall endure if it have not love!

We wait with the warmest interest to see if the development of Mr. Miller's genius will prove that he has as much heart as he has fire, and as much patience as he has courage. This strange, sudden flood-wave of admiration upon which he is just now tossed would swamp and drown a feeble or an insincere man. We hope—we believe—that he will ride it triumphantly; will outstride it as strong ships outstride storms, and prove their real strength, later, in long, rich-freighted voyages in quiet seas.

#### TUCKERMAN'S LIFE OF KENNEDY.

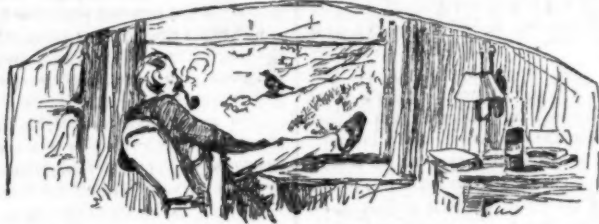
*The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*, by H. T. Tuckerman, is an admirable book as a memorial of a highly-gifted and most useful man, who,

as author, statesman, and private citizen, was equally entitled to our respect. The name of the biographer is a sufficient guarantee in advance that his task has been faithfully and judiciously performed; but, truth to say, it seems to have been singularly easy of performance. The materials were not only abundant, but in exact shape for use, for a *lucidus ordo* beyond all else marks everything that Mr. Kennedy left behind him. This trait was apparent in his able administration of the Navy Department, where he sketched beforehand, to the minutest details, the Japan Expedition of Commodore Perry, which opened to the world the commerce of that long-isolated empire, and directed the Arctic Expedition of Dr. Kane, which gained that lamented voyager a lasting renown. In this volume Mr. Kennedy appears specially attractive in private, where, as the man of culture, he gave tone to society, and set an example to his contemporaries in a lovely life of leisure devoted to letters and the amenities of the domestic circle. An ardent and successful politician, Mr. Kennedy accepted official station for the good he might do, and would have scorned to make it subservient to sordid ends. His letters, given by Mr. Tuckerman in illustration of his character and pursuits, are charming; and we lay down the volume with a regret that so genial a writer should not have devoted himself wholly to literature. It is published by Messrs. George P. Putnam & Sons.

#### HONORARY DEGREES.

THE prelates of the Church of England, some two or three years ago, summoned all the bishops of the American Episcopal Church, and of the Anglican Churches of the British Colonies, to meet them in consultation on spiritual affairs. We do not remember any special result of that Lambeth Conference, except that our American Bishops all came home blushing wearing the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred upon them in a lump by the University of Oxford. A somewhat similar feat has just been accomplished by the University of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association in that classic city. Compelled, from the number of the members present—thirteen hundred in all—besides distinguished visitors from other countries, to decorate less indiscriminately than its sister university could do, it selected a batch of thirteen representative men in all the different "sections" into which the Association is divided, and gave them the coveted degree of LL.D. These precedents we would recommend to American universities. Why should they be satisfied with bestowing, like Princeton, only four doctorates of divinity and as many of law once a year? Let them improve their opportunities, and whenever an ecclesiastical conference, or a scientific association, or a political convention meets in their vicinity, let them swoop down on the assembly and carry off a dozen or two to grace the pages in the triennials which record their *laureati*.

## A BIRD IN THE BUSH.



ROBIN, under my window, just as the morning is breaking,  
Singing an autumn song ere you flit to the summer land,  
Clear-voiced, sweet-throated songster, me from my slumber awaking,  
You, at least, are a bird in the bush worth two in the hand.

Listening thus to your carol could almost set me a-singing.  
Ah! if my heart were so light, and my life so free of care!  
Could I but join thee in roving, southward our swift flight winging,  
To lands where blossoms the orange, and jasmine scents the air!  
I can but envy thy freedom, truly as I am a sinner.  
You neither sow nor reap, and yet by the Father are fed.  
But I—I must toil late and early, if I would be sure of my dinner;  
Am I, then, better than you because I must work for my bread?



Your songs are never rejected, you chaffer not over their payment,  
Hopping about as you please, through the long, bright, summer day.  
You take no thought for the morrow, no care for shelter and raiment,  
For ere the chill winds of the winter you hasten unburdened away.  
With no relentless conductor, who pants for your life or your ticket,  
No implacable landlord to put in his dreadful bill,  
You'll travel by private conveyance, will stop in some first-class thicket,  
And, dropping down in some corn-field, breakfast and dine at your will.  
Well, then, go if you must, for the leaves of the maple are burning,  
Seek for pleasure and health, but do not tarry too long;  
With the first buds of the spring-time, back to my window returning,  
Waken me early some morning from dreaming, again with your song.

